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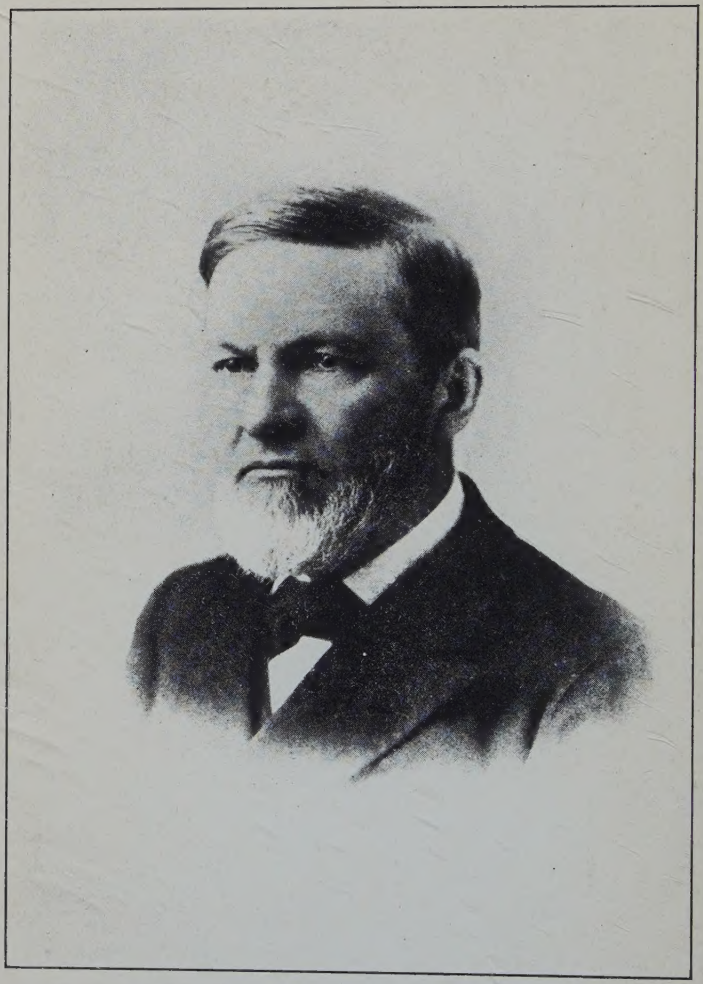
LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN A. BROADUS



John A. Broaddus

LIFE AND LETTERS

of

JOHN ALBERT BROADUS

By

ARCHIBALD
THOMAS
ROBERTSON

There is no life of a man faithfully recorded,
but is a heroic poem. —CARLYLE

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To

E. B. R.

"Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore exstinguuntur magnæ animæ: placide quiescas, nosque, domum tuam, ab infirmo desiderio, et muliebribus lamentis, ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri, neque plangi fas est: admiratione te potius, quam temporalibus laudibus, et, si natura suppeditet, æmulatione decoremus. Is verus honos, ea coniunctissimi cuiusque pietas. Id filiæ quoque, uxorique præceperim, sic patris, sic mariti memoriam venerari, ut omnia facta dictaque eius secum revolvant, famamque ac figuram animi magis quam corporis, complectantur: non quia intercedendum putem imaginibus, quæ marmore aut ære finguntur: sed ut vultus hominum, ita simulacra vultus imbecilla ac mortalia sunt; forma mentis æterna; quam tenere et exprimere, non per alienam materiam et artem, sed tuis ipse moribus, possis. Quidquid ex Agricola amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, fama rerum. Nam multos veterum, velut inglorios et ignobiles, oblivio obruet: Agricola, posteritati narratus et traditus, superstes erit."

TACITUS DE AGRICOLA.

PREFACE

It has been no easy task to prepare the LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN A. BROADUS. Besides the difficulties inherent in every similar undertaking, there have been some of a more special nature connected with this volume. Doctor Broadus had himself written the "Memoir of James P. Boyce," his devoted friend and colleague; thus of necessity recounting much of his own career. Doctor Broadus kept all the letters of every kind that came to him. His position invited correspondence of many sorts and the total bulk reached many thousands, probably twenty-five thousand. Besides, many of his own letters have come to hand. The presence of so much original material, together with the fact that the formal history of the Seminary enterprise which occupied so large a share of his energy had already been written in the "Boyce Memoir," determined the character of this book. It seemed far better to make it chiefly a volume of letters so arranged as to bring forward Doctor Broadus himself. This plan has involved not less work, but more. I may say also that I was influenced somewhat by the use of this method in "The Story of Two Noble Lives," and other books by Augustus J. C. Hare. I have fancied that the story of Doctor Broadus's life is thus presented with something of dramatic effect and certainly with better perspective and more vividness than would be otherwise possible.

The pathos of the Seminary's struggle to final success is brought out anew in the letters of those who gave

their lives to it. No institution has had a nobler history of sacrifice and heroism. It is enough to fire the blood of every lover of Christian education. It is certainly "one of the great achievements of our time."

But the life of Doctor Broadus would be worth the telling apart from his share in this high performance. His personal character, accurate scholarship, original thinking, marvelous preaching, matchless teaching, great wisdom, rare personal influence, breadth of view, high ideals, and earnest piety, mark him as one of the foremost products of American manhood, one of the ripest fruits of modern Christianity. The high praise here given will seem sober truth to the multitudes who felt the joyous touch of his personal power and will be amply justified to those who knew him not by the life story here unfolded. It is not an exaggeration to say that he was the pride of American Baptists and his influence is undying among us.

The materials for the early part of Doctor Broadus's life are not so abundant as for the later years, and yet enough is known to trace with clearness his childhood and to give a fair picture of his youth. He himself began to jot down notes of his early days, but he could not find time to finish them. A visit to the scenes of his childhood revealed many points of interest concerning his boyhood.

Enough good material exists for several volumes. The selection has been made on the principle of keeping Doctor Broadus himself constantly before us and from varying and progressive points of view. This will explain to some why their letters are not used. Chapter XII. alone could have been made a whole volume. At every point in the European and Oriental tour Doctor Broadus wrote careful descriptions of surpassing interest. From Rome he sent some fifty pages of discriminating criticism. So it was at Jerusalem, Athens, everywhere. Besides the

letters there was the diary in the Oriental part of the trip. Nearly all this had to be reluctantly passed by and only the more personal parts introduced.

It would not be possible to recount the many courtesies received from numerous friends, besides the family and other relatives, who have gladly furnished material for this work. A general acknowledgment of gratitude is here made. But I must acknowledge special indebtedness to Prof. F. H. Smith, LL. D., for help on the University of Virginia period, and to Dr. W. H. Whitsitt for information concerning Doctor Broadus's work in the Seminary.

Chapter XV. is written by one of Doctor Broadus's daughters, Mrs. S. C. Mitchell, and gives a fresh view of our many-sided scholar. The copious and useful Index is the work of another daughter, Miss E. S. Broadus.

It remains that I acknowledge gratefully the kindness of my colleagues, Drs. J. R. Sampey and E. C. Dargan, who have read the book in manuscript and offered many helpful suggestions. I have sought to be just toward all the many interests that touch such a life as that of Doctor Broadus.

It has been a labor of love through these four years to work over the facts and forces in the career of John A. Broadus. How often I have felt him at my side with the old familar smile and cheery tone as during the ten years that I was permitted to rejoice in his companionship. If the story of this life of "plain living and high thinking" shall stir to like endeavor some regal spirit, I shall be satisfied.

A. T. ROBERTSON.

LOUISVILLE, KY., January 1, 1901.

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LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN A. BROADUS

CHAPTER I

THE BROADDUS FAMILY

Pure livers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God; the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,
And an habitual piety.

—*Wordsworth.*

EARLY in the eighteenth century, Edward Broaddus came from Wales to Gwynn's Island, Virginia. All the American Broadduses seem to be descended from him, and the family name is most often met throughout the South and Northwest. It is certain that the family is not properly of Welsh, *i. e.*, Celtic origin, but is Anglo-Saxon. The name was originally Broadhurst, and in that form still lingers in South Wales and is common in England, while it is found also in Kentucky and other States of the Union. Dr. John A. Broadus himself wrote:

The name Broaddus, according to tradition in the family, is a contraction of Broadhurst. One of the family [J. A. B.] found some years ago in London that whenever he gave his name to a shopkeeper or the like for sending home a package, it was without hesitation written Broadhurst. The name corresponds to Whitehurst, Deerhurst, Penhurst, Medhurst, etc. The word Hurst alone is also a family name. It signifies a wooded hill or knoll, so that all the names of the group are primarily territorial. While the name is evidently Anglo-Saxon, it is a tradition that the family came from Wales. The late Professor Benjamin Davies, of Regent's Park College, London, explained this by stating that there has long been

a considerable Anglo-Saxon settlement in South Wales. He once lived there and remembers the name Hurst as existing among them. . . The name Broadhurst is frequently found in London, and Henry Broadhurst is now a member of Parliament, and was a member of Mr. Gladstone's last government."[1]

We are all familiar with a similar situation in the case of the immigration of the Scotch to the north of Ireland.

All the descendants of the first Virginia Broaddus, Edward, spell the name with two d's save the families of Major Edmund Broadus and Major William Broadus. Various legends are afloat to account for this variation in the Culpeper family. Dr. John A. Broadus explains it as follows:[2]

The three brothers, William, Thomas, and James (sons of William), probably after their father's death, began to spell their name Broadus. There is a tradition that they were led to do so by a somewhat eccentric maternal uncle, who was fond of objecting to the use of unnecessary letters in words. There are many similar cases of slight divergence in the spelling of family names, as Brown, Browne, Broun; Thomson, Thompson; and probably Leigh and Lee. Thomas Broadus, who died in 1811, expressed a wish that his sons should return to spelling the name Broaddus, and William F. and Andrew, who were children at the time, did so. But Edmund, being already a teacher, with some business relations, feared business complications if he should make the change. Descendants of Edmund and those of Major William Broadus, are probably the only persons who now spell the name with one "d"; also some who have Broadus as a middle or first name.

There is a famous story about "the two d's" told on Dr. William F. Broaddus, who was very particular to

[1] Page 19, *f.*, "The History of the Broaddus Family," by Dr. Andrew Broaddus, of Sparta, Va., 1888, which is the source of most of the facts for this chapter. An excellent example is set in this volume for other American families. Family history should be preserved for every reason. The restlessness of America hardly permits that stability of family life which is seen in England. But the coming years will witness less movement to the west. Dr. John A. Broadus wrote a brief introduction to this volume as well as the account of his branch of the family, excepting, of course, the sketch of himself.

[2] "History of the Broaddus Family," p. 125.

use both d's. While he was pastor at Fredericksburg, Va., a new church was built. He gave directions to the brother in charge of marking his pew to "be sure and put in the two d's." But for some reason his pew remained nameless. It turned out that the good brother was so shocked at the preacher's lack of taste in wanting D. D. put on the plate that he left it blank. He did not understand "the two d's."

Edward Broaddus, the progenitor of the American Broadduses, left Gwynn's Island, in 1715, and settled in Caroline County, Va., which county has since been the Mecca of all the Broaddus clans. The lower part of Caroline was then in King and Queen County. There he purchased a farm and lived to the age of seventy. He was twice married and had seven sons and two daughters. Hither the tribes go up. The Broadduses to this day overrun Caroline County. All the branches of the family center here and claim kin with Andrew Broaddus, of Caroline, the famous preacher.

John Albert Broadus comes fifth in line from Edward Broaddus. The fourth son of Edward was William. William Broaddus' second son was Thomas. The eldest son of Thomas was Edmund, the father of John A. Broadus. Edmund had two brothers, the famous William F., and the equally able Andrew, and two sisters, Lucy (Mrs. Wm. Ferguson, of Illinois), and Maria (Mrs. John Strother Wallis, of Virginia).

The Broadduses have been largely engaged in farming. Some have been physicians, some lawyers, some railroad men, and a great number have been teachers. Teaching ran in the Broaddus blood. The family is Baptist to the core—very few of the name belonging to any other denomination. They have usually professed religion in early life and are distinguished for piety and activity in all forms of church work. It is a family of

preachers also. More than a dozen ministers have borne the name, besides others who have Broaddus lineage, such as Rev. W. A. Gaines and D. M. Ramsey, D. D., of South Carolina.[1] Dr. H. H. Harris says: "No other family has given to our ministry so many able men." For over a hundred years the Broadduses have been active in Baptist affairs, especially in the South and West.

Hon. R. W. Thompson, a member of Pres. Hayes' cabinet, and long prominent in Indiana and national politics, was of this sturdy stock, illustrating the turn for statesmanship shown in Major Edmund Broadus, the father of Dr. John A. Broadus. Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, is likewise of Broaddus descent, and finds a parallel in the eccentric humor of Dr. W. F. Broaddus, the quaint wit of his brother Andrew, and in the quiet fun of Dr. John A. Broadus.

Dr. Broadus became much interested in heredity. He once chose this as his theme to discuss before the Conversation Club, of Louisville. He often alluded to the subject in sermon, lecture, and table talk. He sometimes said that heredity was an immense and a tremendous reality. It is interesting to see something of the family history of the greatest man who ever bore the Broaddus name. He was not an accident. He came of preaching and teaching stock.

The first minister of the name to become distinguished was Andrew Broaddus, D. D., who was born November 4, 1770, and died December 1, 1848. Dr. J. B. Jeter prepared an excellent "Memoir of Andrew Broaddus." He was born and reared in Caroline County and spent most of his life here and in King and Queen. For six months, in 1821, he was assistant pastor to Dr. John Courtney, of the First Baptist Church, Richmond. He

[1] Pres. A. P. Montague, of Broaddus lineage, is president of Furman University.

was retiring and shrinking before strangers. Although he received many calls to large cities, such as Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, New York, Richmond, he preferred country pastorates. He had little schooling in his youth, but he possessed a passion for learning, and made a good English scholar of himself, and acquired some knowledge of Latin, Greek, and French. He had real genius and was a great preacher, with the peculiar fascination afterward seen in John A. Broadus, who says of him:

> In my boyhood it was a great delight to make a long journey on horseback to one and another "Association," which it was reported that this venerable man would attend; and no little pride was felt in being even remotely akin to one so famous and so gifted.[1]

There exists a large number of outlines of sermons of Dr. Andrew Broaddus. These outlines are sketched on one side of a slip of paper the size of your hand. They are mere skeletons, but that was enough for this trained speaker. These sermon outlines are far superior to those sometimes published for the use of indolent preachers. They evince grasp and insight and power. Dr. Broaddus had learned how to think. He did not walk on crutches. The following story will illustrate the charm of his preaching:

> Were we required to describe the power of his oratory by a single term, that term should be *fascination*. There was in his happy efforts a most captivating charm. An incident may best illustrate this remark: . . While in the zenith of his power and popularity he attended a session of the Baptist General Association held in the town of L——. Monday morning he preached in the Methodist church to a crowded audience. Mr. D——, a lawyer of distinction, on his way to the court-house, where the court was in session, stopped in the street beneath the fierce rays of a summer sun to listen for a moment to the sermon. Business urged his departure, but having heard the commencement of a paragraph, he was in-

[1] Introduction to "History of the Broaddus Family," p. xl., *f.*

tensely anxious to hear its close. Intending every moment to break away he became more and more chained to the spot. Presently he heard his name called by the sheriff at the court-house door, and he soon heard the call repeated; but it was to no purpose—he was riveted to the spot. Neither the fatigue of standing, the melting rays of the sun, the urgency of business, nor the repeated calls of the officer of the court could disenchant him. He heard the whole of the sermon, and paid unwittingly the highest compliment to the eloquence of the preacher.[1]

Henry Clay called him "the past-master of eloquence." Dr. Broaddus was a prolific writer and was a strong antagonist of the views of Alexander Campbell. He is the most distinguished man of his name save John A. Broadus. He has had many namesakes who, to the uninitiated, form a labyrinth of Andrew Broadduses. His son, Andrew, Jr., the venerable and esteemed Dr. Broaddus, of Sparta, Va., is well known to readers of "The Religious Herald." Dr. Jno. A. Broadus says of him:

He never discusses any subject without leaving his hearers with clearer views in regard to it. In the pulpit his style is uniformly solemn and reverential, often with a wealth of tender feeling. On the platform he is sometimes highly humorous, and his speeches reveal the keenest wit, as also appears in his delightful conversation. His illustrations are drawn without apparent effort from the whole range of literature and history as well as from the various occupations of men, and from the sciences, the mechanical arts, and the great book of nature. In the exposition of Scripture he is singularly clear and attractive. A beloved and successful pastor, an oracle among all the people of two counties, and respected throughout the State, Dr. Broaddus has lived a noble and honored life, which in tangible usefulness has probably even surpassed that of his distinguished father.[2]

Andrew, Jr.'s son Andrew is now pastor of Salem Church, where his father and grandfather preached before him.

[1] "History of the Broaddus Family," pp. 83-85.

[2] "History of the Broaddus Family," p. xv. His recent death gives added interest to this sympathetic description.

"Andrew of Luray," a noble business man, is now dead. "Kentucky Andrew" was the able brother of Edmund and Wm. F. Broaddus. "Andrew of Louisville" is an esteemed Baptist layman and prominent railroad official. These have all borne the name worthily.

Thomas, the grandson of the original settler, Edward Broaddus, had three sons, each of whom became a man of mark, Edmund, Wm. F., and Andrew. Dr. Wm. F. Broaddus was a minister of great power. He left a deep impress on religious life in Virginia and Kentucky. Like most of the Baptist ministers of his time, he had limited opportunities for education, yet he added great industry to his unusual gifts. He was the warm friend of ministerial education and for some time acted as agent for the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He began preaching in Culpeper at the age of twenty in the early part of the century. He wrote an autobiography covering seven large manuscript volumes, but this was unfortunately burned with his house at Shelbyville, Ky. Once more he recorded his recollections, which were again destroyed in Fredericksburg when the town was captured by the Federal troops in 1862. In his closing years he again prepared brief reminiscences which have been preserved.

Virginia Baptists and the whole South owe Dr. Wm. F. Broaddus a debt for his bold advocacy of the mission enterprise against the "Hardshell" or "Black Rock" element of the denomination, which was very strong in all Piedmont Virginia, the Valley and the Mountains.

They were violently opposed to missions, Sunday-schools, and all religious associations and enterprises that seek the conversion of men and the promotion of the cause of Christ. Some of them were antinomians and all of them were predestinarians of such a pronounced type that they regarded it as presumption in a preacher to appeal to sinners to repent, and folly in sinners to seek repentance

till impelled to it against their will by a supernatural and resistless divine impulse. Their ministers were uneducated, but some of them were men of vigorous intellect, and they denounced with great fervor, at great length, and in violent, and sometimes abusive language, the "New Lights," as they called those who dared to urge men by exhorting them to repent, "to take the work of God into their own hands." Among these people Wm. F. Broaddus appeared and excited no little commotion. Young, ardent, of pleasing manners and fine personal appearance, with a bright intellect and attractive speaking gifts, he soon won the attention and admiration of the people, while at the same time he drew upon himself the fiercest assaults of the "Hardshell" preachers. But he was equal to the occasion. His imperturbable good humor, his keen wit, his facility of speech, his insight into human nature, and his adroit management gave him the advantage in every contest, and constantly strengthened his influence. He was a tireless laborer. Riding on horseback over the rough mountains, living on the coarse fare and sleeping in the rude huts of the mountaineers, he was, day in and day out, employed in preaching in groves, in log cabins, in private houses—anywhere and everywhere that a congregation could be gathered. Making the tail of a wagon, a stump, or a rock his pulpit, he poured out the truth from a burning heart and carried the people with him. Soon a reaction commenced and it has gone on till all that region, once dead through Black Rockism, is now alive with active, earnest, progressive Baptists.[1]

He introduced the custom of paying salaries in his part of the country. A story is told of a call he received with the promise that he should have whatever the church felt like giving. Being present, he promptly accepted the call, saying that he would preach for them on whatever Sundays he felt like it. It is needless to say that they offered him a regular salary. Dr. Broaddus was a man of many eccentricities, especially in his well-known aversion to cats. He would become pale and ashen and positively ill if a cat were in the room. Many ludicrous stories are told of this peculiarity. He was fond of telling stories and enjoyed one on himself even more than

[1] "History of the Broaddus Family," pp. 160-162. It is but just to say that not all the "Hardshells" were as extreme in those days as this picture would imply.

on others. During the war when a prisoner he had much fun at the officer's expense by insisting that he did not know what F in his name stood for. He had two Fs in his name, Wm. Francis Ferguson Broaddus; one was dropped out and he did not know which. He exasperated the officer further by remarking that he did not know in which county he was born. He finally explained that Rappahannock had since been formed out of that part of Culpeper. Dr. J. C. Hiden has many stories on Wm. F. Broaddus. He is fond of telling about a controversy between Wm. F. and John A. Broadus over a passage of Scripture. Wm. F. got the worst of it at the hands of the brilliant young scholar. Finally he said: "Well, John A., there is no use to say anything more about it. I have one of my best sermons on it."

Rev. Andrew Broaddus (Kentucky Andrew), a younger brother of Wm. F., began his ministry in Virginia, went to Missouri, then to Kentucky, and finally back to Virginia. He began preaching rather late in life and did not at first possess the charm of his renowned brother. One day his wife, who strongly opposed going to Missouri, was walking home with him from church after hearing him preach. She said demurely: "Mr. Broaddus, are you firmly resolved to keep on preaching?" "Yes, my dear," he answered. "Well," she said, "then I am perfectly willing to go to Missouri." But the good wife and hosts of others came to be proud of him as a preacher. He in time grew to be more polished in certain ways than Wm. F., and had much of the subtle penetration so prominent in John A. Broadus.

It would be pleasant to have something to say about the other noble preachers of the Broaddus name, such as the lamented Luther Broaddus, Julian Broaddus, M. E. Broaddus, and others. "But the time would fail to tell."

There is a curious note in a letter of Wm. F. to his brother Edmund:

> Then let's hope that some one in our family is destined to be a prodigy, and as our day is nearly passed, take it for granted that the next generation will be favored with his appearance.

The looked-for prodigy was Edmund's son, then fifteen years old, already the pride of Albert Simms' school in Culpeper, of whom it would one day be said by a great historian that he was "perhaps the greatest man the Baptists have produced."[1]

[1] Prof. A. H. Newman, in "Progress," Vol. III., No. 10, Chicago, Ill.

CHAPTER II

MAJOR EDMUND BROADUS

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.
—*Wordsworth.*

VIRGINIA was in the full tide of power and glory in the thirties. She was dominant in national politics, and her civilization was setting the standard for all the South. A noble class of settlers had early come to Virginia that was to exert a commanding influence on the whole future of the republic. For even now, if statesmen flourish farther west, many of them come of Virginia ancestry. Pride of prestige ran in the Virginia blood when we touch it in our narrative.

The people of the Piedmont section were not then so rich and prosperous as those of the Tidewater and Southside regions. It was a new country still. In 1800, Piedmont Virginia was the Middle West on the way to the great Kentucky forests. Twenty-five years had brought a great change all along the foot of the Blue Ridge, but the comforts and luxuries of the eastern counties had not come generally to the great hill country of Virginia. However, the gentlemen of Culpeper took as lively an interest in State and national affairs as did the citizens of the more ancient seats on the Eastern Shore. The road to distinction and power lay through politics, and not so much as now through business, the press, or scholarship. Virginia life before the Civil War had a raciness and richness not to be repeated in American experience.

Culpeper was once a very large county and has had

Rappahannock taken from it. Much of it lies in sight of the Blue Ridge, which affords a never-wearying panorama of beauty. A spur of this range, Mount Poney, rises not far from the county seat. The land is not notably rich, but the county has had a noble history. It was one of the chief battlefields of the Civil War. It was also one of the battlegrounds of Baptist principles in Virginia. A number of Baptist preachers were imprisoned in the Culpeper jail for preaching the gospel. The Baptist church now stands where once James Ireland, Elijah Craig, Nathaniel Saunders, Banks, Maxwell, Dulaney, and others, stood behind prison bars for the crime of proclaiming Jesus Christ.[1] Within the Shiloh Association lived also John Leland, a mighty preacher and champion of religious liberty. Out of Culpeper was driven Samuel Harris for preaching. Culpeper is sacred soil for all lovers of religious freedom, and has become a nursery for Baptist preachers.[2]

For a number of years the leading figure in politics and religious affairs in Culpeper was Major Edmund Broadus.[3] His career forms one of the most honorable in Virginia history. He was born May 5, 1793, on the edge of the Blue Ridge, in that part of Culpeper now known as Rappahannock. His early years were spent chiefly in farm-work, but he received a good English education, partly at a boarding school. At eighteen he taught school in the home of Edward Sims (Simms), a prosperous farmer along the spurs of the Blue Ridge. His father having died, he gave all that he made by teaching (one hundred and fifty dollars) to his widowed mother to meet some debts left for her to discharge. But during that same year he had taught the farmer's daughter, Miss

[1] Beale's new edition of "Semple's History of Va. Baptists—Pitt and Dickinson."

[2] See "Historical Sketch of the Shiloh Baptist Association," by Rev. E. W. Winfrey, Culpeper, Va., 1894.

[3] Named after Judge Edmund Pendleton, a half-brother of his grandmother.

Nancy Simms, to love him. Her father said: "Teach on and live with me." So they were married in 1812. His school would not be out till December 15, and they had to live without money. When her father's harvest came, the young husband went out into the field and cut wheat with a reap hook at a dollar a day and gave his earnings to his bride. He thus spent several years teaching[1] and keeping a mill belonging to his mother. He built his bride a log house without nails or glass, for it was war time. After some years he removed to the neighborhood of Culpeper Court-House and accumulated a moderate estate as a farmer.

In 1826 Major Broadus (major of the Culpeper militia) began to take an interest in politics, and spent twenty years in the legislature, save two years of voluntary retirement, without ever being beaten in an election after his first candidacy. He was the only man who could handle the Democrats in Culpeper, the Whigs and Democrats being about equally divided in the county. He had such competitors as Captain A. P. Hill and the Hon. John S. Barbour. Mr. Barbour was the ablest opponent Major Broadus ever had. Upon one occasion Mr. Barbour had made a very brilliant speech, which rendered Major Broadus's adherents uneasy; but the Major completely vanquished him by reading extracts from a still more striking speech he had made on the other side years before. The Major's singularly penetrating voice, which his son inherited, gave additional force to his reply. John A. Broadus says of his father:[2]

He came to be regarded as a leader of the Whig party in the House, exerting influence not by oratory—though he was a clear and forcible speaker and hard to answer in argument—but by thor-

[1] "Nearly every male descendant of Thomas Broadus and of his brother James has spent a part of his life as a teacher."—"History of the Broaddus Family," p. 126.

[2] In MS. notes, the source of much material for this chapter.

ough acquaintance with the subjects of legislation, whether political or practical, by sound judgment, irreproachable integrity, and some personal magnetism.

Judge Bell, of Culpeper, in a memorial address after Doctor Broadus's death, spoke as follows:

Major Broadus was then one of the most adroit electioneerers in Virginia. The secret of his success was his calm, quiet, easy, and courteous demeanor to the people and to his competitors. There was no money used in elections; no purchasing or bribing voters; genteel and courteous demeanor prevailed over the bully and the braggart. Time and place were set for the people to meet and listen to dispassionate discussion of great questions of government and State policy. And tradition says that all that any election ever cost Major Broadus was a few old Virginia clay pipes and smoking tobacco.

He was a great temperance advocate and active in the Sons of Temperance Society and would not use whisky. He rode a horse, named Prince, that had learned his master's habits. When he met a man in the road the horse would go right up to him and stop.

Political excitement often ran high in the campaign. Major Broadus's house being on the road when he was opposed by Captain Hill, people would sometimes shout, as they passed by, "Hurrah for Hill and down with Broadus." The story is told that little John A. would run out and answer lustily, "Hurrah for Broadus and down with Hill." Major Broadus was an ardent Henry Clay man and his son never got over his worship of Clay. Dr. J. C. Hiden says of him:[1]

The great champions of Democracy in that region were Governor William Smith—"Extra Billy," he was familiarly called—one of the adroitest politicians and stump speakers that Virginia ever produced, and old John S. Barbour, one of the most splendid orators in Congress. Major Broadus was not a professional man, and nobody ever thought of him as an orator, and yet the two famous Democratic speakers found it hard to hold their own against his plain,

[1] "Religious Herald," March 28, 1895.

pointed, popular "talks" to the country people, who assembled on court day "to hear the candidates."

When he declined to treat, his friends said he would be defeated, but they were mistaken. He was one of the real leaders of the time. He was a statesman and patriot, the friend of every good cause, and rendered great service to the University of Virginia by his stand for it in the legislature.

He quit the support of President Jackson upon the famous "removal of the deposits" and was always afterwards a Henry Clay Whig. It has frequently been declared by former associates in the legislature that he was, for some years, leader of the Whig party in the House of Delegates. At one time a caucus of the party, when in the majority, offered to elect him governor, but he declined on the ground that the governor's expenses beyond the salary would consume all his property.[1]

Major Broadus's picture shows a man in whose thin face there is intellectual force, and the masterful look of repose. Though he had dyspepsia all his life, like his son John, yet he was uniformly cheerful. He was a man of courtly manners and was the center of attraction in social circles. He became early in life a church-member and through a long life showed how it was possible to be a politician and a consistent Christian. He was the most influential man in the Shiloh Baptist Association. He thought his famous preacher brothers, William F. and Andrew, and his pastor, Rev. Barnett Grimsley, were too far ahead of the people in their zeal for missions. He wanted the people to get ready for the movement. But some of the people never have gotten ready. It is true that the earnestness of Dr. Wm. F. Broaddus led to a schism on the mission question, but the "Hardshell" wing has dwindled away with the years. Major Broadus, however, was a firm advocate of missions, temperance,

[1] "History of the Broaddus Family," p. 127.

and ministerial education. His house was the preachers' home for many years, and this gave him frequent opportunity to counsel young ministers.

He was often asked to settle disputes between neighbors, and came to be the peacemaker of the community. He was persuaded to take charge for a while of the county poor farm, his prominence and character guaranteeing unusual attention to the management. Major Broadus remained in charge five years and then moved to Bleak Hill, about four miles from town, afterward the home of Albert G. Simms, the famous teacher. Bleak Hill is now burned down.

In 1837 Major Broadus moved to Edge Hill, a farm of some three hundred acres with a profitable mill. This estate, six miles from Culpeper Court-House, he purchased and now had a settled home of much comfort for his family. The Blue Ridge was only fifteen miles away. There was the large white house upon the hill and a glorious spring in the clump of trees at the foot of the hill by the roadside; the orchard and the rolling fields stretched back of the house. This was the home that made its impress upon John A. Broadus.[1]

New Salem Church is only a mile and a half from Edge Hill and Major Broadus became the leading spirit in this church. This part of Culpeper, known as "the Pines," not very rich, is surrounded by pine lands.

The first two years at Edge Hill Major Broadus stayed out of the legislature and taught an "old field school." He had two objects in view. One was to give a good chance for his daughter Caroline and his youngest son John; the other object was to help pay for the farm. In 1835 Major Broadus had sunk money, like so many

[1] On a recent visit to Edge Hill (now known as Cana's Mills), Mrs. Cana, a quaint old lady, said to me: "The Broaduses are mighty good people. If all this country were Broaduses, it would have been better than it is."

others, in a gold mine in Culpeper. He also lost much from security debts. He could easily have recovered himself by his farm, so that his brother, Wm. F., expressed great surprise when in 1846 he took the position of steward at the University of Virginia to board State students. Yet the chief reason that led him to do this was to give John the advantage of a university course.

Major Broadus's wife died June 22, 1847. In 1849 he married Miss Somerville Ward. His second wife, after his death, lived chiefly with John A. Broadus, who delighted to speak of her as one of the excellent of the earth. She died at his home in Greenville, S. C., May 27, 1877.

Major Broadus lived to see John complete his work at the University, but died June 27, 1850, a few days before he was to receive his degree. His efforts to educate his boy were rewarded and he left a double portion of his spirit on this son "of parents passed into the skies."[1]

Of the mother in this cheerful home we have less information. She was, as we have seen, Miss Nancy Simms, daughter of Edward Simms. She was born September 20, 1790, and was a woman of many excellent qualities. She was of medium height and rather plump—the Simms are generally small—and John A. Broadus resembled his mother in stature as in many other things. She was very gentle and quiet in manner, but firm in her control over her household. There was a briskness and energy about her that was contagious. The major was often absent on political tours, so that the farm largely fell to her care. She exhibited such industry, tact, and firmness that she merited the wise man's words about the virtuous woman. Everything moved like clockwork. She required perfect obedience from the children and received it, but there was never a word of harshness. Miss

[1] Inscription on tombstone of Major Broadus at University of Virginia. See Cowper's lines "On Receipt of My Mother's Picture."

Mary Wallis, for a time a member of the family, says: "It never occurred to any of us children not to mind just what Aunt Nancy told us; and yet she never scolded or spoke impatiently with any one." This peaceful, well-balanced home seems to have given John A. Broadus the greatest dislike to anything like disputing in a family.

She taught her children habits of neatness and order. In after life J. A. B. would often rise from his study and meditatively sweep up the stray bits of coal, while revolving some phrase for letter or discourse, saying: "My mother said that the fire would not burn were the hearth not swept." She had many sayings that he loved to quote. Another one was: "Put tire upon tire, and you'll get rested." She was very tender, and from her John A. Broadus got his wonderful pathos. In the long winter evenings she taught her children to love the best books. From her also they obtained their love of flowers and music. There was a deep and tender piety about her, although she did not make public profession of faith in Christ till after all her children were church-members. When her daughter Martha was baptized, as they came from the service Mrs. Broadus remarked: "Well, my children are all going into the church, and I am left alone." Little John offered comfort to his mother by saying: "Mother, I won't join the church. I'll stay with you." Finally she was roused to public profession by Wm. F. Broaddus. She was so anxious to be baptized at once that he sent John off forty miles on horseback to pay an urgent obligation for him, while he remained and baptized Mrs. Broadus in the millpond at home. John was a singular combination of the best things in his parents.

Four children were born to Major Broadus by his first wife: James Madison, Martha A., Caroline M., and John Albert. John was much the youngest, and he looked up

to his brother and sisters, who exerted a noble influence over him. The closest relations existed between the two brothers. James Madison Broadus, was born November 30, 1812. His early life, like his father's, was spent in farming and teaching school. In 1832 he wrote to his father:

> I write to you that Mr. A—— would gladly receive Genl. T——'s confession.[1] . . Your hands are at work on Tutt's schoolhouse. . . I shall move to Capt. Gaines' in a few days and shall commence my school next Monday week, Jan. 16.

In middle life he became connected with the Virginia Midland Railroad, and was general ticket agent of the road for twenty years. His home at Alexandria, Va., was a center of interest for a large circle of attached friends. He was the pillar of the Baptist church there and felt the keenest interest in Baptist affairs generally. He was an exceedingly noble and useful man, possessing great wisdom and readiness of mind. John leaned upon him at every turn and loved him with rare devotion. He was John's constant adviser till his death, as the many letters that passed between them show. From being taught in childhood to imitate a servant he early acquired the habit of stammering, which prevented his rising to the eminence he might have gained. He died July 21, 1880, at Alexandria.[2] He was twice married, first to Miss Ellen Barbour Gaines, and afterward to Miss Mary Catharine Lewis, who still survives him. He left a large family, four of whom are living.

The eldest daughter, Martha A. Broadus, was born July 24, 1814. She taught John a great deal at home. He often said that he owed more to her than to almost any other influence. He once recalled tenderly his sister's influence over him in talking to a familiar friend, whom

[1] Instance of Major Broadus's work as a peacemaker between neighbors.

[2] See "History of Broaddus Family" for sketch of his excellent family.

he wished to incite to special influence over her younger sister. He always advised young men to listen to their sisters, particularly about manners and dress. His sister Martha, when he was seventeen, wrote to Miss Mary Wallis: "I think your little cousin John will be the brightest star of the Broadus family." Martha was quite pretty, with brilliant complexion and bright brown eyes. She married Mr. Edmund Bickers, an estimable and well-to-do farmer in Culpeper. She died June 6, 1874.

Caroline M. Broadus was born in 1822, and died August 25, 1852. She married Rev. W. A. Whitescarver, one of the most intimate friends of Doctor Broadus's life. He often said that Mr. Whitescarver was the most spiritually minded man he ever knew.

Thus we have caught brief glimpses of the family group at Bleak Hill and afterward at Edge Hill. For some years Major Broadus's mother was an honored member of the household. It was a simple, wholesome, genuine life. They were not affluent, nor were they poor, but belonged to that robust and progressive farmer class that has done so much for American life.

CHAPTER III

YOUTH OF JOHN A. BROADUS

It is a wise father that knows his own child.
—*Shakespeare.*

The proper study of mankind is—children.
—*J. A. B.*

JOHN ALBERT BROADUS was born January 24, 1827, in Culpeper County, Virginia, about three miles from the county seat. He was thus a few days younger than his future friend, James P. Boyce, who was born January 11. He was named after two brothers of his mother. John Simms, who was a doctor, insisted that they must take his advice and must not let the child be rocked. Albert was the school teacher, who exercised a great influence over his nephew.

It was a genuine boy who played upon the hills of Culpeper.[1] He had the good fortune to be reared in the country, where, as he afterwards said, everybody ought to be born. He seems to have been a shy child who did not enter into all boyish games. He liked marbles, but not ball. He was particularly fond of running, and had the reputation of being the swiftest runner in the county. Two little colored boys, as was true of so many Southern children, were his playmates. Henry

[1] Dr. Broadus left brief MS. recollections of his childhood. He used to make his class in Homiletics write a paper on the "Recollections of Childhood." He once chose this topic for the Conversation Club, Louisville, Ky. Introducing the topic, he spoke of the interest taken in the childhood of great men, since "the child is father of the man." He spoke also of the difficulty in getting the proper visual angle, the value of recalling in order to self-knowledge and in order to understand children. He remarked also that we are apt to overrate the joys of childhood, and underrate its sorrows.

was black and George was brown, and young Broadus early came to observe that the brown Negro boy was much more intelligent than the black one. John and Henry made up a secret language, as children often do. He would teach the words to Henry, but as neither could write, they would forget their vocabulary by the next day. Henry was older than John and once chased him till he was about to give out. John jumped into a brier patch with his bare feet, knowing that Henry would not have the courage to follow him. He was led to swear once by his colored playmates, but his sister Martha promptly checked it for good and all.

"Uncle Griffin," the husband of "Aunt Suky," was the oracle of the place and on Sunday afternoons would take the little boy on his knee, just like Uncle Remus, and tell him the matchless stories of Bre'r Rabbit and Bre'r Wolf almost word for word as Joel Chandler Harris afterwards printed them. When the first Uncle Remus book appeared, Dr. Broadus was in New York in the office of the publishers, who sent up for the first copy from the press, which he eagerly purchased. He took it and read it to his children with an almost trembling anxiety to see if they would enjoy the stories as he had done when a child. He felt an intense satisfaction in seeing that they did. One Sunday afternoon the little boy said to Uncle Griffin, as usual: "Uncle Griffin, please tell me about Bre'r Rabbit and the Tar Baby." With a pang he heard Uncle Griffin say: "Go 'way, chile; ain't nuvver gwine tell yer 'bout dat no mo'. You gittin' too big." The darkies never told any of their folk stories in the presence of grown white people. They possibly dreaded lest the half-concealed allegorical meaning might be understood—the triumph of a weaker race by cunning over one naturally stronger and more intelligent.

Major Broadus took a great deal of pains to keep in sympathy with his boy and to cultivate his acquaintance. John would come and sit by his father when he came home and listen as he talked about all sorts of things. When he read books during the day, he told at night what he had read and asked questions suggested by the books. He was encouraged to ask questions freely and to tell of his own doings, and his father would explain political matters to him. His cousin, Mary Wallis, says: "He and Uncle Edmund sat and talked like two men." He loved to ride with his father over the farm and hear his explanation of the farm-work. He remembered in after life the joy of going to mill behind his father on Old Prince, when his little legs could barely stretch across the horse's back. In the first volume of "Kind Words"[1] he describes Old Prince for the children, as his own children used to love to hear him tell:

He was a bright, bay horse, and I think he had a star on his forehead. He was a natural pacer, and could swing along so smoothly and so fast that it was delightful to ride him; but he had got to be very lazy, and hardly minded a switch at all. When I was about six or eight years old, father used to take me up behind him to ride out on the plantation or about the neighborhood. When we started, Old Prince would poke along just as slowly as he could. Father would kick him, first with one foot and then with the other, and say, "Go along, sir"; and I too, with my short legs pretty wide apart, and my little bare feet, reaching about half way down his side, would kick my best, with both feet at once, saying, "Get up, you lazy old thing, go 'long." The fact is, laziness is a hateful thing, in horse or man or boy, and whatever faults I may have, I don't intend to be lazy. After a while, we would come to the woods, and father would have the hardest work, jerking the bridle and kicking and scolding at him, to get the old fellow up to a bush, so as to get a switch. He knew too well what was coming. And then he would begin to bite the leaves of the bush, or the grass around its roots, and when the switch was cut, he would go along more slowly than ever, while

[1] March, 1866.

father trimmed it. When the last twig was cut off, and father crooked his elbow to put the knife in his pocket, Old Prince would jump and sail away, so as almost to throw me off. How smart he was!

So pleasantly father used to talk as we rode along together. Dear father, he was so wise and so kind; he would tell me stories, and explain things about the plantation, and often tell me how a boy ought to do, about one thing or another. I remember that one day I pulled down a neighbor's fence, so we could ride across the field, and, in putting it up, I left the top rail lying down, because it was heavy; and father said, "No, no, my boy, put it up; whenever you pass through a gate, or draw-bars, or a fence, always leave it at least as good as you found it." To this day I think of that, when passing through anything of that sort, and I am sure it is a very good rule. About all sorts of things, children, whether great things or small, try to do just like father and mother tell you, and you'll be glad of it when they have long been dead and you are growing old.

When Old Prince died, some twenty-five years old, all the family felt as if they had lost a friend. He was a noble old creature, if he was lazy. Father made them bury the body off in the pines, and sister wrote a letter to me, away off where I was playing young schoolmaster, to tell me that Prince was dead. We ought to love the brutes that belong to us, and to be kind to them. Whip the horse, if he won't go along, but don't beat him when he is doing his best. Feed all the poor brutes well and regularly, and never be cruel to them. A merciful man is merciful to his beast.

Long after Old Prince was dead, and the year father died also, I thought I saw them both. I was riding one evening at dusk, and two hundred yards off, just coming out of the woods to meet me, was father riding Old Prince. He came swinging along in the old way, and father, the same tall, stooping man, had on his long, dark overcoat, and the red bandanna handkerchief over his head and tied under his chin, with a high-crowned hat put on over it, just as he always did in cold weather. Here he came. I remembered that twice since my father died I had dreamed that he came to life, and now here he was riding on Old Prince. I confess that I was troubled, and thought about turning back, or striking into the woods; but I knew that would be foolish and wrong, and rode on. At length I met and passed some stranger, who did wear the long coat, handkerchief, etc., and who rode a natural pacer—but it was not father by any means. It is very foolish to believe in ghosts. If I had

turned and fled, mine would have been almost as good a ghost story as many, and yet it was all a mistake.

I shall never see Old Prince any more, but I shall see father. He will rise again, and in the judgment of the great day he will be on the right hand of the Judge, beholding that Saviour whom from early life he loved and served. Oh, that I may be there too.

He had many memories of his early years. The country was full of peddlers. One of them said one day, as a sort of joke, that he would bring him a red bandanna handkerchief when he came back, meaning, however, to quit the business and never come back. The little boy faithfully cherished in secret this promise and looked for him daily. When months passed by he took the peddler's perfidy very hard.

One of his earliest recollections was the marriage of his brother to Miss Ellen Gaines, in 1831, when he was only four years old. As a child he dearly loved the Blue Ridge, and all his life was deeply moved by its beauty. The South had great lack of schools before the war ; even the old field school was not universal. Tutors and governesses prevailed in the wealthier families. Intelligent parents and elder children helped greatly in many cases. But John A. Broadus had real educational advantages in his childhood. There were numerous books and periodicals, and interesting visitors from far and near, and the family were all keen critics of language. He had a remarkably good teacher in the old field school, Mr. Albert Tutt, and in his teens he had one of the best high school teachers in the land, Mr. Albert G. Simms.

When John was about five years old his home, "Bleak Hill," was within a mile and a half of Tutt's schoolhouse. From five to seven John attended this school, walking back and forth. Often the little fellow would turn down the big boys in the spelling class. Once when he did so

the big head boy picked him up with one hand and swung him up to the head of the class, saying, "There, you little rascal." Mr. John H. Apperson, of Culpeper, who went to school with him, says that "he was as old then as he ever was." Mr. Gabriel Tutt, brother of the teacher, was one of the big boys of the school. He remarked of him: "John was an excellent student, diligent and thoughtful. He seemed to devour books and acquired knowledge easily and rapidly. On one occasion Major Broadus went to Richmond to be absent a few months. When he came home he brought John a book which he thought he needed. But the boy had made such progress in his father's absence that he had no use for the book. He was far beyond it."

In 1882 while on a visit to Lexington, Missouri, he met Mr. Gabriel Tutt, then an old man, and asked if he remembered having in those school days once tossed him over his head, catching him again and again, for "I was throwing stones at sister Carry and would not stop until made to say I'd quit by my sister's champion."

Mr. Tutt stopped teaching in 1834. For the rest of that year, all of 1835 and 1836, from near seven to near ten, John remained at home. His sister Martha taught him, however, during these years, as there was no other school in reach, the Court-House being too far away. Doctor Broadus often said that this sister Martha laid the foundation of his education, and when needful quelled his bursts of temper with the right word. During these three years John did much reading. Among other books he read half of Shakespeare, Cooper, "Robinson Crusoe," "Tales of a Grandfather" (his favorite book), "Gulliver," "Thinks I to Myself" (a quaint book much discussed in the family), "Parley's History of the United States" (much impressed by the picture of the Pilgrims), "Parley's Magazine," and "The Religious Herald"

(which he read all his life). He was taught to read aloud. In the evening his father would sit reading his papers in the corner by the fire, and at regular intervals of about twenty minutes put on a pine knot so as to keep up a steady bright light (far better, by the way, than the lamps and candles of those days). As his mother and sisters sat and sewed, John would read aloud to them from the books or papers. In these days his ambition was to be a Mohawk chief, marry a squaw, and live and die in paint and feathers. He always remembered with pleasure the exciting bump, bump, bump of the apples down the stairs when he had gone up in the dark to fetch a waiterful from the garret.

In these years the boy was with his father much, as he visited the neighbors, went to court, or to muster (his father being major of the militia). He always remembered the fascination of a window in a little log-house at a turn in the road to town where an old woman kept gingercake horses and other animals. It was an event when he could go to Grandmother Simms's house. At home hospitality was free. Visitors would come from over the ridge with big wagons and bells on their horses. The lawyers and politicians felt at home at Major Broadus's house. So did the preachers, who would sometimes make little John stand upon the table and read aloud from the "Religious Herald." Major Broadus at this time was a member of the Mt. Poney Baptist Church (Culpeper Court-House). No meeting-house was near by and "Uncle" Griffin Reid sometimes preached in the schoolhouse. He had the sing-song tone and was fond of telling his experiences.

In 1837, when Major Broadus removed to Edge Hill, John, now ten years old, entered a school taught by his father for his benefit. This school was a mile and a half from Edge Hill. The subscription list is still pre-

served. Eleven patrons signed for the school and they furnished forty scholars. John liked geography, history, arithmetic, and grammar. His geographical knowledge was thrown into a state of excitement when he learned that the earth turned around on its axis. He had long arguments on the subject with Henry, his colored playmate, who doubted that piece of information, since, said Henry, "If dat's so, why don' de water spill out o' de well?" In 1838 his brother J. M. assisted his father in the school. There were several grown men in attendance, but John A. stood at the head of the classes.

He early became a great mimic. Mr. J. H. Apperson says: "In his boyhood days he would go to hear Barnett Grimsley or Cumberland George preach a sermon. The next day he could repeat it so nearly and imitate their voices so closely that, if he were out of sight, you would think it was one of them talking." Dr. Lewis, of Culpeper, tells that one day he climbed a sycamore tree and aptly took a text about Zaccheus. J. A. B. himself remembered it as the proudest day of his life when his father had him read a political speech before a large audience. It was when Major Broadus decided to return to the legislature in 1839 and John was twelve years old. It was an exciting campaign. On this occasion he was very hoarse, and so had his little boy read his speech over till he became familiar with it. He was put up on the platform and read it to the delight of all.

On Saturdays he was busy about the farm. He loved to fish in the big millpond and up the streams. His mother said that he might bathe, but mustn't swim; he might hunt, but mustn't shoot. He always thought this a great mistake. But he fairly grew up on horseback. One day his big brother was riding with a young lady. John was riding along behind. He was terribly afraid of ladies

himself, and could never say a word to them. When they stopped to water the horses at the stream John saw his opportunity for finding out how the thing was done, so he whipped up his horse and listened eagerly. His brother remarked to the young lady, "Your horse seems to be thirsty to-day." John was much surprised and disappointed.

One of the pleasantest recollections of Edge Hill to John A. Broadus was the old spring under the trees. When he went to Clarke County to teach school his heart yearned after it as David's did for the well near Bethlehem. He wrote some lines about it in his boyish days:

My early home, my early home,
Whene'er I think of thee,
How many thronging memories
Come sadly over me.
I see again the old white house,
Half hidden by the trees;
I hear the carol of the birds,
The humming of the bees;
I stand beside the clear old spring,
Where oft I stood of yore,
I watch them boiling, bubbling up,
Those waters, bright and pure.

Once he had fever, and it was the usual custom in those days to let fever patients have only warm drinks. He never forgot his intense thirst and how he made up his mind that if he ever got well he would go to the spring, lie down on his face, and drink for half an hour.

"Uncle Dick" was the wagoner. He was specially warned not to burn rails when he camped out. After he had been off on a two days' trip, Major Broadus asked him if he had burned any rails. He said, "No, sir, 'ceptin' pieces." As he went out of the room little John overheard him say to himself, "I made 'em pieces and den I burnt 'em." John was not allowed to go to

Fredericksburg with Uncle Dick. This distant town was the nearest market, and the trip excited great interest. Uncle Dick lost Dobbin, the wheel horse, on one of his trips to Fredericksburg. Coming back home one day, Dobbin got sick and died. That night they camped as usual. Next morning Michael, the horse that had pulled by Dobbin's side, was gone. Uncle Dick went back to where Dobbin was left and there he found Michael standing over Dobbin. "You see," said Uncle Dick, in telling about it, "dey done worked together for such a long time." Doctor Broadus often told the story of Michael and Dobbin with great power in public discourse.

In 1839 Major Broadus quit teaching and returned to the legislature. John was nearly thirteen years old. His uncle, Albert G. Simms, was teaching a boarding-school at his old home, Bleak Hill. It was six miles from Edge Hill, but John would walk home every Friday evening. Mr. Simms had already won much distinction as a teacher. He had come to Culpeper from Madison in 1836 and lived here till 1872. He was a noble type of the teacher. "As a teacher his name has long been known throughout the South and West. The pupils of his high school adorn every department of learning and every walk of life. Their proficiency, especially in languages, was matter of note amongst the professors of the University of Virginia." Mr. Simms was assisted awhile by Mr. Albert Tutt, and by a Scotch teacher, Dr. Robertson, father of Judge W. J. Robertson, and a relative of the historian. Mr. Simms made his students familiar with the vocabulary and facts of the language, parsing every word, and reading widely and rapidly. But he did not teach them the philosophy of the language, so that when Dr. Gessner Harrison, at the University of Virginia, asked why a certain form was in the subjunctive, Mr. Broadus was dumfounded. He

acquired ease in Latin first and the philosophy later. Doctor Broadus always said that he was better grounded in Latin than Greek because of the thorough drill he obtained at Simms's school while he was young. He did not study Greek at this school. He read Cæsar, Sallust, Virgil, Livy, Horace ; Mair's " Latin Syntax " was used. There were no written exercises of " English into Latin." Murray's English Grammar was reviewed ; but while the Latin was on, with this exception, it was Latin day and night. He then read ahead of the class. Col. C. H. Wager, of Culpeper, who often read with him, says that John sometimes proposed, when reading Horace : " Let's read two hundred and fifty lines." When Col. Wager entered Washington College he stood at the head of a class of twenty-six in Latin, but he said he " had not done so at Simms's school, for John A. Broadus was there." John was best in Latin and mathematics, but mathematics was his favorite study always at school. Col. Wager said he was considered the best student in school by everybody. Some of the boys called him " hustler." One day several of the boys called him over and began subjecting him to various tests in Latin, such as skill in finding words in the dictionary, parsing fast, etc. Each time, surprised to find that one or another could excel him in this particular test, they looked up and said significantly, " 'Tain't that," and went on with the next test. John was quite unaware what they were after. Col. Wager's solution of the problem was to consider his schoolmate a prodigy.

John was pale and thin in his boyhood, says one of his schoolmates, with heavy black hair, rather long and curly behind the ears. He had marvelous eyes, clear and piercing. He had a quiet laugh and a winning smile. His manner was demure and vivacious. With the boys he had a high sense of honor, and was genial and free

from jealousy. He was fond then, as all his life, of taking long walks. He was popular with the students. One of his warm friends was A. P. Hill, afterwards so distinguished a general in the Confederate army. In after life they always called each other Powell and John. John was prominent in the Polemic Debating Society. He especially enjoyed once getting the best of "Top" Hill, brother of A. P., a crack debater, and afterwards a prominent lawyer.

In 1840 John dropped out of school for one year to help on the farm. Doctor Broadus always felt that this year's work on the farm was a great blessing to him in promoting bodily health and gaining familiarity with practical affairs. There was no overseer that winter, and the boy, not yet fourteen, had charge of the farm, the saw mill, and everything when Major Broadus was away, he being busy with politics that year. He had Uncle Griffin's help in managing things. Cutting with the axe was Uncle Griffin's pride, and he taught his young master to cut deeper into a tree in a given time than any other boy of his age. He learned to split rails, to plow, to mow, to bind wheat, to rake hay, to pull fodder, and everything else necessary on the farm. He worked with the men as well as managed the farm. He won a great reputation for guessing the yield of the wheat stacks. He noticed that Uncle Griffin, with the hopefulness of his race, generally guessed too high, while his father usually guessed too low. He waited till both had spoken and then split the difference.

Major Broadus had to write pension papers for the veterans of 1812. The papers had to be absolutely perfect, without erasure. Even in his early days John wrote a good hand and was often set to copy these papers for his father. One day he lacked five lines of finishing and got to thinking what he would do when he was

through. Just then he made a mistake and had laboriously to copy the whole paper over. It was a hard lesson in patient concentration. On the long winter nights and rainy days he kept up his Latin, reading largely. He read "Tales of a Grandfather" over again and also read the second series. Others of his old favorites re-read were "Gulliver," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Peter Parley."

He went back to school in 1841, and remained till the fall of 1843. During the last year he assisted Mr. Simms in some of the teaching. One day John came home from school with his trunk. Major Broadus feared he had been expelled, and asked for an explanation. John solemnly said: "My uncle says he has no further use for me." His father could get no more out of him, and went over to see Mr. Simms, who laughed and said that John had learned all that he could teach him. There was always a tender feeling between Mr. Simms and his brilliant pupil. While in Europe, in 1870, Doctor Broadus wrote a letter in Latin to his uncle. He was greatly pleased, and speaking of it to a friend said: "And I answered him in the same tone, sir."

While he was still at school, a protracted meeting was conducted at Mt. Poney Church (Culpeper Court-House), by Rev. Chas. A. Lewis, of Kentucky, and Rev. Barnett Grimsley. Mr. Broadus was converted at this revival. While under conviction and feeling unable to take hold of the promises, a friend quoted to him: "'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me. And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,'" repeating, "'in no wise cast out.' Can't you take hold of that, John?" Somehow the light dawned under this verse of Scripture. James G. Field, of Gordonsville, Va., writes:

I knew him quite intimately from 1842 to 1847. We were youths of about the same age, he going to school to his uncle, Albert G. Simms,

and I living in the store of Thomas Hill & Son, at Culpeper. Our fathers had been opposing candidates for the legislature. In May, 1843, at a protracted meeting, conducted mainly by Elder Charles Lewis, with the Mt. Poney Church, at Culpeper, we both professed conversion, joined the church the same day, and were together baptized by Rev. Cumberland George, in Mountain Run, just above where the bridge crosses the stream. He did not remain in the Mt. Poney Church very long, but took his letter and joined New Salem, the church where his father and family had their membership. . . In our little debating societies and prayer meetings he was always clear and logical in his statements, and devout in his supplications.

The place of his baptism is just outside the town of Culpeper. John was a little over sixteen when he joined the church.

Rev. Cumberland George, who baptized him, assisted the pastor, Rev. John Churchill Gordon, once a month, and was afterwards pastor of the church. He was a man of fine physique and made a splendid appearance, and had a voice like a trumpet. He was best on set occasions. He had better advantages, but less native genius, than Rev. Barnett Grimsley, the pastor at New Salem. Grimsley was a man of great gifts, self-educated, eloquent, and powerful. He had a famous illustration about climbing the Blue Ridge in the early morning, comparing it with progressive revelation (twilight, stars, moon, dawn, sunrise). Doctor Broadus delighted to expand this illustration as he had heard Grimsley do it. He had great influence on Mr. Broadus, and helped him decide about preaching. We shall see much of him during the Clarke County period of his life. He was, all in all, one of the most notable ministers in Virginia. Doctor Broadus heard much fine speaking in his early life.

The New Salem Church has sent out several ministers besides Dr. Broadus, viz, Rev. J. M. Farrar, Rev. A. H. Lewis, and Rev. R. H. Stone. They had monthly preaching. The Shiloh Association has had a noble his-

tory and many able preachers. Some of them preached very long sermons. Rev. Silas Bruce had this habit. One day J. A. B. heard him preach an hour when he announced that he was now ready to take up the first part of his discourse. Thereupon Rev. H. W. Dodge arose and stepped in front of the pulpit and said earnestly: "My dear brother, don't you think this glorious theme had better be continued at another time?" Mr. Bruce collapsed, but resumed that night and preached too long again.

In a meeting a few months after John's conversion, the preacher urged all Christians at the close of the service to move about and talk to the unconverted. John looked anxiously around to see if there was anybody present he could talk to about his soul's salvation. He had never done anything of the kind before. Finally he saw a man not very bright, named Sandy. He thought he might venture to speak to him at any rate; and Sandy was converted. John soon went away to teach school. Whenever he came back Sandy would run across the street to meet him and say: "Howdy, John? thankee, John. Howdy, John? thankee, John." Doctor Broadus often told of this first effort of his at soul-winning and would add: "And if ever I reach the heavenly home and walk the golden streets, I know the first person to meet me will be Sandy, coming and saying again: 'Howdy, John? thankee, John.'"

CHAPTER IV

THE SCHOOLMASTER

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
—*Chaucer.*

THE question now confronted young Broadus as to what he should do. He had not decided upon his life-work and he wished to obtain a higher education. But not having means he determined upon teaching as the only feasible method of procuring funds. What an army of Southern boys have attained a high career from this beginning! Rev. Barnett Grimsley was pastor of Bethel Church, in Clarke County. He seems to have interested himself in securing a position in that county for his young friend. Major Broadus was in Richmond, but felt much concern about this step on the part of his son:

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 4, 1844.

You desire to know what I think of your engagement in Clarke. Of course, I cannot decide, not having the slightest acquaintance with the people you are to be among. I suppose Mr. Grimsley advised you to engage, and I have no idea he would have done so without due deliberation. Your own judgment concurs too, I suppose, and I have mentioned it to Mr. Burwell,[1] who speaks well of the man and of the situation. . . I must, of course, yield to all these and be contented. I apprehend that your mother will feel that you are going a long way from home—and maybe your father may too; but we must bear that if you can convert it to your benefit, which I hope you will be able to do. I cannot now undertake to advise you—I have tried to do so before. Remember that "religion is the chief concern," that honor and honesty is the road to preferment, and that "modesty is a quality that highly adorns youth." The anxiety I

[1] Member of the legislature from Clarke.

feel for your welfare at this moment (one hundred miles from you) overpowers me—I cannot write.

He sent his watch for John to use in his teaching. When we next hear about the young teacher, he has been in Clarke some weeks. He went over the mountains in January and began his school at Rose Hill, the home of William Sowers. His school was small and he soon became low-spirited. His sister Martha writes to him in a comforting strain: "Cheer up and lay to it with all your energy and you have nothing to fear. I feel proud in the knowledge of the fact that you are capable of performing the duties laid upon you." His sister Carry urges him not to be "too suspicious." "Try to act in such a manner as to give people no just excuse for saying anything rude or unkind about you, and then just take it for granted that they do not, and you will be much happier. See if you do not." It was the first time that the boy of seventeen had gone alone among strangers and his naturally shrinking nature found it hard to become adjusted to the ways of the world. Many evidences of this modesty crop out during the Clarke County period. Enough of it remained with him always to give an added charm to his character. He had been little in the society of ladies save that of his mother and sisters. He soon discovered that the fair sex had great charms for him, and made heavy encroachments upon the time he had set for reviewing his Latin and French. But it was just as well, for the lighter side of his nature needed to have play. He felt a relief from the severe tension of the Simms school. These years of varied interest and pleasure in Clarke formed a good preparation for the intense exertions soon to come in the university. The struggling youth made mistakes, some of them bitter and sad, but he was ever striving to do the duty that seemed the highest, even

when others may have thought he did wrong. The richness and depth of his future life even now gave some outcroppings.

The systematic habits taught him by his father were faithfully kept up. He made minute account of all expenditures and receipts, manifesting a care in financial matters that became a part of his character. He in turn encouraged his children to keep accounts from the days of their smallest pocket money, and was strenuous in urging scrupulous exactness upon his students. He kept a list of all his correspondence during this period, and began the habit of preserving all letters received, a custom which he carefully maintained all his life.

He did not enjoy teaching at first. It seemed a makeshift leading to something else. His sisters kept in close touch with everything and held him to a high resolve about his work. Often during these years they showed their tender care by watching over his wardrobe, sending packages by Mr. Grimsley, and fitting him out when he came home. In one letter his sister expressed the hope that the new coat she sends will fit. Once mention is made of cloth being woven at home for a suit for him. She wrote that her father was opposed for the legislature this spring by Mr. J. S. Barbour, but that he was not uneasy.

EDMUND BROADUS to J. A. B.:

May 7, 1844: My majority this year is the largest I ever had, notwithstanding I am against a congressman and member of the State convention. . . I was young once myself and passed the same ordeal that you are now undergoing. Had this not been so, I should not know how to enter upon the trial. I had much diffidence and many defects to overcome, and of course much difficulty to contend with. First, my education was very limited and I was rusty even in that. I went too, into a school kept the year before by a first-rate teacher, and the boys were considerably advanced. Of course I had to work hard to go ahead of them, so as to teach them. . . I

succeeded tolerably well. Your situation is better. You were in full practice and ahead of your scholars, with capacities to compass the duties of the station and having other advantages which I had not. A youth ought not to aim at too much at once. All of us must rise by degrees, and although a laudable ambition to become eminent should be indulged, yet we ought not to expect to rise too rapidly. . . I know you must succeed, because you have the elements, but you must plod for it *and make yourself*. This all have to do, or it is never done; but success at once would be a miracle and would destroy every claim to merit, which consists in overcoming difficulties. But enough of this—your own reflections have taught you all. I saw Mr. Grimsley last Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. He says you are getting on very well, and so say others I have seen. Let that encourage you to persevere in the discharge of your duties. I should make the exclusion of any pupil a last resort. Try every way without it. It hurts the feelings of parents and rarely reclaims a boy.

Young Broadus made a visit home during June, 1844. Before returning to his work he promised his sisters to keep a diary for their benefit. This was continued for two years, and is a most interesting chronicle of his life in Clarke. Many extracts will be taken from it:

July 12: My school is still small to-day. I have but ten and feel very lonesome. Mrs. Sowers made some Tyler pudding yesterday, according to the directions I brought, and considered it very good. There is a piece in my bucket now, and I will try it presently. . . I have tried the pudding and it is excellent. I hope Mrs. Sowers will make more of it. People may think as they please about it, I feel somewhat better on Friday evening than on Monday morning, and now, although fatigued by the labors of the day, I must hasten to the house and plunge into the mysteries of Sallust and Gil Blas.

Tuesday, July 16: I went to Winchester on Saturday and assisted W. A. W.[1] in selecting some Sunday-school books. I did not obtain the Greek book which Parson Dodge[2] directed me to get. It was not to be had in town. I shall probably see him next week, and if he does not insist on my getting the book, I think I will let

[1] Mr. Whitescarver, the young Sunday-school superintendent at Berryville.

[2] Rev. H. W. Dodge, the pastor at Berryville, took a lively interest in Mr. Broadus and tried to induce him to study Greek.

the Greek be. I believe I will learn more by reviewing my Latin and French than by commencing Greek, when I know I can never finish it. Nevertheless, if the parson continues to urge it, I shall make the attempt. . . It will not do to neglect my Latin and French altogether, and my playtimes are devoted to algebra; besides at least one evening in the week must be devoted to the reading of the papers, for reasons which you understand. . . My new grammar class will probably commence to-morrow.

On Tuesday, July 23, he records at length a most interesting experience about a boy who created much disturbance while he was out of the room a few minutes. The boy took correction badly.

There I sat in my chair with my feet upon the stove; within six feet of me sat a boy whom I knew to be as stubborn as an ox and who had just failed to comply with a positive command repeated five or six times; and all around were the scholars looking to see what I would do. What could I do? I didn't want to whip him, and besides I could not conquer him by that. So I just went to him and taking him by the arm led him to my chair and seated him in it, telling him to sit still. (You may see I did not know what to do.) He got up and I set him down again and held him there. He struggled, I held him; he cursed me and I talked to him mildly. He threatened to tell his mother, and I laughed at him. He threatened to "blow me up" (send me away, you know), and I told him to "blow on." After about fifteen minutes, weary of being held, he sat still, and I let him go.

Wednesday, July 24: I am stalled in my algebra,[1] and when playtime comes I will try at my sum awhile, and if I fail I will write a letter to somebody. . .

Thursday, July 25: Would you believe it, I actually perpetrated a piece of poetry yesterday to "my sister"!

There is a little manuscript book of verses written by him during this period. One on silent gratitude, one on Naomi, one to an infant niece, etc.

He took much interest in politics (naturally) and was

[1] He had begun it by himself.

an ardent admirer of Clay, the presidential candidate of the Whigs. Doctor Broadus often in after years reproached himself for not having gone to Washington to hear the great speeches of Clay and Webster in the senate. In July he made a trip to Loudoun to hear a political debate, and was much interested in seeing "the far-famed Loudoun beauties." The debate was between "Extra Billy" Smith and Mr. Janney.

August 1: I was besieged on yesterday evening by Miss Lucy[1] to go to the Bear's Den on Saturday instead of going to church. I refused.

Monday, August 5: Surely I am the most fickle, inconstant mortal in existence. After refusing so many urgent, pressing invitations to go to the Bear's Den, and, after becoming fully convinced that I ought not to go, I went.

On Tuesday, August 6, he is gratified at having a Latin scholar at last. He put him in Adams' Grammar, which he had studied at Bleak Hill under Albert G. Simms. The boy was of the same age as himself. He had suddenly risen above an old field school teacher and had become a classical professor. On Wednesday, August 14, two of his scholars were missing. He visited the mother of the two girls and had a rather stiff interview. Some other young school-teachers may appreciate the colloquy: "If I may be allowed to inquire the reason, ma'am, are you dissatisfied with their progress?" "No, sir, not with that; but I don't think you keep order enough in the school." "Yes, ma'am." "I don't believe my girls can learn well where the scholars are constantly laughing and talking, and half of them doing nothing." "I know very well, ma'am, that I am not a good teacher; perfectly aware of that." "No, you are too young; you have not had experience

[1] Dr. Broadus's old students will be interested in seeing that there was a veritable "Miss Lucy"—not his Miss Lucy, however.

enough." "I know, ma'am, that I cannot be a good teacher without experience, and I cannot get experience without teaching." "Well, I know that, but I don't want anybody to get experience by teaching my children." "Certainly, ma'am, that is correct, exactly correct. Do you intend to take the boys away too?" "No, I sha'n't take them away."

He hopes to go home either at the Association or in the fall, especially if either of his sisters gets married. He succeeded in going home August 27, for a two weeks' visit. The diary for August closes with an interesting parody of "Old Dan Tucker," called "The Ladies' Song." It is a political ditty in praise of Clay and the Whigs against Polk and the Locofocos, as the Democrats were called. It is eight verses long, beginning:

> We gained the day four years ago,
> For all the ladies help'd, you know.
> And now they all enlist again
> And go for Clay with might and main.

EDMUND BROADUS to J. A. B.:

August 13: Last Thursday and Friday we had our Whig festival. Southall, Lyons, of Richmond, Janney, etc., were with us and addressed us. Their speeches were all good, Janney's the best, and surpassed anything I ever heard. Three thousand at least were present and were highly gratified. . . The Whig spirit is high here, and we expect to give a large Clay majority.

John was troubled with the question whether he would be wanted again by his patrons after the year was out. His father wrote him:

There is no occasion, I suppose, for you to be in a hurry. You ought to have more than you are getting, but it may not be necessary for you to move to get it. Please your present patrons right well and they will give more. If not, they will give you such a recommendation as will get you a better situation. I flatter myself you are doing pretty well and that they will not like to part from you.

His mind had already been turning toward medicine as a profession. His father had advised him not to go into politics. He wrote him once:

I have not meant to write a political letter. It must not make you a politician by trade.

His father was unwilling for John to study law, for which he was in some respects well adapted, since at that time in Virginia a lawyer could not keep out of politics; and he was not willing for his son to go through a politician's struggles in leading a sincere Christian life.

WM. MORTON to J. A. B.:

August 30: I expect to commence the study of medicine either this fall or next. I hope you will not give up the idea of studying it, for I think it would suit you better than anything else. . . I am glad to hear that the ladies do not frighten you now. I always told you that they would not.

He returned to Clarke again September 9:

Saturday, September 14: I will undertake to describe Miss Lucy's quilt. She made twenty-eight stars, twenty-five of them go into the quilt whole. The remaining three are cut through bias and put on the ends of the quilt, three halves on each end, to make it out square on the edge. Then there are ten half stars, made so, where they are placed, five on each side . . . besides all these there are two small pieces necessary to fill out two of the corners, the other two being filled with still smaller pieces of white. . . If my explanation has only mystified what you understood before, I can't help it.

Wednesday, September 18, he records an amusing experience. He had concluded to announce French in his list of classes. One of his patrons had doubts as to his ability to teach it and asked him to read some French to him. Although the patron knew no French at all, he looked gravely at the book as he read, and seemed satisfied. His wife, however, came in and was not so easily pleased. She likewise wished to hear some French read.

Mr. Broadus read some of "Gil Blas," not translating. The good lady said that she could not understand him as well as she did the French priest who was at the house last winter. The husband then explained that the priest mixed English and French together as he read, pronouncing and then translating each phrase, so that she understood exactly half of what he said.

He is much exercised as to whether he shall stay at Rose Hill another year. Scholars are few and things are slow. Capt. D. W. Sowers wants him at Woodley, three miles from Berryville, where Mr. W. A. Whitescarver has been teaching. The diary gives evidence of his activity in various directions. He begins to enter with spirit into the social life of the county. He teaches a Bible class in the Berryville Sunday-school, of which Mr. Whitescarver is the superintendent. He belongs to the muster roll of the militia, as his father did in Culpeper. He attends the geography class in Berryville taught on the Lancastrian system in eighteen lessons. This method consisted in singing geographical rhymes with a swing and dash, and created some furore at the time. The middle of December closes his engagement at Rose Hill and he makes a visit to Culpeper.

In the middle of January, 1845, our young schoolmaster begins at Woodley, the home of Captain D. W. Sowers, living alternately there and with Dr. Lewellyn Kerfoot.[1] He is much grieved at the loss of the companionship of his friend, Whitescarver. He tries hard to please his new patrons, who had been fond of the previous teachers. He goes regularly to the singing-school at Berryville under Mr. Wells and takes lively interest in it.

People thought the *do-re-mi* system of singing a wonderful thing. On Thursday, 27th of February, 1845, he says:

[1] Father of Dr. F. H. Kerfoot.

Last night I commenced my studies after having spent nearly two weeks in complete idleness, much in the society of the ladies.

On April 6, 1845, he is made superintendent of the Sunday-school at Berryville. He speaks of himself as a "very imperfect one too.' Still, he is "the only chance and he ought to do the best he can." He makes a short address to the teachers from Luke 9 : 62, "No man, having put his hand to the plough," etc. Finding it hard to get teachers for the Sunday-school among the church-members, he persuaded three young ladies, who were distant relatives of his, and a young man, to take classes, though they were not Christians. In a few months they were all converted. One of the ladies, Miss Laura Reynolds, married his friend, R. B. McCormick, and became the mother of H. P. McCormick, the missionary. The school at Woodley is prosperous and he is happy. The people in Clarke at that time were generally well-to-do.

J. A. B. to EDMUND BROADUS:

WOODLEY SEMINARY, April 11, 1845: Your letter of the 3d inst., which I received last evening, was, as you supposed it would be, unexpected, but I was only so much the more gratified at its reception. The reflection that I have now arrived at an age when it is necessary that I commence striving to be what I wish to be, a man possessed of those solid qualities which alone can gain the esteem of the intelligent and virtuous, has often troubled me. Sometimes, when my thoughts are flowing in that channel, I feel that nature has given me the ability to be something, and I am determined that I will strive to rise. Again I am discouraged by the seemingly insurmountable difficulties that are before me. I have been troubled too, by the fact that I cannot decide what to make of myself. Irresolute and undecided, then, as I was, your advice was *apropos*. I am a schoolmaster now, and 'tis best that I confine to my present occupation all my ambitions to rise. Here again I am discouraged, for, strive as I will, the progress of my scholars is not sufficient to satisfy what I conceive may reasonably be the expectations of their parents. Do not understand me as saying that I

know them to be dissatisfied. I know nothing about it, but I am not satisfied myself, and I am constantly fearing that they are not. It seems to me that my future prosperity as a teacher depends pretty much on my success this year. If I fail now I don't know that I shall ever again obtain employment as a teacher. 'Tis but natural that I should bend all my energies to my duties as a teacher, still I cannot see what more I can well do than I am doing already. I am in school regularly during the appointed hours, I try to get the scholars along, I do all that I can to get more scholars, and in every way that I can think of endeavor to promote the interests of my patrons. Can I do more than this? You advise me to give up other studies for the present and devote myself to my calling. Here I do not understand what you mean, and it is because I wish to explain that I write so soon. If it is necessary that I give up my studying I ought to do it at once. Still I cannot understand how it would benefit my scholars or my patrons. I spend as many hours in school as it is customary here to do (six), and I intend, if my patrons will allow it, to take an hour more before long. Now when I am out of school I may as well do something as nothing. I have been accustomed for years to reading a great deal. If I do not read something solid and profitable I cannot help reading things that are light and useless. Will not my patrons, then, if they are sensible people, think more of me, both as a man and teacher, if they see me endeavoring to gain useful knowledge, than if I read only light stuff or even nothing at all? But perhaps you mean that I ought to give up Greek. I undertook it more on account of Dodge's frequent and persistent persuasions than anything else. But although I have made but little progress, I have become interested in it, and I cannot see why I may not as well devote to that as anything else these leisure hours which it is not in my power to spend for the interest of my employers. Do not understand me now as being unwilling to follow your advice. I only ask you to explain, to tell me what I ought to do, and it shall be done. Please write to me on this subject as soon as you can.

Major Broadus's reply must have been satisfactory, for the diary says:

Friday, May 2, 1845: Recommenced my studies last evening. I want to try to stick to it, but I don't know whether I can.

On May 28, 1845, Major Broadus writes with much un-

certainty as to the wisdom of the Augusta Convention,[1] for fear it may not turn out well, but hoping for the best. During all this period Mr. Broadus was remarkably attentive to his church duties, including prayer meeting and Sunday-school

Thursday, June 26: Wrote to W. A. W. last evening. Spent the evening and night at home, studying like a clever fellow. During this week, Greek, Latin, French, music, vocal and instrumental, have all gone ahead in fine style. "Too many irons in the fire," say you? Not if I could stick to it; but next week I shall go to the singing school again and get my head full of the girls, and then good-bye Greek.

Previous to this time postage had been twenty-five cents a letter and it was paid by the recipient. Now it was reduced to five. There were still no envelopes. Dr. Broadus often delighted in the postal system as one of the great triumphs of modern civilization. He never mailed a letter that was to go half-way around the world for five cents without being stirred.

He thinks of trying to go to Columbian College with Whitescarver and John Pickett, and wants to clear one hundred dollars next year from his teaching.

Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1845: Spent last evening and night at home in hard study. When I returned from Culpeper, I determined to try to devote my leisure hours more closely to my studies. Thus far I have been doing pretty well and I flatter myself, nay I have reason to believe, that if I can persevere in much application, I may by the close of next year read Greek with ease. Already difficulties are removed which two weeks since seemed insurmountable. I have made arrangements to obtain a Greek Testament and hope that, ere long, I shall be reading the New Testament in the original tongue.

In November his father returned to the legislature and soon arrangements were made for John to make his father a visit in Richmond. His father in two long letters gave

[1] Organization of the Southern Baptist Convention.

him minute directions about traveling by rail. The journey was safely accomplished and John greatly enjoyed this first glimpse of the world.

Thursday, Jan. 29, 1846: I commenced last night reading a work on anatomy. I want you not to mention that I am studying medicine, as I don't wish to have it tattled about at all.

Thursday, Feb. 3, 1846: Spent last night at home, examining the skulls. The doctor[1] is very kind and accommodating, sits with me every night, and shows me every *os* and process and *foramen* that I can't find myself.

Monday, March 23, 1846: Finished on Saturday night the first volume of my anatomy.

J. A. B. to T. W. LEWIS:

WOODLEY SEMINARY, Feb. 26, 1846: And you have at last made the discovery that "There is no place like home," have you? That, my dear sir, is what every one thinks when first he leaves home and friends to "go into a strange land." Such, at least, were my feelings; and, indeed, for months I thought I could never be happy anywhere else. Such notions, however, have long since passed away, and one place is to me now almost as another. I still love my home and kindred as devotedly, I am persuaded, as I ever did, but I feel not now that sense of utter loneliness which once I felt when away from them. Strange that we can so soon become accustomed to different situations, that we may so easily bend ourselves to suit our circumstances. But, though strange, it is a blessing; for, were I doomed to a continuation of such feelings as I had soon after I left home, my lot would be miserable indeed.

You inquire if I never think about preaching. I answer, I do; but I always come to the conclusion that preaching is not my office. Not because I consider a call to the ministry to consist in some supernatural[2] intimation, for I believe that to be very little more than an earnest and ardent desire for the work, but because I do not think I am qualified for it. I do not say this because I wish you to say the contrary, but because I am endeavoring to tell you candidly my real thoughts. I know that my mental capabilities are, in some respects, not inconsiderable, but I was not "cut out" for a public speaker; I have not that grace of manner and appearance, that

[1] Dr. Kerfoot.

[2] But when he did feel called to preach, he thought differently and believed in a call of the Holy Spirit.

pleasant voice, that easy flow of words, which are indispensably necessary in him who would make impressions on his fellows by public speaking.

Such were some of the reasons which induced me some months since to give up well-nigh all idea of becoming a preacher. I am now, in conformity with the wishes of my relatives, and particularly my father, devoting some of my leisure hours to the study of the "healing art." The gentleman with whom I board was formerly a practising physician; he is an intelligent and accommodating man, and has a supply of "books and bones," so that I get along with anatomy without much difficulty.

You speak of my being so much disposed to be that butterfly thing called a "ladies' man." I lament that I so well deserve the name. Ofttimes I determine and redetermine, resolve and reresolve that I will not waste so much time in fluttering around the fair, but it really seems that I *cannot* help it. I feel, and bitterly, that "much of my time has run to waste," but I cannot husband that which is now passing by, as I would, as I should.

You have twenty scholars; you outnumber me, then, by four, for I have but sixteen. I may have more, and may have less; 'tis a matter of no consequence to me.

I never saw Brown's Grammar; what are its characteristics? what is there in his plan that is new? I am using now Murray, Kirkham, and Smith, all three, and I can hardly say which I consider the best.

The diary closes May 11, 1846. It is a most interesting narrative of the passing of the boy into the man. His letter-book makes mention of two letters to the Winchester "Republican" and one to the Winchester "Virginian," during the last months of his stay in Clarke. Thus early did his career as a newspaper writer begin.

Mr. Broadus, like his father, took the keenest interest in the society of the Sons of Temperance, an organization which did much good. In May, 1846, he was asked to deliver an address before the Berryville Total Abstinence Society. He wrote the speech out in full. On the back of the manuscript Doctor Broadus had written, "This affair (my first effort) was prepared in

the summer of 1846 by appointment of the Berryville T. A. Soc'y ; but the day was rainy, and the speech could not be delivered. Pity ! " The address shows that the youth of nineteen years had the power to seize strong arguments and put them into striking speech. For the comfort of other young orators it is worth noting that there is a touch of the sophomore (to whom Doctor Broadus so often paid his respects) in the peroration :

Be excelsior our motto, our watchword onward, and let us never cease from our labors until the power of intemperance shall be trampled in the dust and the proud flag of total abstinence shall wave over every hilltop of our native land.

EDMUND BROADUS to J. A. B. :

CULPEPER, June 10, 1846 : In your last you mentioned that you had promised to make a temperance speech. I hope that you did so and that you had " liberty and light " or rather " light and liberty." But if you failed, what of it? Would you be the first who failed in the first effort? Speaking does not come naturally ; although the organs are given, their use must be taught. Children learn to talk by tuition, or the organs would lie dormant. Public speaking requires practice after you know how to speak ; there is a certain degree of confidence necessary to enable a speaker, young or old, to do justice to his talents or his knowledge of the subject ; practice alone can give that in the right way or in the right degree. A man may be bold and dauntless and care but little what he says or how he says it. That is not the confidence I like to see. In the first place, a speaker ought to know something, or rather, a good deal, of the subject on which he speaks, and then if he is master of language enough to express his ideas, without an effort for words, he may confidently expect success, and may be easy. It is not always expedient to say in a public speech all that is true—a proper selection should be made so as to produce effect, and care should be taken to avoid anything which would offend or shock the audience. Of course all that is said should be true, whether there is to be a reply or not. It gives the audience confidence in the speaker without which but little good can ever be effected. But why should I be telling you all this—your own good sense, observation, and Mr. Dodge can supply you. Let us hear from your effort.

Your mother's health is not good, and mine is not as good as

common; the rest are well. There is no neighborhood news, or very little. Carry gives you the gossip of our community. . .

The great Baptist anniversaries are going on, you know. Well, they mean well and are right in their objects. Is there not danger that they go too fast in some things? You have no idea of the amount of zeal manifested in the cities on the subject of foreign missions. This is all right, but I fear still the political effect of the division between North and South. Everything which tends to estrange and sever the feelings of the people of different sections of the Union, weakens so far the Union itself, and renders more probable what is already dreaded by every patriot. I have often heard it advocated on the ground that it would stimulate both sides and more would be done in the cause of missions. That may be so; but ought we to endanger our existence as a republican government and lose the guaranty of religious liberty, or liberty of conscience, in the effort to increase the stimulus to work even in a good cause? Do not think me unfriendly to missions—it is not so; but "the world was not made in a day." On the contrary, the great Artisan employed six distinct days to build a world which he could have spoken into existence in all its perfection as easily as he said, "Let there be light, and there was light." We are to be the instruments of carrying forward the designs of the Almighty in evangelizing the world; but we ought to be satisfied to feel our way, and not assume that that is the *great good*, and sacrifice every other blessing to that duty.

Your coat and vest are made. Inform us directly whether we shall have them carried to you by Brother Grimsley, or whether you will wait till you come over to see us at harvest. We had only one day meeting on the fifth Sunday, and then only our pastor, on account of the rainy weather; so you would have been disappointed had you come.

In June, 1846, Major Broadus corresponded with Hon. J. C. Cabell about obtaining a position at the University of Virginia in order to give John a university education. This correspondence led to the offer of the new office of steward for State students. The faculty, through Mr. Cabell, urged his acceptance of the place. So Major Broadus took up his abode on Monroe Hill in the fall. He made his arrangements to move September 1. He

urged John to be on hand at the beginning of the session if his kind friends in Clarke would let him off. Preaching was still in John's mind. The study of "bones" did not satisfy him. He was working his way toward the light and sought the help of his intimate friends. Still he pushed the question of preaching away from him. He was going to be a physician, and he had the chance of going to the University of Virginia. That was the alluring prospect now before him. But God laid his hand on him. Writing to his father, August 11, he says:

> Last evening I reached home from Upperville, where I had been since Saturday, attending the meeting of the Salem Union Association. What occurred there I can tell you when we meet.

What John had to tell his father we know from his own words in his memorial of A. M. Poindexter:[1]

> In August, 1846, while pursuing the agency for Columbia College, he [Poindexter] attended the Potomac Association—or was it not then called Salem Union?—at Upperville, Fauquier County, and preached two sermons, which are vividly remembered by at least one person who was present, and which may be referred to as illustrating the usefulness of many kinds which Dr. Poindexter always connected with agency work. A youth who had been teaching school in that vicinity two or three years, had just been released in order to enter the University of Virginia and study medicine. For three years a professed Christian, he had often thought about the question of becoming a minister, but considered himself to have finally decided that it was not his duty. On Sunday Dr. Poindexter preached upon "Glorying in the Cross." The young man had often heard with enthusiasm and delight such truly eloquent preachers as Barnett Grimsley, Cumberland George, and Henry W. Dodge; but he thought, that Sunday at Upperville, that he had never before imagined what preaching might be, never before conceived the half of the grandeur and glory that gathers sublime around the Cross of Christ. . .
>
> The next morning Doctor Poindexter was requested to preach at

[1] "Sermons and Addresses," pp. 397-399.

eleven o'clock in the church, the Association adjourning to hear him. The sermon was one which he often preached in the journeyings of later years on the Parable of the Talents. Impressing the duty of Christian beneficence, he adopted a plan which will be remembered by many as characteristic. He mastered the complete sympathy of many hearers, the prosperous farmers of that beautiful region, by arguing long and earnestly that it was right for the Christian to gather property, and right to provide well for his family. Excellent brethren were charmed. No preacher had ever before so fully justified the toil and sacrifices by which they had been steadily growing rich. They looked across the house into the faces of delighted friends. They smiled and winked and nodded to each other in every direction. But when the preacher had gained their full sympathy, the sudden appeal he made to consecrate their wealth to the highest ends of existence, to the good of mankind and the glory of Christ, was a torrent, a tornado that swept everything before it. Presently he spoke of consecrating one's mental gifts and possible attainments to the work of the ministry. He seemed to clear up all difficulties pertaining to the subject; he swept away all the disguise of self-delusion, all the excuses of fancied humility; he held up the thought that the greatest sacrifices and toils possible to a minister's lifetime would be a hundred-fold repaid if he should be the instrument of saving one soul. Doubtless the sermon had many more important results which have not fallen in the way of being recorded; but when intermission came, the young man who has been mentioned sought out his pastor, and with a choking voice said: "Brother Grimsley, the question is decided; I must try to be a preacher." For the decision of that hour he is directly indebted under God to A. M. Poindexter; and amid a thousand imperfections and shortcomings, that work of the ministry has been the joy of his life.

He knew now what a call to preach was. So he left Clarke County the last of August with a throbbing heart. He was deeply grateful to his friends there, especially to Doctor and Mrs. Kerfoot, for their many kindnesses to him. He rode his father's riding-horse, Dick, over the mountains to Culpeper with many thoughts in his heart. The glorious Blue Ridge had a new meaning to him now. The whole world had opened out to him since he had first crossed the mountains into Clarke. He was reaching out

after it. He had gone away two years before with fear and trembling; he came back with solemn and mighty purposes. A few days here in the old scenes and he was off to the university to the larger life to which God was calling him.

CHAPTER V

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT

Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn.
—*Wordsworth.*

THE University of Virginia offered the most thorough education to be had in this country in the forties. The wisdom of Thomas Jefferson's educational ideal has long been justified, if its full recognition was slow of foot. Nearly every essential idea that was incorporated by Mr. Jefferson in the University of Virginia for the first time in America has since been adopted and enlarged upon by older and wealthier universities. Virginia's primacy in the highest educational standards is as true as her early leadership in statecraft. Prof. Herbert B. Adams, associate professor of history in Johns Hopkins University, has furnished a fascinating account of the inception, growth, and influence of the University of Virginia.[1] This able work is written from original sources and is amply illustrated. No more noble contribution to the history of American education has been made. The Commissioner of Education, Mr. N. H. R. Dawson, writing to Mr. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, commending the treatise for publication, gives the following unstinted praise to Jefferson and the University of Virginia:

[1] U. S. Bureau of Education. Circular of Information, No. 1, 1888. "Contributions to American Educational History," by Herbert B. Adams. No. 2. "Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia," by Herbert B. Adams, Ph. D., 225 pp. See also Gessner Harrison's article in Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature."

To the University of Virginia, Jefferson's creation, the whole country is indebted for the following distinguished services to the higher education: (1) The recognition of real university standards of instruction and scholarship. (2) The absolute repression of the class-system, and the substitution of merit for seniority in the award of degrees. (3) The first complete introduction of the elective system. (4) The establishment of distinct "schools," in which great subjects were grouped; for example, ancient languages, modern languages, mathematics, law, and politics; each school having its autonomy and its own standard of graduation. (5) The institution of constitutional government, in academic form, with an appointed president or chairman of the faculty, holding office for one year, but eligible for re-appointment by the Board of Visitors. (6) The promotion of self-government among the students, with the cultivation of an *esprit de corps* sustaining high standards of academic honor and scholarship.

The University of Virginia exerted such an overmastering power on John A. Broadus's whole nature through all the years that an adequate idea of this noble institution is necessary in order to understand his mental habits. Twelve years of Doctor Broadus's life were spent in close connection with the University, and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, to which the rest of his life was given, was patterned after it. But for the impress of the University system upon him, the elective method of study could never have been implanted in the Seminary.

Comparativeiy few persons, even in the South, are familiar with the important facts connected with the founding of the University of Virginia. Before Jefferson's day American higher education was a very simple affair. The older English educational standards were reproduced by the Puritan at Harvard College and the Cavalier at William and Mary. Both institutions followed the beaten track with similar curricula. "Jefferson's propositions for the modification of this ancient scholastic curriculum represent the first current of modern ideas, which began in 1779, at Williamsburg, to flow into American life."[1]

[1] "Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia," p. 41.

Jefferson's sojourn in Paris had brought him in contact with French education at the time when sympathy for French institutions was very strong in the United States. While there (1786) he had become interested in a gigantic scheme of the French savant, Quesnay, for the establishment of a national academy at Richmond, Virginia, which should be a reproduction of the great academy at Paris, with branches at New York, Philadelphia, etc. It was no less than an effort to reproduce French Catholic culture in the United States with Richmond as the center. The building[1] in Richmond was actually secured and one member appointed to organize it, but the French Revolution smashed this grand scheme all to pieces and saved the South and the country from the dominance of French culture over our Saxon institutions. But Jefferson did get the idea of distinct schools of art and science from Paris. He had become profoundly interested in higher education in Europe. He felt that the stability of free institutions rested upon the education of the people. So he sought the best models the world over, at Edinburgh, Geneva, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Rome. He once actually thought of importing the faculty of Geneva bodily to Virginia, but Washington opposed it. Jefferson's advocacy of religious liberty necessitated the establishment of an unsectarian school, unlike William and Mary College, his *alma mater*. Though a Unitarian himself, says Adams, he did not wish to promulgate his religious views through educational institutions. He decided to devote his closing years to the work of education. His system comprised three grades of schools: various district schools in each county, academies, a State university.

As to the relative importance of the University and common schools for the people of Virginia, he once said in a letter to a friend, Joseph

[1] This building was used for the meeting of the convention that adopted the Constitution of the United States.

C. Cabell, January 13, 1823: "Were it necessary to give up either the primaries or the University, I would rather abandon the last, because it is safer to have the whole people enlightened than a few in a high state of science and the many in ignorance. This last is the most dangerous state in which a nation can be. The nations and governments of Europe are so many proofs of it."[1]

He labored earnestly to get local taxation for free schools as early as 1796, but failed. Again in 1818 State subsidy alone could be secured, the counties being unwilling to tax themselves for public schools. Not till 1870 did Virginia awake to Jefferson's ideas about popular education. He addressed himself vigorously to higher education, hoping to create sentiment for popular education, and so worked from above downward through trained and enlightened men. Perhaps Jefferson would have failed in putting into actual shape his ideals of university education but for the timely aid of Hon. J. C. Cabell, who in 1806 returned from a three years' stay in European universities, where he also had obtained broader ideas of education than existed at William and Mary, his *alma mater*. Cabell wished to rejuvenate William and Mary by establishing a museum of natural history. Jefferson declined to help, but his private secretary, Col. Isaac A. Coles, suggested to the ambitious young Cabell that he enter the legislature, and instead of trying to enlarge an old institution, seek to found a new one. Thus in 1807 came to Cabell "a declaration of independence in the matter of higher education in Virginia." Cabell took this advice, entered the legislature in 1809, in two years more the State Senate, and stayed there until 1829 after the complete triumph of Jefferson's plans. Doctor Adams pointedly says that, without Cabell's aid, "Jefferson's university ideal would never have been realized, at least in his lifetime."

[1] "Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia," p. 34.

After the appropriation was made by the State Senate, there was difficulty in deciding where the new institution should be established. There was a sharp conflict between William and Mary, Washington College, and Staunton.

Jefferson was determined to have Central College (which he had enlarged from Albemarle College), one mile from Charlottesville, made the university. He pointed out that, if a line through the State were drawn in almost any direction, it would go through Charlottesville. He thus carried his point over the rivalries of the East and the West. The commission recommended Central College for the new university seat, with Jefferson's ideas of instruction. Edward Everett reviewed Jefferson's whole scheme in the "North American Review," January, 1820. Fierce opposition sprang up in the legislature. Mr. Cabell rose in his might and publicly and privately convinced the opponents of the bill, establishing the university at Charlottesville. On January 25, 1819, it was done. Cabell had brought on hemorrhage of the lungs by exposure and loss of sleep while working for this measure. He and Jefferson had won at last. Jefferson was made the first Rector of the Board of Visitors. From Monticello he could look down on the university grounds with his spy glass and even watch the bricks placed in the walls. He busied himself with every detail. The university was his "pet." He drew numerous plans and made an original conception of an academic village with monastic cloisters and classic architecture, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. The beautiful lawn with its double row of trees, the noble line of professors' houses and students' lodgings (East Lawn and West Lawn) fronted by classic colonnades, the farther rows of students' dormitories on each side (East Range and West Range) present a harmonious and stately picture. Each professor's house had

some feature of famous buildings of antiquity, but the crown of all was the Rotunda at the head of the lawn, whose proportions were modeled after the Pantheon, reduced to one-third the size.[1] The capitals of the columns on the portico were made in Italy, and Italian workmen were imported.

Mr. Jefferson created a unique university plant and the most beautiful one in America. In 1824 Professor Ticknor, of Harvard, made a visit to Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. He wrote as follows to the historian Prescott about the elective system:

> It is, however, an experiment worth trying, to which I earnestly desire the happiest results; and they have to begin it, a mass of buildings more beautiful than anything architectural in New England, and more appropriate to a university than can be found, perhaps, in the world.[2]

As a result of this visit Professor Ticknor succeeded in introducing several of Jefferson's ideas into Harvard College, though with much opposition. President Wayland, of Brown, afterward made a similar visit to the University of Virginia. He was favorably impressed and strongly advocated the elective system of instruction and other features of the University of Virginia. Jefferson insisted on a high order of professors. All came from abroad save two; for obvious reasons the chairs of Law and Political History and Science could be better filled by Americans. The new teachers all gave prestige to the institution. Professors Blaetterman, Long, Key, Bonnycastle, and Dunglison, brought fame from abroad, while Professors Tucker and Lomax represented strength at home. The doors were opened in 1825. Jefferson

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[1] The Rotunda was burned October 27, 1895. It was a sad Sunday for the University. The Rotunda has since been restored and several other buildings have been added.

[2] "Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia," p 124.

died in 1826, leaving as one of the phrases he wished inscribed on his tomb: "Father of the University of Virginia."

It is impossible to estimate the influence of the University of Virginia over the educational system of the South and of the North as well. Professors, lawyers, statesmen, physicians, ministers, and business men have poured from its walls. No honorary degrees have ever been conferred. Its M. A. was the highest scholastic degree in this country. This was before the introduction of the specializing Ph. D. Original research and exacting work was the atmosphere from the start. In after years, looking back upon it, Doctor Broadus said:

> The noblest legacy they have left us is this—that the very genius of the place is *work*. No professor or student of susceptible soul can establish himself here without feeling that there breathes through all the air this spirit of work, a noble rage for knowing and for teaching.[1]

The leading professors in the University when Mr. Broadus entered in 1846, were Gessner Harrison, W. B. Rogers, J. L. Cabell, R. E. Rogers, E. H. Courtenay, M. Schele de Vere, W. H. McGuffey, John B. Minor, and John Staige Davis. Some of these had been at the University only a short while, but they were all men of great ability. He came under the spell of three teachers in particular: Harrison, McGuffey, Courtenay.

Gessner Harrison was one of the first three graduates of the institution. When Prof. George Long returned to England in 1828 he recommended this young man to succeed him as professor of ancient languages. He had expected to practise medicine, but gave up that ambition for the classics. This professor of nineteen years began to do some of the most original study and thorough teaching in this country. Long sent him "Bopp's Comparative

[1] Memorial of Gessner Harrison, in "Sermons and Addresses," p. 347.

Grammar," just out and used nowhere else in America. He eagerly devoured it. The students talked flippantly of "Old Gess's humbuggery," but he stuck to his etymology and philology. He went to the root of things. By degrees he won his spurs. He was working along right lines and began to kindle enthusiasm for genuine scholarship. He became the leading spirit of the University and did much to uplift Southern educational ideals. He was greatly gifted in the use of illustration. He had keen fondness for Roman history, making it fascinating indeed. His common sense, quiet humor, simplicity, and devout piety adorned a wealth of learning. His examinations were very rigid. One year, out of a hundred and fifty in senior Latin, only twenty-six were graduated. A story is told by Doctor Broadus that one day a student came out of Professor Harrison's office with a broad smile. His friends, waiting their turn, asked if he had passed. "No," he said, "but old Gess said that I came nigher to it than any fellow that didn't pass." Doctor Harrison was the author of a Latin grammar and a work on Greek prepositions. He was made Chairman of the Faculty repeatedly. In 1859, to make better provision for his family, he left the institution to establish a high school for university aspirants. He died in 1862 from fever caught while nursing a sick son. Doctor Broadus, in concluding a noble panegyric on Gessner Harrison, said:

> And let it be the last word spoken to-day concerning Gessner Harrison, spoken, as it were in his name to the professors and students of the University that he loved so well: Sirs, brothers, FEAR GOD AND WORK.[1]

Professor McGuffey had come to the chair of moral philosophy in 1845. He was a gifted teacher, pursuing the Socratic method. He taught the student to think.

[1] "Sermons and Addresses," Memorial of Gessner Harrison, p. 347.

Doctor Broadus always remembered with emotion the first time that Doctor McGuffey asked him his own opinion on a point in philosophy. It marked an epoch in his intellectual life. Dr. Geo. B. Taylor, of Italy, says that he often found himself overcome with feeling in Doctor McGuffey's class-room. He had great charm of expression and strongly advocated extempore speaking. His series of school readers is familiar to many. J. A. B. was fond of telling a story of a gentleman who confided to him his great admiration for Doctor McGuffey as a writer, pointing to the selection in the Fifth Reader, "To be or not to be," as an example!

Professor Courtenay had held the chair of mathematics since 1842. He was a very able teacher. Clear statement, unwearied repetition, and courtly manners especially characterized him. Professor Courtenay was the author of a work on differential and integral calculus.

As a teacher Doctor Broadus combined the excellencies of three men by whom he had been strongly influenced: Gessner Harrison, the patient, careful seeker after principles; William H. McGuffey, the quickener of sluggish intellects into activity; and E. H. Courtenay, the lover of exact statement.[1]

Dr. Broadus often spoke of the different methods pursued by these teachers with a student's difficulty. Professor Courtenay would patiently repeat his original clear statement until the man saw it; Professor McGuffey would seek to get the student's point of view so as to point out the difficulty and remove it; Professor Harrison, with his brilliant imagination, would turn every color of the rainbow on the subject till it flashed before the student's mind.

There were about a hundred and fifty matriculates in 1846; the number rose to nearly three hundred before

[1] Prof. H. H. Harris, "Religious Herald," March 21, 1895.

Broadus' student days were over, and soon thereafter seven hundred crowded the University, the highest number ever attained.[1] A number of John A. Broadus's fellow-students became distinguished in after life: General Roger A. Pryor, of the New York bar; Hon. Wm. Wirt Henry, of Richmond; E. R. Pollard, author of "The Lost Cause"; Prof. John Hart, Virginia; Rev. C. A. Briggs, D. D., of Union Theological Seminary; Rev. Tiberius Gracchus Jones, D. D., Virginia; Col. Wm. Le Roy Broun, Alabama; Hon. F. W. M. Holliday, Virginia; Bishop James A. Latane, Baltimore; Col. Alfred T. Rives, Virginia; Charles Dabney, son of "The Southern Planter"; Nat. Tyler, editor of the "Richmond Enquirer"; Gen. W. C. Wickham; Dr. Edward Warren (Warren Bey); Judge Fernando Farrar (Johnny Reb); Gen. Sam'l Garland; Prof. F. H. Smith, of the University; Prof. C. H. Judson, of Furman University; Prof. Chas. S. Venable, of the University; Prof. James D. White, of Washington and Lee. Many others also became men of power and mark. Much of the flower of the South was here. Dr. Broadus often said that a student gained as much from his college-mates as from his professor. Mr. Broadus roomed with his old friend W. A. Whitescarver. He once said of him: "He is the only man I never found anything wrong in. We talk about saints. William is one."

Mr. Broadus was well prepared in Latin at Albert G. Simms' school, but was poorly off in algebra, French, and Greek, having picked these studies up himself. Hence he took advantage of the elective system, selecting a rather irregular ticket. The points in this programme to be noted were his taking moral philosophy the first year and then finishing mathematics in two

[1] In the "Alumni Bulletin," May, 1895, there is a graphical record of the student attendance from 1825 to 1894.

years with practically no preparation and giving a year to graduate mathematics, graduating in Greek in two years when he knew nothing to start on save what he had picked up himself in Clarke County, and giving four years to his degree when he might have taken it in three. He and his room-mate would take long walks and drill each other on the Greek forms to make up for lack of training in them. He devoted one vacation also to Greek. With what relish this brilliant student absorbed everything in the University! The hunger after knowledge which had stirred his soul in the rides over the Blue Ridge was being gratified. He was drinking deep at this pure spring. No man ever quaffed here who drew more refreshment and inspiration. His whole nature expanded, his powers grew, his prowess came rapidly. He found delight in the whirl of his great opportunities. He was open to all that passed before him, while his horizon widened with every step up the mountain. Hon. W. W. Henry says that he considered him the strongest man at the University. But some could not understand his habit of working so hard. Some even said: "He is only a plodder." He had the reputation of studying all night because Whitescarver sat up late and he got up early, thus keeping the light burning nearly all night. Professor Smith says of him: "If genius is the ability and willingness to do hard work, he was a genius." He avoided overloading himself, so as to be able to master every detail and make it his own. Humdrum work was done conscientiously. He did not try to "cut" and then "cram" for examination. He practised what he afterwards so earnestly preached to his students. At first he had such difficulty with his mathematics that he was disposed to give it up, having really no preparation, but Professor Courtenay made him persevere until he distinguished himself in it as much as in the other schools,

and it was regarded as his favorite study. Although generally at the very front in his classes, he did not excite the jealousy of the student body. Prof. F. H. Smith characterizes his student life thus:[1]

> He cultivated a great power of application and grew to have a great ability to work, and was not ashamed that others should know it. The wonderful result of this steady, methodical industry was that in after years he could do unheard-of things in the briefest time. His disciplined faculties were so under his will that the result, while natural, was surprising. . . He demanded of himself the best he could do in all that he did. The resulting clearness and correctness of his thinking begat that limpid, lucid, crystalline purity of expression which marked his writing and speaking.

Mr. Broadus became an active member of the Jefferson Society, the largest in the University. Here he had to debate with men like Holliday, Henry, and Pryor. He had a favorite place in the woods, near the cemetery, where he would walk and study his speeches, wearing a path in the forest. The habit of composing addresses while walking remained with him. Mr. Henry says that Broadus was the best debater in the Jefferson, besting Pryor and Holliday, when he locked horns with them. In June, 1848, he delivered the valedictory address for the society, a distinguished honor for his second year. In the fall of that year the society formally asked for the publication of this address. The subject was "National Literature." Here is a characteristic extract:

> What nobler purpose for the young man who is just going out from college, than that he will contribute to the progress of letters? I cannot but be persuaded that either directly or indirectly you will do this. But whether it be in literature or in other pursuits, that you seek for usefulness and distinction, one thing remember—the price of all success is *toil*, hard and unremitting.

Mr. Broadus found time for active religious work in

[1] "Seminary Magazine," April, 1895.

various ways, in the students' prayer meetings, teaching a Bible class, and conducting a Sunday-school in the Ragged Mountains. In after life he often said that a man was not fit to go as missionary to China who would not work with the needy at his own doors. He showed that piety and scholarship were not incompatible. His charming personality made him popular.

He was a loyal Christian, for whom even the wicked never had a word of disrespect. It was wonderful, the universal kindliness felt by the bad and good alike for him.[1]

I remember a fine young fellow-student, who was no Christian, showing me his autograph book, in which Broadus had, at his request, written a line. It was only three words in Greek, ἓν σε ὑστερεῖ, "one thing thou lackest." A finer compliment and yet more faithful admonition could scarcely be conceived.[2]

Many years afterwards a seminary student from Texas bore to Doctor Broadus a message from an honored physician in that State who said that he had never been able to forget that sentence in his album, and he trusted now that he had found the "one thing lacking."

On June 22, 1847, a great shadow came over his life. He was sent for quickly, and on entering his mother's room, only heard her say, "My son," as she passed away. She died of a sudden and severe attack of heart disease. She had given John the true ideal of womanhood, and taught him from his earliest years that beautiful reverence for women which was so thoroughly a part of his character.

General John H. Cocke, of Fluvanna, one of the oldest[3] and most efficient members of the Board of Visitors, in the fall of 1848, writes to Major Broadus, urging him to exert his influence among the students in behalf

[1] Prof. Smith, "Seminary Magazine," April, 1895.

[2] Prof. Smith, "Religious Herald," April 4, 1895.

[3] General Cocke was a member of the Board of Central College, and one of the original members of the University Board.

of temperance. Some reproaches had been cast on the University on the score of intemperance. Major Broadus had long been a prominent figure in the Sons of Temperance. In fact, before General Cocke's anxiety, Major Broadus had, with the co-operation of James Alexander, John B. Minor, and others, already established a Division of this Order in the University. In 1848, young Broadus appears as Worthy Patriarch, having joined the Order the year before. He was now in much demand as a temperance orator before Divisions in various parts of the State.

Doctor Harrison, the Chairman of the Faculty, was much opposed to anything like espionage over the University men. He believed in expecting the men to be gentlemen and treating them as such. There is difficulty, in the nature of the case, in striking the right note in the discipline of a large number of young men, more or less raw and full of life. Doctor McCosh similarly had a severe struggle when he took hold of Princeton, but succeeded in greatly toning up the institution. Mr. Broadus early formed the habit of praying regularly and often for schools of learning, teachers, and students. Many persons may remember how, at the opening of the school session, he would make public appeal for prayer for the schools of the country. Mr. Jefferson's free system, while developing manhood, likewise called for sympathetic interest and spiritual guidance.

A letter of Mr. G. W. Hansbrough, a native of Orange County, to Doctor Hiden, gives a striking example of the manner in which Doctor Broadus impressed himself upon his comrades, even in his youth:

> When I was a little over sixteen and he twenty-two, we were students at the University and room-mates at his father's house. We were both members of the Jefferson Debating Society. One night Mr. B. came into our room much excited, and told me that

in a debate he had uttered some language of severe criticism on one S. P., who resented what he considered an insult, and had promptly written and sent Mr. B. a peremptory demand for an apology ; and Mr. B. requested me to take his answer. Not being of a very pacific disposition, I took some part in dictating the answer, and it was not particularly conciliatory. P. was a law student, about twenty-five years old, tall and handsome, and very much of the peacock in character and manner. I took the answer; it was not satisfactory to his Haughtiness. On my return, I found old Major Broadus in our room with John. When he saw the note I had carried, he said: "John, John, this will never do. You were wrong; such style of speech was wholly inconsistent with your profession and purposes in life. You must forthwith send an unconditional apology." Much loath, I took the apology to the irate gentleman, who accepted it, but with the conditions that "the apology should be made as public as was the insult." Well, at the next meeting of the society, I was present. John A. Broadus was not naturally of a very meek disposition. But on that occasion he arose, and in a manner indicating a deep sense that he was wrong, went on to acknowledge his error in most impressive tones, gaining at every word the utmost sympathy of his hearers, apologizing not so much to his adversary, but, as it were, in the presence of his Lord and Master, whom he confessed to having justly offended by giving way to sinful anger, and indulging in unseemly sarcasm. I could perceive in the countenances of all around me a manifestation of unusually heightened respect and admiration for Mr. Broadus, and a corresponding disapprobation and contempt for his adversary. Upon his concluding his statement, a silence of subdued sympathy and appreciation prevailed for a considerable time. From that hour John A. Broadus stood, as ever since he has stood, on a plane infinitely higher, whilst P. sank to a much lower one. The feelings I entertained were those of awe in contemplating a height and grandeur of character of which I had never before suspected the existence; and ever since, I have watched his career with interest, regarding him as perhaps the greatest man Virginia has produced in the present century.

During one session of his university course he taught the daughters of Professors Courtenay and Howard, and the son of Professor Harrison. He was very careful to work out all the mathematical problems at every point.

He was using an algebra, recommended by Professor Courtenay, which had a large number of curious, original problems. On finding three that baffled his skill, he took them to Professor Courtenay, who solved one, pointed out that one was wrongly stated, and freely confessed that he himself could not solve the third.

J. A. B. to MRS. BICKERS:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Feb. 3, 1849: Sister C.[1] is married and gone. . . I might have been sad, if I would; sad, not because she has married the man she has, my friend of many years, a friend whom every trial has but rendered more fondly dear, but because my sister, who it seemed to me had become indispensably necessary to my happiness, is gone, and I am left alone, as desolate as an only child, with none who can so well sympathize in my joys and sorrows, none to counsel and aid, as a fond sister only can. But I have striven, and successfully, against everything like sadness. One thing, however, I have learned that I did not know before, that when dear friends part, they who stay must always sorrow more than those who go. I have had experience now in both. Our mamma is very kind and affectionate, and I love her most sincerely. She must needs have many troubles as the head of such a household as this, yet nothing that I can do shall be wanting to make her happy.

THOMAS L. SNEAD to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND COLLEGE, April 20, 1849: The contingency to which I referred, when at the University, exists sooner than I anticipated. The professorship of mathematics in this college has been vacated by the resignation of Mr. Robertson and I hope that I may be allowed to represent you to the Board of Trustees as willing to supply the vacancy. I fear that no inducements that they can offer will be sufficient to lead you to forego the pleasure of passing another year at the University, and of carrying off the M. A. which awaits you, but I will hope for the best, and tell you what our people may do for you. The college goes fully into operation this year for the first time. The number of students during the present session has been seventy-two. . . Be good enough to write an answer as soon

[1] His sister Carrie had married W. A. Whitescarver, and his father had married Miss Somerville Ward.

as you conveniently can, and allow me to insist on a favorable reply.

But Mr. Broadus kept to his M. A. How often in after years he exhorted his students to stick to their course of study and not be lured away by calls to this or that, but to "think of their probable life as a whole and do what they would be glad of at the end."

On June 4, 1849, Mr. Broadus preached his first sermon. It was at the Mount Eagle (Presbyterian) Church, in Albemarle County. The text was from Ps. 62 : 8, "God is a refuge for us."

Mrs. L. L. Hamilton, of Charlottesville, then a child near Keswick, writes as follows concerning this first sermon :

Dr. William McGuffey, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Virginia, had charge of the church. Being sick on this particular Sunday, he sent down one of his students "to fill his place." And well did he fill it. The doctor was dry and logical and preached more to the head than to the heart. On this day, which I well remember, there stood up in his place a slightly built, dark-haired youth, scarcely twenty[1] years of age, who spoke as I never heard man speak before of our gracious Saviour. There was something in his manner very entreating, very touching, very convincing. After the sermon all were eager to find out the name of the student who had filled so acceptably the learned professor's place. That day was the first time I ever saw or heard the name "John A. Broadus." I was about eleven years of age. I wish I could recall the text, but I well remember the impression made upon me by its charming simplicity. He had made comprehensible, even to the mind of a child, great Bible truths.

His next sermon was July 2, at New Salem, Culpeper, his home church, always a trying experience to the young preacher. On this occasion the text[2] was 1 Tim.

[1] Really over twenty-two.

[2] Doctor Broadus left two large notebooks filled with dates, places, and texts of all the sermons preached during his whole life, a good practice for all preachers. It is thus profitable to see some of his homiletical habits. The first book has also a list

4 : 8. He now had two sermons. On the afternoon of the same day he preached his sermon from Ps. 62 : 8 at John Lewis's home in Culpeper. On August 3 he preached at Berryville on Lam. 3 : 33. The subject was chosen because it was a "Fast Day." August 31 he preached at the Brick Church, Culpeper, during the session of the Shiloh Association. This time his text was Gal. 3 : 1. On September 3 he preached at Culpeper Court-House from Luke 8 : 39. He now had five sermons and had preached at all the scenes of his early career.

In September, 1849, he was asked to be permanent supply for the Charlottesville Baptist Church. His brother Madison wants him to do it, "for you can preach," he says. His brother had previously felt grave doubts of his success. However, he wisely declined the committee's urgent request from the church. Their petition showed their estimate of the young preacher. They urged that here he could "cultivate those superior talents which have been committed to you, as we prayerfully hope, for very great usefulness in the vineyard of our Master."

During the next session (the last) he preached seven times for the country churches around Charlottesville. Once during the spring of 1850 he preached for the colored Baptist congregation of Charlottesville. His text on this occasion was Heb. 4 : 16. Rev. J. R. Scott[1] had often urged him to study "Butler's Analogy" and preach to the Negroes. He always commended to his students this sound advice.

During the last session John A. Broadus was one of the editors of the "Jefferson Monument Magazine," and

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of the themes and texts of Rev. J. R. Scott, Chaplain at the University while Mr. Broadus was a student.

[1] See "Broadus's History of Preaching," p. 108.

exhibited great diligence in securing contributions from old students and other prominent friends of the University. He was also the leader of the chapel choir, and thus found useful his music which he had learned in Clarke. Prof. F. H. Smith entered as a student this year. He and Mr. Broadus soon became warm friends. He thus describes Broadus:

> My first meeting with him was in October, 1849, at the students' weekly prayer meeting, then held on Sunday afternoon in the parlor of Mr. Addison Maupin. It was just after my first matriculation in the University. At a certain stage of the meeting a student of striking personal appearance and bright dark eyes glowing with the light of intellect rose to speak and drew the attention of all. I was at once impressed with the force, propriety, and simplicity of his brief utterances. There were a maturity and sense in what he said that marked him as no common student. I soon learned that he was John A. Broadus, the son of Major Edmund Broadus, who lived on Monroe Hill, near by. We were thereafter thrown much together. We often met at Dr. Gessner Harrison's house, being attracted thither by similar reasons. In that drawing room young Broadus could gratify his uncommon taste for and enjoyment of instrumental and vocal music. He was quite a singer, and while, like others of us, he had no great voice, he more than made up for the deficiency by the thoroughness of his knowledge of the art of music and the precision of his execution—qualities which, I afterwards found, belonged to all that he did in every department of effort.[1]

Mr. Broadus's health was not so good the last session. He began to feel the severe strain of his exertions and was neglecting his regular walks. A young friend of his consented to walk with him every afternoon. Thus he gained exercise and inspiration in the company of the charming woman who was soon to become his wife. Miss Harrison's sympathy and approbation buoyed him during all this stress of work. She was thus able to bring out the side of his nature that school life usually warps.

In the spring of this closing session Mr. Broadus ac-

[1] "Religious Herald," March 21, 1895.

cepted a position to teach at Bremo, the home of General Cocke, in Fluvanna. There was a cloud before him during these months on account of his father's health, which was gradually but surely failing. He had come to the University to educate his boy and succeeded, but he died June 27, 1850, two days before John was to deliver his graduating address. As he stood by his father's bedside, he said: "I shall not make my graduating speech, father." "Yes," said his father, "for I am dying." Major Broadus's death caused widespread regret all over the State, for he was a man of mark and of great personal worth and force of character. The speech was afterwards published in the "Jefferson Monument Magazine," for January, 1851, and created marked interest. The subject was: "Human Society in its Relation to Natural Theology." The address, a tribute to the power of Doctor McGuffey over him, showed maturity and vigor. There were six who received the degree of M. A. on graduating day, June 29. John A. Broadus and Richard Davis were four-year men; W. W. Henry and R. P. Latham, three-year men; Wm. LeRoy Broun and John T. Points, two-year men. Three entered the ministry—Broadus, Points, and Davis; one (Broun) became a professor; two entered the law (Henry and Latham). Mr. Broadus, of course, was not present. Dr. Gessner Harrison, chairman of the faculty, remarked in noting his absence, that the University had never turned out a better scholar. One can only imagine the mingled emotions with which young Broadus closed his scholastic career at the University. Light and shadow were strangely mingled on that day. Already large things were being said of him. Hon. W. W. Henry says that, as he watched him at the University, he came "to predict for him a great future." Long years afterwards, Prof. F. H. Smith will call this youth the University of Virginia's "greatest alumnus."

CHAPTER VI

A YEAR IN FLUVANNA

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.

—*Wordsworth.*

LET no one think that Mr. Broadus had given up his intention of preaching because he had accepted a position as tutor in the delightful home of Gen. J. H. Cocke (Bremo, in Fluvanna County). He was in no hurry to assume the heavy responsibilities of the pastorate. This school in the country offered a period of quiet reflection and study to the overworked University graduate. General Cocke was a stanch friend of the University. It was this interest that attracted him to Mr. Broadus.

GENERAL COCKE to J. A. B.:

BREMO, April 22, 1850: Yours of the 16th inst. was duly received. My offer through Doctor McGuffey was made in reference to the very small school now in my house, consisting of five scholars and two day scholars from the neighborhood. . . If we can add five more scholars as boarders, I would be willing to increase the number to ten, and in that case I should allow you fifty dollars in addition for each scholar over five. . . It may be proper here to remark, in adding to the boarding pupils, I wish the school to be select. I should be unwilling to take any pupil over the age of my two grandsons, both of whom are now in their fourteenth year, unless they could be vouched for as boys of more than ordinary good breeding and good character.

BREMO, May 10, 1850: In reply to your inquiry as to the commencement of the school, the first Monday in October is the time I shall prefer, if suitable to your convenience.

Nobody can fail to be pleased with young Henson,[1] he is a prodigy. I shall not fail to do all I can to get him into the University.

Sunday, July 14, 1850, Mr. Broadus preached for the first time for the Charlottesville Baptist Church, his text being Heb. 11 : 6. He had steadily resisted the temptation to spoil his University course by too much preaching. How often in later years he poured this advice into ears all too unwilling to heed. He always insisted that it was far better to be thorough in one's educational foundation, so as to have all the more to build on, than to rush headlong through one's school days at breakneck speed. Let his example be a lesson in self-restraint to every ambitious young preacher who is lured into too many outside activities. If a theological seminary had been accessible to Mr. Broadus he would eagerly have sought its advantages. He strongly felt the need of theological training and for advice wrote to Mr. Scott, who had recently been chaplain at the University, a minister of culture and ability. Mr. Scott's letter shows what was then considered the theological outfit of a young minister.

REV. J. R. SCOTT to J. A. B.:

PORTLAND, ME., July 23, 1850: I am favorably impressed with what you say of your arrangements for the coming year. You will lose nothing by teaching, while your situation at General Cocke's will afford you facilities for making many valuable acquaintances, for quiet study, and for acquiring practical skill in preaching. You will find it both pleasant and profitable to interpose between the University and your future sphere of public activity, whatever and wherever it may be, a period of retirement, in which to digest your past acquisitions, observe the indications of Providence, and lay your plans the more definitely and deeply for a useful and honorable career. I could wish that after the expiration of your engagement in Fluvanna, you might pass some time at a

[1] P. S. Henson. Fluvanna was famous for its persimmons. Doctor Henson often remarked that Fluvanna only raised persimmons and men, but they were *men*. Young Henson was a "boy" preacher, but one who was wisely sent to school and gained an education.

theological institution, but I am by no means so solicitous in your case as I should be in that of one who was averse to study, or knew not how to study progressively, or had lower aims.

You ask me to advise you with regard to books—"something which will serve somewhat as a foundation for theological study." Bearing in mind what you have I will do the best I can. I would not be satisfied without at least enough of Hebrew to enable me to appreciate the force of any criticism on the original text. Of course, here, you will naturally look to Doctor Harrison for guidance. Doctor McGuffey too, will doubtless take much pleasure in making you many valuable suggestions on books in various departments. You will find much reliable information in "Stuart's Critical History and Defense of the Old Testament Canon," and in "Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia," the former costing about a dollar and a quarter and the latter six or seven dollars. In theology, Knapp and Turrettin, or any of the Genevan divines, go well together. These cost, I suppose, some ten dollars. Neander is the prince of ecclesiastical historians. Some of his biographies, such as his "Life of Christ," and "Life of Chrysostom," would interest and benefit you much, although you must keep a good eye to his notions on inspiration. Gieseler's "Church History" you will find valuable for its succinctness, *i. e.*, of the text, the notes being very full. Ten dollars might be spent here to very good purpose. Robinson and Smith are, of course, *the* Scripture geographers. By the by, you would do well to take the "*Bibliotheca Sacra*," the back numbers of which also are quite a thesaurus. Our own "Christian Review," I hope, is now likely to be worth patronage. Three dollars a year, published by Ballard & Colby, New York. Bloomfield's Greek Testament, though very defective in its theology, is probably as good an authority on the state of the Greek text as you will find. Four dollars. You would do well to dip into the old English divines occasionally—Howe, Owen, South, Jer. Taylor, Leighton, and Barrow. I need not say make Butler a *vade mecum*. Should you wish to settle your views on the atonement, read Symington and Jenkyn, and you will probably take a mean between them, and hit about right. You will derive much benefit from filling up leisure hours with reading Robert Hall, Foster, Wayland's "University Sermons," and William R. Williams' "Miscellanies." But I am only telling you what you know already, as well as I do. Should any suggestion in relation to your course occur to me hereafter, I should be happy to communicate it to you, if you will pardon the meagreness of the above.

You know my opinion of your lady-love. At least, I think I have

expressed it to you. If I never did, I will now say that I consider Maria Harrison as one of the very choicest young ladies with whom I had the happiness of becoming acquainted in Virginia. She is no mere toy. With all of feminine delicacy that could be asked, she is rich in substantial excellencies. She will never play the *blue* with you, and yet she will not tolerate you in mental rust-gathering. I do indeed congratulate you, and (you may whisper it in her ear) *her* too.

GENERAL COCKE to J. A. B.:

BREMO, August 1, 1850: I am glad to learn your willingness to preach to our people at our chapel. Christians in our country have an awful account to settle for their neglect of the slave population. I have been long desirous to do what I could in that way; would to God I could say my skirts were clear.

W. LE ROY BROUN to J. A. B.:

MIDDLEBURG, VA., August 6, 1850: There is also another subject in which I imagine you feel some interest, and in regard to which I would like to have your advice. The question is as to the continuation of the magazine next session. Probably you are not aware that an effort will be made at the beginning of the session to discontinue its further publication, and indeed, should the students order its continuance great difficulty will be experienced in getting subscribers. As many of the old students will refuse, and from their influence many of the new ones will fear to enter upon it, I am in favor of relinquishing the attempt, unless we can get good assurances that each number will be filled with good contributions.

For the good of the University we must abandon the idea of raising a monument to Jefferson, unless we effect a *change*.

What plan do you propose? I wish you could be with us all for a while next year, and then we might hope for its success.

Probably with the aid of a little "wire working," etc., we may get the current in its favor at the very beginning, and then, with a few good backers, failure will be impossible.

But this is certain, we must give up the ship unless we see clearly that we will far *surpass* everything of the kind published in the *North*.

In August we find Mr. Broadus back in Culpeper visiting his brother, J. M. Broadus, his sister, Mrs. Bickers, and other friends, and preaching at Culpeper Court

House, apparently in a revival. On Monday (second Monday), August 12, a presbytery assembled at New Salem for the ordination of Mr. Broadus; the church had called for his ordination at the July meeting. The sermon was preached by Rev. H. W. Dodge. Rev. Barnett Grimsley and Rev. Cumberland George assisted in the exercises. J. M. Broadus acted as clerk.

GENERAL COCKE to J. A. B:

BREMO, Aug. 23, 1850: I am authorized by the Rev. Mr. Moore, pastor of the Baptist church at the Fork Union in this vicinity, and the Rev. Mr. Tyree, of Powhattan, to invite you to come over and assist them in the winding up of a meeting of ten days and still continued with increasing interest.

The last of August Mr. Broadus attended the Shiloh Association, which met this year at Bethel Church, four or five miles from the house of Mr. George Ficklin, where a few weeks before Rev. James P. Boyce and his bride had been visiting.

If Boyce had remained a little longer, he would have attended also, for he was fond of Associations, and two who were destined to toil so long together would have met years before they did meet. Hawthorne has a quaint story to illustrate how things come very near happening, and do not happen.[1]

Mr. Broadus "was frightened by being asked to preach" before a Baptist Association, and apparently declined.

J. A. B. to MISS MARIA HARRISON:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Sept. 9, 1850: . . Sunday morning I heard Mr. Bennett[2] for the first time—very good sermon. He had to leave, and asked me to preach for him in the evening. I obeyed and did it. Had a full house, indeed crowded, but I fear they won't continue to turn out so for me, for I spoke almost an hour, I reckon,

[1] Broadus's "Memoir of James P. Boyce," footnote, p. 81.
[2] Methodist minister in Charlottesville.

and am afraid there seemed to be a great deal of youthful extravagance in what was said. However, let it go. Your pa was there in the morning and went down with me at night. . .

Will you speak of me and of my regard to your dear grandmamma and to all the family. I have no disposition to make speeches about it, but I bore away with me many pleasant feelings and I cherish now many delightful recollections of Harrisonburg and its citizens, and especially those whom I loved before as *your* friends, but love still more now as my own. Do not forget my warm regards to Mr. Stevens and to your Aunt Margaret. . .

May God bless you, dearest Maria, and help you to trust in him, and to believe in Jesus, the Saviour of the lost. May he protect you in all your goings—may he grant to *you* and to *me* what is most to be desired, a life of active usefulness, a death of Christian peace, a final admittance to his own presence in heaven.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Sept. 11, 1850: I have been succeeding so beautifully, since Monday afternoon, when I wrote, in doing nothing, that I want you to join me in rejoicing. To be sure, I had to go to town and to write letters, to visit the Misses McGuffey last night, and spend several hours with Mr. McG—— this morning in conference about my Bible teaching. Then I have studied the Hebrew a little, looked through Mr. Davies' book on mathematics, studied several chapters of Chalmers' Theology, read something in the "Southern Literary Messenger" and the newspapers, and made some little progress in drawing off and settling accounts. It takes some time too for the Greek Testament and other reading, of course. . .

Don't forget to know those Hebrew verbs. D'ye hear?

BREMO, Monday afternoon, Oct. 7, 1850: We reached Bremo at 3.30 P. M. It is certainly a pretty and pleasant place. I have no "talent" for describing, and so I will not attempt it. I was pleased though, and am pleased, with the appearance and arrangement of the place, the house, and the household. Of course I do not expect to be free from annoyances, but I have a firm belief, yes, a very delightful assurance, that you and I will be able to spend the months of our abode here with as little trouble as we have any right to expect.

Monday Night, nine o'clock.

I have spoken of the matter to the "Gen'l," and he agrees with great readiness to what is proposed. "A very reasonable proposi-

tion," etc. "A very suitable plan," etc. "There could most assuredly be no objection, on such an occasion, and he would take great pleasure in doing anything he can to aid in the execution of the plan." So the matter is settled. . .

Well, but I haven't told you yet whether I am pleased with the idea. I said the "Gen'l" agreed to it, but didn't say that I did. . .

Well, no such thing was ever heard of as a man's being unwilling to take the most pleasant, most delightful trip, after his marriage; and now what a splendid opportunity for me to distinguish myself, to become charmingly notorious for eccentricity! On the other hand though, so I reason: It will be very pleasant to ripen off my green anyway—especially in a "Northern city"—and most of all, in company with——. Again, it would be delightful to hear Jenny Lind, even without you—it will be more delightful to be with you and not hear the Lind—and, by every principle of good reasoning, good sense, and good taste, it is, it would be, it *must* be *most* delightful to hear the song standing by *her* side who first gave me some faint idea of the spirit-moving power that dwells in music. . .

Commence my school this morning—nine of the boys in; there will most probably be fourteen. Certain it is, I have to *work hard*. Even now, I must cease writing to my lady love, and look over lessons for to-morrow.

Preached yesterday twice—in the afternoon at Bremo chapel. The people listened, whether with pleasure and profit I cannot know. I think I shall not undertake the regular service at the chapel. Am unwilling to turn out the present incumbent.

BREMO, Oct. 14, 1850: Another application to-day for a pupil. I did not see the lad myself (he came to see about it), but he told "Gen'l" he would go home and learn what his father thought best. I'll take in several more if they will board in the neighborhood, for (did you know it?) I calculate upon having after a while a little occasional aid in managing some of the beginners from a highly competent friend of mine. . .

Now just please to understand me, I am not arranging to make you a country schoolmaster's assistant,—no, no, it is bad enough to be a country schoolmaster's wife,—I have only been thinking that you might sometimes, *when* it was convenient and *if* it was agreeable to you, go in, especially if I happened to be pressed, and hear little Moseley or some of the Memoriter Latin Grammar Lessons, and so on.

BREMO, Friday, Oct. 18, 1850: I find it difficult to "arrange the lectures," very difficult. Just think, out of twelve boys I have *five*

different classes in Latin, two in Greek, two in geometry, four in algebra, one boy studying arithmetic; then there is the thirteenth, little Moseley, who is of course by himself altogether. We have made a little beginning in the study of Scripture history; I divide all the boys into two classes, each reciting every other day—the smaller ones are to read some of the narratives, as the story of Abraham, of Jacob, of Joseph, of Moses, of Samson, etc., the other class are reading the history connectedly, with some little attention to chronology. I do not want to try to teach them theology for more reasons than because I don't know it myself. Nor do I seek to have them *study* the Bible particularly—it is only to induce them to *read* it with interest and attention and to give them such helps in understanding and remembering the history (for it is as sacred history that we read it) as my information and time will permit. I am glad to find that the boys take a good deal of interest in the reading, though I have not been able to get more than five or ten minutes to talk with them about what they have been reading. I am sure it can be made interesting. I wish much that I knew more about it, and had more time.

There are a number of things which ought to be going on in school, that I have not been able yet to attend to at all. Many of the boys ought to *read* for exercise—all ought to *write*—some to *spell*. And then, geography, modern and ancient, and I know not how many more things. When and how I am to attend to all these is more than I can at present exactly see through, but I mean to toil on. Many a time I have had to encounter difficulties, and not always without success; and I'll labor, yes, labor on. It is good for us sometimes to be troubled, since it drives us to the Great Comforter; for it is good to feel our weakness and insufficiency, and then go to the Source of Strength.

I am prone to impatience, and I see that I shall have many a battle to fight with myself—may I always be conqueror.

About the piano, I am glad of course. I had made up my mind to get one, although my scanty resources might not very well afford it. General C—— would not dream of being unwilling for you to bring a piano with you—I mean, to bring one here of your own. It was only the idea of my getting one that I thought possibly he might dislike. As to the flute, I shall not be apt (at least not often) to spoil your music in that way; but I want to overcome the foolish feeling which makes me unwilling to blow at all, because I know I cannot do it well; for the same feeling applied to other things would stop all my singing, preaching, teaching, and everything else. In-

deed, I think of only one thing I am able to do well, and that is—*love you.*

BREMO, Nov. 5, 1850: It is a pleasant thought to me, Maria dearest, that before there would be occasion for me to write to you again, you will have become fully my own. It has been a most delightful correspondence I have had with you this long time, as my affianced. Welcome, welcome, and precious have been those frequent messengers from my beloved one. My heart bounds at the very remembrance of the delight with which I have so often gazed upon the well-known characters in which you trace my name. The little missives of last session, that long letter from Harrisonburg, and all the precious ones since I left the University, all together form a rich treasure, that will be preserved while I have power to preserve anything. . .

It seems to me I love you more and more, dear Maria, as that day approaches, and I have an idea that is even so with you. Oh, that your hopes of enjoyment in the society of the man you love may not be disappointed! Sometimes I cannot but fear, yet such times come not often—you were made to be loved, I will love you, you will be happy.

The wedding took place at Dr. Harrison's house, Nov. 13, 1850. On the following day the happy couple set out for Philadelphia to visit the bride's grandfather, Mr. Tucker. The Academy of Design gave Mr. Broadus his first opportunity for studying fine pictures and statues. He always found keen delight thereafter in art. They returned by Richmond and took the canal boat up the James to Seven Islands and thence to Bremo.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.

CULPEPER, Nov. 19, 1850: I have authority enough to justify me in presenting to "John and his Lady" such lively congratulations, as one having a high appreciation of the connection you have formed might be expected to offer. You have reached the highest point of human felicity—henceforth, not a wave, etc., etc. Is that the idea? No, you are too wise for that.

GESSNER HARRISON to MR. TUTWILER.

UNIVERSITY OF VA., Dec. 23, 1850: Maria has come to-day to

pay us a visit from her new home at General Cocke's, where her husband, Rev. John A. Broadus, teaches a school. She was married a little more than a month ago to a young Baptist minister who graduated here last June as M. A., and who is a young man of much promise. He has no fortune, but has an uncommonly excellent education and fine abilities. I think he is well calculated to make her happy, and we have willingly committed her to the care of the same Providence which has guided us hitherto.

Dr. Geo. B. Taylor kindly allows us to quote from the manuscript of his sketch of Dr. Broadus for the new volume of "Virginia Baptist Ministers," by his son, Dr. Geo. Braxton Taylor:

Well do I remember my first meeting with Broadus. We were both teaching in Fluvanna County, Va., he a private school at General Cocke's place, Bremo, and I, just graduated from Richmond College, "an old field school" in the Fork neighborhood. We met in 1850 at the James River Association, Cumberland Co. [Booker's meeting-house.] I then for the first time heard him preach, his text being, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" and a very witching sermon it was. But no less a spell did he cast over me by his manner and conversation. He accepted me at once as a friend, perhaps for my father's sake, as I loved him at once for his own. He had come on horseback and I in a buggy with Mr. Henson, the father of Dr. P. S. Henson, who, seeing how agreeable it would be to us both, very amiably gave his seat in the carriage to Broadus and took the horse, which was rather a hard trotter. That long ride together, which however seemed short, being so pleasant, cemented our friendship more than brief interviews during a series of years could have done. It is certain that from that date he was an elder brother to me and treated me with such frank kindness that I always felt perfectly free in my intercourse with him. His six years of seniority, and more than proportional attainments, inspired my respect; but all fear was cast out by perfect love, while from that time to our last meeting in that autumn of 1887 he called me George in a way that was music to my soul. One little incident of that day is worth mentioning. We stopped by a wayside spring to drink, and when I wished to serve him first, he made a mock bow nearly to the ground, accompanying it with some playful protest before accepting the gourd. Not more refreshing was the water of that spring than the gayety which naturally welled up in him whenever he was

with intimate friends and the pressure of work and care for the moment removed. This capacity of his, so pleasant to all who enjoyed his companionship, was invaluable to himself as relieving the strain on life's silver cord.

During his stay in Fluvanna he preached several times at the Brick Church, people gathering from far and near to hear him, and as the pastorate was vacant he was invited to it. It was a position pleasant and important, but one of the brethren shrewder than the rest saw that the brilliant young preacher was destined to a loftier flight and could not under any circumstances have long remained there.

In February Mr. Broadus receives official notice of his election to the professorship of ancient languages in Georgetown College, Kentucky.

WM. F. BROADDUS to J. A. B.:

SHELBYVILLE, KY., February 22, 1851: This morning I received a letter from one of the Board of Trustees of Georgetown College informing me that you had been unanimously elected to fill the chair of ancient languages in said college. You will, of course, be officially informed of your appointment; but such is my anxiety for you to accept, that I cannot forbear to write you a private note on the subject. Though I am a member of the Board, I did not attend last week, because I knew that you would be nominated, and delicacy dictated that I should have no hand in your election.

And now, my good boy, let your uncle advise you to accept this call. The college stands in the front rank of Western institutions, with an able president, and a Board of Trustees second to none. Our denomination is strong and wealthy in Kentucky, and the college is rapidly rising in their affections.

GESSNER HARRISON to J. A. B.:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, March 3, 1851: I received your letter mentioning your Georgetown College appointment, yesterday, and have looked at the subject as carefully and with as much fairness as I could. But I ought to say that I am hardly capable of weighing justly the advantages and disadvantages of such an appointment. . . I would seriously doubt if this be such an offer as you ought to accept.

1. It blocks up your way to the ministry. If you had duties to engage your time and talents, your theological studies must be aban-

doned. If your duties did not thus engage you they cannot be worthy of your acceptance. And either way, you cannot expect to preach and fairly go through the routine of college duty.

2. Although the country in which Georgetown College is situated is cheap to live in, judging from the charge for board, your salary of one thousand dollars would afford you little more than a bare support, after buying books, etc.

3. You can't divine beforehand the disappointments of being a member of a faculty of which the members have no individuality, the president being the unit that stands with the public (and with the trustees) for the fractions which alone the other professors represent. This supposing the president to be a fair-minded gentleman. The presumption may be either way. This objection is not weaker but stronger for all sectarian colleges. In these a professor is limited for his reputation to his own sect—not quite, but mainly, and as the sum total of it is necessarily smaller it is more easily absorbed by the president for some pre-existing reputation with his sect, commonly derived from popular preaching talent, rather than from his scientific or literary attainments.

4. But even were this untrue, what field is open to a man of higher aim where the course of study is so ordered by the Board of Trustees (or say the president) that the professor must be superficial, more or less, or derange the system? He has one resource alone, *i. e.*, to publish books.

5. Lastly, you can do better if you choose to teach for a time, within the borders of Virginia, and retain your independence. And then, when you choose you can enter, Providence opening the way, upon your chosen calling, that of the ministry.

There are my views, set down hurriedly for lack of time, but well considered and decided. I wish you to attach no weight to them beyond what they carry with them. If you think differently, and you choose to accept, I would still suggest that you should reserve to yourself the right to enter the ministry so soon as you think that you ought.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

CULPEPER, March 5, 1851: I have no difficulty in deciding that you would best accept the Georgetown offer, if (and I believe it is so) the college there is a respectable affair, and if you can venture now upon a professorship that necessarily includes, as I suppose ancient languages in Georgetown College does, the Hebrew. I have always concurred with Doctor McGuffey in the opinion that you are to spend

your life as a college man. . . It occurs to me that you may have difficulty in deciding to abandon the plans you may have formed for being a learner yet longer—theology, etc. Well, is not President Reynolds a theologian? a biblical scholar of considerable eminence? And might not contact with him be as profitable to you as any other position you can hope soon to have? And would not your opportunity for extra study be as good then as it is now? I cannot suppose that the professor of ancient languages in Georgetown College must necessarily give up his theological studies any more than the professor of everything in Bremo College. I confess that, if in order to accept this plan you must necessarily turn your back upon the ministry, my decision might be very different, but I will not think that any such necessity exists.

DR. W. H. McGUFFEY to J. A. B.:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, March 13, 1851: Doctor Harrison informs me that you hold under advisement an appointment from Kentucky. Allow me to hint (without intending to obtrude advice) two or three things in favor of your accepting the place offered:

1. It would almost certainly lead to your transfer (as soon as that would be worth your attention) to a place in the theological seminary at Covington, Ky., near Cincinnati, the best endowed and most desirable institution of your church in the United States.

2. It would be no bar, but the contrary, to your receiving an appointment in the University of Virginia (when a vacancy occurs) that you were (and had been) a professor in a college, etc.

3. Should neither of these result, nor anything of this sort, a sojourn of three or four years in the West would not be of any detriment to you (nor your good lady, I ask her pardon), and we can bring you back and reintroduce you to the Old Dominion as chaplain to the University of Virginia when it is the turn of the Baptist Church to furnish the incumbent.

What was he to do? The questions involved were larger than the mere removal to another State, or whether it would be an agreeable position. His whole career in large measure hung upon the decision. Should he commit himself to teaching? He had decided to preach and was steadily preparing himself for that high mission. His work in Fluvanna was only designed to be temporary.

His friend Whitescarver writes: "It is what I have been fearing and what I have been expecting." Finally he sees his duty and declines.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

CULPEPER, March 28, 1851: Your letter received this morning, I confess rather surprises me. I expected you to accept the Georgetown appointment, confidently expected it, and have told many persons that you would, in all probability, leave Virginia next fall. Well, perhaps there is wisdom in your decision, but if there is, I acknowledge my judgment is at fault. So far as I am personally concerned, I am glad that you are (I feel so) not so far from me. . .

As to the additional *d* I have but little to say, further than that *I* shall probably never adopt it. Certainly I shall not, if it is to be considered an abandonment of my father's name. That name is honorable enough for me, and more sacred than any other. I did make the change once, and pursued it for several years, but afterwards got back. Father's positive refusal to yield to Uncle William's suggestions, is, now that he has passed away, a law that I cannot be persuaded to violate.

WM. F. BROADDUS to J. A. B.:

FRANKFORT, KY., March 30, 1851: Yesterday I was in Georgetown—saw Doctor Reynolds and several members of our Board. They had just received your letter, declining the appointment. Oh, how disappointed was I, they, all of us. It was agreed that I should visit you during my trip to Virginia which I am to enter upon in a few days, and urge your acceptance. I think I can convince you that you ought to come, and then I take it for granted that you *will* come. Nothing will be done here towards filling the vacancy until I see you, and the Board hears from me.

I suppose you have heard of my house burning. I lost nearly all my earthly substance. But I am in good spirits. I think I shall teach no more; at any rate not now. But I expect to continue in Kentucky, though I may not. Excuse haste. I will soon see you face to face. Prepare for a siege. I am commissioned to get you to Kentucky, and cannot easily be turned aside from it. My love to my niece. I wish she may be ready to aid me in my effort to bring you here.

Mr. Broadus would not decide great questions offhand. He took time to see a subject in all its bearings

so that he could reach a wise decision and one that would stand.

ANDREW BROADDUS to J. A. B.:

SHELBY CO., KY., March 3, 1851: I am sorry that I am so little qualified to reply to your inquiry as to "how far Calvinism should be carried." I know but little about "isms," and desire to "know nothing among the people but Jesus Christ and him crucified." My plan has been, since I have been in the ministry, to avoid as much as possible, all controversy on religious subjects. In this course, I have enjoyed, no doubt, far more peace of mind than I should have done had I been a controversialist. It is a point well settled in my mind that God always acts in accordance with an eternal purpose, else how can many portions of his word be reconciled? I am also well convinced that Christ and the apostles, in their appeals to mankind, recognized no impediment in the way of any, but called upon "all men everywhere to repent." Now because I cannot fathom the mystery connected with God's sovereignty and man's accountability, I must not run into fatalism, as some do; but the safe plan, in my judgment, is that of Christ and his apostles, alluded to above.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

CULPEPER, Feb. 24, 1851: As to preaching, could you not give the colored people the same sermon that you put upon Fork Union? Our ablest and most popular ministers do that, and why not you? Perhaps, though, there is not distance enough between the localities. That is all important. My opinion has always been that you ought to preach as frequently as possible. The habit of speaking is a great acquisition. Your idea is that the habit formed must be a good and a chaste one. Well, maybe so. You ought to know.

MRS. LOUISA TUCKER to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

PHILADELPHIA, March 17, 1851: A letter from your mother, this morning, mentioned you, Mr. B. and George, and she told us of Mr. Broadus' appointment in Kentucky. I had no doubt, but his talents would give him a name abroad, as well as at home, but I hope when he leaves Virginia (if he ever should) that you will come nearer to us. . .

Give my love to Mr. B., for I must love those who love you and you love so much. I hope before long he will bring you to see us, and stay more than four days; it may be, that he will be coming to

publish some valuable treatise on teaching, say some literary work; there I go again at my old trade of castle building. . .

Did you ever ask Aunt Caroline to send you the pattern you promised me of your wedding caps. I have a desire to get it, both the shape of the cap and the bobbin-work pattern. .

F. H. SMITH to J. A. B.:

UNIVERSITY, March 31, 1851: Your last letter contained some instructions with regard to the publication of the essay which I endeavored to attend to. I saw Doctor Harrison in reference to the preliminary note and the result was the simple introduction you saw at the bottom of the page. I trust that the number of copies sent was sufficient. There are some on hand yet (of the extra copies), and if you wish it, I will enclose you more. As to the reception of the essay here, it would be a work of supererogation to say anything. The magazine has been supported very well indeed for several months. There has been no dearth of contributions as in the beginning of the session. The impression is that it will be discontinued at the conclusion of the present session and it will certainly require all the profits of last year to pay the expenses of the present. In view of this and the fact that the legislature has refused to consider the motion to erect the statue, the University will for many years probably be without any such memorial of her founder. For my own part, I consider the institution itself to be his most glorious monument.

I heard a short time since that you had been offered, or elected to a professorship in a college in Kentucky. Mrs. Harrison of course was strongly opposed to a proceeding which would remove you so far from home, and indeed all seemed gratified when intelligence came that you had declined the invitation. By the way, did you hear how near you came (unknown to yourself) to a call from one of the Richmond churches? Bob Coleman told me that on occasion of a vacancy there he had taken the liberty to suggest your name to the authorities. From what he said I apprehend it only needed a personal acquaintance to have turned the scale of a doubtful vote.

I suppose that you have by this time been thoroughly indoctrinated into all the quiet gravity and domesticity of a genuine benedict. If there is any man within the limits of my acquaintance whom circumstances seem to compel to be happy, that one is yourself. I wish you would not forget your experience for I hope to receive a great deal of good advice from you, not many years hence. A letter from home, a few days ago, informed me that their wish

was that I should not enter active life for seven years, or more, yet. I thought to myself that there would be a disappointment either of their expectations or mine, not of the latter if I can help it. I expect to live oyster-fashion for the greater part of this week. Mary (the prefix Miss is too formal and cold) has gone into the country to stay a few days, in what direction she was unable to inform me, except that the initial movement was up the Hamilton road.

I am sustaining at present here a kind of shuttlecock character, knocked about between old Professor Schele, Doctors Rogers and McGuffey, while I see looming up in the dark distance an additional force in the shape of the A. M. Reviewers. Oh, how I sigh for those good old days of Virgil's pastorals when there was nothing to do but "recumb" under the shade of a "patulus" beech, sing songs, and attend to sheep. Glorious old Tityrus, disturbed by no "corkings" and paying for no midnight oil! Mixed math. is getting beautifully indefinite about this time. Some of us are decidedly moonstruck, a misfortune due to P——'s blunder of placing the lunar theory first. Col. Croset happening to be in company with Mr. Courtenay, the other day, inquired what his mixed class was doing, and on being told that they were engaged in discussing some knotty points on the planetary theory, rolled up his eyes, raised his hands, and gave a most doleful whistle.

JAMES THOMAS, JR., to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, May 22, 1851: I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you. Though I feel so, being intimate with your friends and relations, and especially on long and intimate terms of friendship with your revered father. . .

My main object now in writing is to induce you to come down to our anniversaries, which commence to-morrow week. We desire much to see you here and I trust you will feel it your duty to come and begin at once to throw all your influence in these great enterprises. It would give myself and family great delight if you would come and bring Mrs. Broadus with you. Just come to my house. It would take you but a few days.

Do come. Doctor Fuller will be at the house on Sunday next and I hope will stay until after the meetings, though I have but little hope of it.

At the meeting in Richmond, in 1851, appeared a young man, who, along with two other brethren, gave in their names as delegates from Fork Union Church in Fluvanna County. Enough was

known of the young man to lead the committee on church services to appoint him to preach. This he did, and in a day or two returned to his school in Fluvanna County. His name was John A. Broadus.[1]

He was assigned to preach at the First Church, and his text was 1 Cor. 1 : 23. Mr. James Thomas was so much interested in his young friend after this visit and sermon that he requested him to order a large lot of books for himself at his expense. (The bill amounted to eighty dollars.)

In a memorial address on Doctor Broadus, Professor C. L. Cocke says of this occasion :

He was appointed to preach on Sunday night in the First Baptist Church. Before the hour had arrived, that spacious auditorium was crowded to overflowing. Expectation was on tiptoe, and most intense. Every eye was turned toward the aisles to catch a glimpse of the young preacher. He was so youthful in appearance, so frail, so diminutive, an old brother sitting by whispered in my ear, " He will fail." Soon with slow and graceful step he approached the desk and announced the opening hymn. In clear tones, with no tremor of voice or manner, he read the several stanzas and took his seat. The old brother whispered again, " He will not fail." And fail he did not ; he fully sustained his early fame. His sermon was equal to the demands of the great and trying occasion,—no gush, no attempt at mannerism or display of learning ; it was the pure gospel in simple, earnest, well-chosen diction, and impressively delivered. From that hour to the day of his death, Doctor Broadus always met occasions. He never allowed his reputation to outrun his ability or his merit.

JAMES THOMAS, JR., to J. A. B. :

RICHMOND, June 5, 1851 : We had a Mass Education Meeting on Monday night at which it was proposed to raise an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars for Richmond College. Some twelve or thirteen thousand dollars was subscribed on the spot, a very small number of our brethren either from town or county present. From the spirit prevailing I trust good will come. Brother Poindexter was appointed agent. I now have strong hopes that our denomination

[1] " Religious Herald," Nov., 1896.

in the State will rally around this college and make it what it ought to be—one of the first, worthy of the denomination and of the State.

Another result of this Richmond visit was an invitation to be pastoral supply of the Grace Street Church, Richmond, during the absence of the pastor, Dr. E. Kingsford, in Europe. He was to receive the regular salary, but he declined this unanimous call.

MRS. E. L. C. HARRISON to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

UNIVERSITY, June 19, 1851: I have heard from Mary Spencer the most gratifying accounts of the impression made by Mr. Broadus in Richmond. Cousin F. Gwathmey wrote she heard he preached a very fine sermon, and Mr. Smith said he heard a letter read from a lady in Richmond who said, "She had heard of Mr. Broadus, but he far surpassed her expectations." The general impression seems to be that Mr. B—— had accepted a call to Richmond. Cousin F—— seemed very happy in the prospect of having her "sweet little cousin." Aunt Otwayanna said she was silent as long as she supposed there was any chance of Mr. B——'s accepting a call to Lynchburg, but hearing he had declined coming, she very openly expressed her opinion as to its being a very wise decision on his part.

The church in Lynchburg made renewed efforts to get Mr. Broadus as pastor. Finally, August 25, a formal and unanimous call was extended him to succeed J. W. M. Williams, D. D., who had gone to Baltimore. At the same time the Petersburg Church wanted him. The church at Scottsville called him. He was wanted at Huntington and Rockdale, Md. The Fork Union Church now gave him a call. He was asked to open a school near Charlottesville. His perplexities multiplied.

MISS MARY STUART HARRISON to MARIA C. BROADUS:

WINCHESTER, Aug. 12, 1851: Has Mr. Broadus determined upon taking the tutorship? I do hope that he has, for unconsciously I have been thinking, ever since I heard of it, that we should have you both with us next year. I suppose, however, that he finds it

very difficult to decide upon what appointment to take, as he has so many to choose between.

The position of assistant instructor had been created and was offered to Mr. Broadus and to Mr. Smith, the one in ancient languages, the other in mathematics.

F. H. SMITH to J. A. B.:

LEESBURG, Sept. 4, 1851: Mary wrote to me (you must know that we correspond) a few days since, informing me among other things that you had not decided upon any occupation for the ensuing year, and would probably remain at the University. I presume that you will of course accept the situation in the school of Ancient Languages if you remain. I am heartily glad that there is any prospect of your remaining with us. My position will be quite lonely if I have no acquaintance or friend occupying either of the other places —and this, though a very selfish reason, would operate to make me happy to have you with us. Besides, I want you to resume your old station as superintendent; and there is also the prayer meeting, which stands in need of some reanimation, and which, I hope, will take a better position the coming year.

He was likewise called to the pastorate of the Charlottesville Baptist Church. Now he began to see his way. The pastorate of Charlottesville could be taken in connection with the work in the University. He could thus be both preacher and teacher. So he accepted both positions.

JOHN A. BROADUS to the CHARLOTTESVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH:

UNIVERSITY OF VA., Sept. 5, 1851: *Dear Brethren:* I have received your letter of the 5th inst. informing me of my election as pastor of the Charlottesville Baptist Church, and also an extract made by the clerk from the minutes of a called meeting held Sept. 5, with reference to the subject. As the arrangement proposed is somewhat peculiar it is exceedingly desirable to both the Church and myself that there be no ground left for misapprehension in any respect. I think it is proper for me to state as distinctly as possible what I understand to be the duties expected to be performed, they being in fact also, the extent of labor which I felt it at all practicable for me to undertake.

1. I am to preach every Sabbath morning.

2. On Sabbath evening to attend a prayer meeting and take such part in the conduct of it as is customary for a pastor to take in prayer meetings held by the church, making any remarks, and giving any aid in general towards rendering the meeting interesting which I may find consistent with my other engagements and duties.

3. As to visiting and the kindred pastoral duties, I am wholly exempted from them as a regular duty. I will visit among the members, especially the poor and the sick, to whatever extent I may find it in my power. With this understanding of the proposition, I am disposed to become the pastor of your church. I trust that I do this with something of a proper spirit. I pray and earnestly beg that all the brethren will continually unite with me in praying that the connection may tend to our mutual edification and enjoyment, and to the promotion of religion among the people. I shall be grateful if this letter be entered among the minutes of the church.

His salary as pastor was five hundred dollars. He had preached fifty-seven times before he undertook the Charlottesville work.

MISS MARY STUART HARRISON to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

HARRISONBURG, Sept. 10, 1851: I am truly delighted to hear that Mr. Broadus has at last determined to remain with us next session, although with you I have had my doubts as to whether it were the best thing for him; but as his decision is made, you know all things are for the best, and we can certainly enjoy each other's society more than under any other circumstances. I hope that I will be there to hear his first sermon in Charlottesville. What is the prospect for the new Baptist church which they were to build?

CHAPTER VII

CHARLOTTESVILLE AND THE UNIVERSITY

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages.

—*Milton.*

MR. BROADUS was now pastor of the church that he had declined while a student, and was teaching in the great University whose walls he had so recently left. It was coming back home.

During the year in Fluvanna he had been learning by teaching and preaching. As he began, so he went on, so he closed his career—learning, teaching, preaching. It may be worth noting that the very year that John A. Broadus entered upon his severe labors, James P. Boyce, just from Princeton, became pastor at Columbia, South Carolina; Wm. Williams, recently from Harvard College, assumed pastoral work in Alabama; and Basil Manly, after Newton and Princeton and a pastorate in Alabama, came to Richmond as pastor of the First Church. But the lines of meeting for these four were years ahead.

Mr. Broadus took up heroically his double burden at Charlottesville and the University. He had not anticipated an easy time. He knew full well the University standards of work. Gessner Harrison was still there. He had his own high ideals of preaching. His audiences would be composed of the varied classes of a good-sized town, besides the University circles who would be somewhat under his influence. With his aspiring nature he could be inferior in neither pulpit nor teacher's chair. We find him still working vigorously at Knapp, Tur-

rettin, Dwight, and Andrew Fuller. He had undertaken an enormous amount of work and his friends were solicitous about his health.

DR. W. H. HARRISON to J. A. B.:

WIGWAM, Jan. 3, 1852: Will you excuse a little impertinence, perhaps a great presumption? I had the pleasure last summer at Bremo, of spending a brief time with you, long enough, however, to interest me greatly in you, for I saw that God had committed to you great talents with the promise of rare usefulness, and I feared that unless you could be induced to change your habits and allow yourself more exercise and more recreation that the cistern would soon be broken and the jewel which he had chosen change its casket. It was this fear which prompted a conversation which I then held with you; it is the same fear which now emboldens me to trespass upon your patience and the more earnestly because I know that your duties have been greatly increased, and I learn from my friend Gresham that your application is constant and your health manifestly failing. I would earnestly entreat you, dear brother, to "pause and think before you farther go." Think of the noble spirits who have gone before you, who by the course you are now pursuing, shortened their stay on earth and were cut off in the dawn of usefulness. Sydney, Kirke White, Andrew Nichol, Cowper, etc., all the victims of over-study and continual neglect or transgression of God's physical laws. And you, dear sir, will not be an exception. Your course must be short unless you change it speedily. And in this day of daily development, why should you wish to shorten your stay on earth, why leave so early the vineyard in which the Master had so much work for you? God give you wisdom and all of us grace to live according to all of his laws, natural as well as revealed, physical as well as moral. . .

P. S. And you preached lately from the text "Rejoice always." Glorious text! Would that I could have heard you!

DR. JAMES B. TAYLOR to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 29, 1852: Please accept my thanks for your letter of the 26th inst. It evinces an interest in the cause of missions such as inspires the hope that you may be honored of God in its promotion. It is a melancholy fact that few of our brethren in the ministry are desirous of acquainting themselves with the history of those operations which relate to the spread of the gospel, and

therefore ill prepared to inform others. Hence the comparative listlessness of the churches on this subject. I am happy to believe, however, that an improvement in these respects is taking place. Our brethren are beginning to understand that the spirit of missions is no other than the gospel spirit—the spirit of Christ.

WM. F. BROADDUS to J. A. B.:

FORKS OF ELKHORN, Feb. 18, 1852: Your inquiry with reference to the views of our brethren here, on the revision question, requires some care lest I fail to give you a full view of the subject. . .

For my own part, I am as nearly neutral, in regard to this matter, as a man of my temperament can be in regard to any important measure. I grant that many and important improvements might be made in King James' version, and indeed I have long wished that the obscure words so often to be met with in it were all removed. But whether this could now be done, and by the Baptists alone, without endangering the interests of our denomination (and thereby of the truth), is a question which I have not yet settled. . .

I have not yet been able to obtain a copy of the "Memoirs" of our distinguished relative, A. Broaddus. The work has not been sent westward. I wish you would suggest to his son (I suppose you see him frequently) that the work would sell rapidly in Kentucky. Many, very many old persons, who came to this State from Virginia, think of him with almost the veneration due to an inspired apostle.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, March 16, 1852: You mentioned your call to California, but did not intimate your mind in regard to it. Three thousand dollars a year, as Billy Allen used to say, sounds well on water. Suppose, however, nothing like money could tempt you away from civilization.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Tuesday, March 23, 1852: One moment I must take, just to tell you how busy I am. . .

Students made a great bonfire on the lawn last night, and put it out, I believe, with the engine, which is still standing out there. . .

When you get "little precious" off where none can see or hear, kiss her five times, and tell her 'tis for father."

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, March 25, 1852: . . Never mind, I feel better to-day, and I mean to spare myself the balance of the week

as much as possible, so that when wife and baby come back they may find the husband-father blooming and lovable. . .

Couldn't sleep this morning, and was ready for breakfast beforehand—sat down, and read some more of "*Die wilden Schwäne.*" Oh, it is *so* pretty! And then I love the story because it has Elise in it. . .

I wonder if you will be done Bancroft sure enough when you come back.

A. M. BARBOUR to J. A. B.:

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, March 29, 1852: The object of this note is to request you if possible to send me a copy of Doctor Harrison's "Latin Grammar." I will pay any price for one if it can be secured. I have gotten into several discussions with these fellows here on the languages and have given some of them a very severe drubbing on Latin and Greek and shown them that they know but little of Latin or Greek really. But now I am subject to daily assault as I am the only man here from our school. Therefore I want to keep myself thoroughly and perfectly armed for them. I consider that "Grammar" the best extant and there is no favor you could do which would be so acceptable as to procure me a copy.

I like the Law-school here pretty well. Here, everything is voluntary and nothing compulsory. But then to one who is desirous of learning, it is a fine school. They have an elegant library, and Moot Courts twice every week. Their Academic department cannot compare with ours. I know I never was a good scholar and am now rusty, but can stump any of the Seniors here, even their very best men. The fact is, they don't know how to study or teach the languages.

New positions continued to be pressed upon Mr. Broadus. President White wished him to succeed him at Wake Forest College, N. C.; the professorship of Ancient Languages in Columbian University was urged upon him; and he was sought by the E. Street Church, Washington. His health was breaking down and he was on the way to Rawley Springs.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

COCKE'S TAVERN, 1.30 P. M., Wednesday, Sept. 1: . . . At ten o'clock, Mr. Blair, the Presbyterian preacher came in. I was intro-

duced, and he invited me to go down to Hillsboro and be at the temperance meeting, which some while ago, you may remember, he invited me to attend. It is less than a mile from here, but I declined, after considering. An extempore temperance speech must needs savor of the humorous, and I am in no mood for humor; besides that, some of those who would be present stood with me last week around my sister's[1] grave. Oh, may the load of affliction that weighs me down when men are not knowing it, be sanctified to my spiritual good! May her holy life, and this her hopeful, happy death be the life and death of her so unworthy, yet so richly-blessed, "baby" brother! Oh, that sister was dear to me, dearer than any knew, dearer than I knew myself, yet she is gone! But then, she is gone to heaven; and I can hope, humbly and trustingly, that by the grace of God I shall see my sister Carry again, and part from her no more. My dear Maria, be a Christian, with all your heart, now.

VIRGINIA HOTEL, STAUNTON, Sept. 1, 1852: I feel inclined to write. I shall speak of nothing but very little things in my adventures, things that I know would interest no other being, but which my own little wife will read with pleasure—on the same principle that I, when in Clark, used to love the very strings with which my sisters had tied up my bundles.

You perceive that there was room for me in yesterday's stage. Had an Irish woman and her son of some twelve years on the seat with me, who seemed fresh. I tried with due respect, to find whether either of them could speak at all an old Irish dialect; both said they couldn't, though the old woman said many of the people could. I believe they thought I was poking fun at them. I walked two miles up the mountain. The Irish about the tunnel, etc., are said to be wretchedly degraded. A young man from Waynesboro told me that the women even were often drunk there in the streets, and with the most vulgar language. When the women are degraded, there is little hope.

Got very warm walking. It was growing dusk when I returned to the stage, where I soon became very chilly and was uneasy. Didn't speak of it, but buttoned up my coat. This attracted the attention of a lady on the back seat—she had a little girl with her, and I had before amused her out of a bad humor into a mighty good one with the pictures in "Harper"—who began inquiries about my health, and advised the borrowing of an overcoat which a young

[1] Mrs. Whitescarver.

man was not wearing. I wrapped it about me and was comfortable. Had much talk with the lady, starting from the child, about educating children, and afterward with her companion, a young lady, (both from the North originally) about slavery, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc. Upon slavery in general and in particular, and afterward upon pronunciation, *e. g.*, *gar*den, etc., she was very Northern, and I intensely Southern, but we agreed to disagree, and got on pretty well. . .

RAWLEY SPRINGS, Sept. 4, 1852: Thump, thump, splash, splash, over stones and through the countless crossings of the river, came an old buggy with a lame horse, bearing your precious husband yesterday evening to this delectable spot. My epithet is applied half in earnest, half in irony. In many respects, I like this place exceedingly well. I have always loved the mountains; more, perhaps, because my father and mother were raised among the eastern spurs of the "Ridge," than for any reason. I love to see the steep hills, I love to climb them. I love to stand, as I did this morning on the summit of a precipice, and look down over the little glen between the mountains, with its dashing stream that really seems to have fretted itself into a fury, actually foaming with rage because the rocks won't get out of its way—to take off my hat and let the breeze that sweeps down the glen play on my brow, cooling its heat and blowing back the hair, and making me feel free and fresh and joyous, till I almost think I am a man, or rather till I feel myself a boy again. I dream over for a moment some of my boyhood's dreams about a hunter's life in the woods and on the mountains. I do love this, and verily I have almost grown romantic in speaking of it. There is something in the mountains that always stirs my soul more than anything else in nature. I love the very toil of climbing them—to draw myself up steep banks by the bushes, and think of the lucky Indian of Potosi, to jump, more boldly than anywhere else I could venture, from one great rock to another, and wonder if it mightn't be a pleasant thing to be a chamois—to come back to the little half-grown river, and standing on one of the many rocks that lie scattered about in the stream, to hold my hands as if I wanted to stop the current, and then again and again and many times to lift up the bright, clear, sparkling water and let it cool my face. I love all this dearly, and am speaking of it now in a way which will make my dear little wife laugh at my extravagance. . .

Major C—— of Stafford, knew my father very well, and makes

a great fuss over me, and Mr. Jamie C—— makes himself as agreeable as ever he can, which isn't much, and Mr. Van Lear, of Augusta, is a student of Washington College, and we agree wondrously in our insinuations about the Institute. . .

I'll drink the water to the very limit of endurance, I'll eat enough to make Mr. Sites' cook think several new visitors have just come in before every meal, I'll climb the hills many times in many directions, I'll try hard to catch one trout from the streams, for my father used to catch trout when he was a boy, I'll read as much as, with so many other important things to do, I can find time to read. . .

What you say of your religious feelings gives me some pain, but much more pleasure; pain, because you have somehow misunderstood me, and perhaps that has caused you suffering—but great pleasure because I now confidently believe you are fairly in the right way, that however trembling, you are laying hold upon the hope set before you in the gospel. . .

I should be glad to see you join the church; and my only personal request is, that whenever you go forward, it may be at a time when I can be present.[1]

Now and always, my dear Maria, I do pray and will pray, that you may come rapidly up to the stature of a full-grown Christian, that you may be earnest and devoted, and that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

RAWLEY SPRINGS, Sept. 9, 1852: I have finished "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is exceedingly well written, having some passages of rarely equaled power, and being altogether, so far as I can judge, a very remarkable book. It contains much that is true, and much that is untrue; will do some good, and a great deal of harm, among the Northerners.

I am reading now "Mary Lundie D." Oh, it is beautiful! . . .

I am often regretting the necessity of being thus absent from my wife and our babe, and have to exert myself to keep down a sort of restless feeling.

I ought to regret yet more, that I find it hard to be as much engaged about personal religion as I ought to be. I do not love the Bible as I ought to love it—do not read it with such relish and zest as I ought to feel. I do not take a right interest in prayer. Alas!

[1] Mrs. Broadus soon after joined the Methodist Church, in which she had been brought up.

your husband is a very poor Christian, Maria. Will you not pray for him that he may have more of every Christian grace, and be enabled, in his private life and his public labors, to glorify God?

STAUNTON, Sept. 17, 1852: I must write a note to Will, which he will probably receive to-morrow some time, informing him of my return and my purpose to be at Mountain Plain, Sunday. Then I must devote the morning to my sermon. I have done scarcely anything at it yet, and though I feel very little like thinking, it will be only worse to-morrow, and I must try to think of something to say. My subject (Matt. 23 : 37) is prolific enough, one would think, yet my ideas are very scanty, and I feel that it must be a barren sermon. Yet the Lord often blesses our weakness, more than our greater strength. Oh, that he may establish the work of my hands upon me. Will my wife pray for me, that my so feeble labor may not be in vain in the Lord? Oh, that I could see sinners among my people converted! It lies like a burden on my heart, the thought that there are so many unconverted men and women who look to me for almost their only instruction, so many in the road to hell, with no voice but mine to warn them of their danger and invite them to Jesus. Alas! how cold have been my warmest feelings, how dull my most earnest appeals. The Lord in mercy forgive me, that so often, so constantly, I have neglected my duty. I know that I am not fit to be the instrument of good—the Lord take me and fashion and temper me, and then use me for his glory. Pray much for me—that the love of Christ may subdue the deceitfulness and rebelliousness of my heart, and that zeal for his glory, and pity for poor, perishing souls, may lead me to work more faithfully in the Master's vineyard. Pray for the divine blessing upon my preaching—especially upon the poor sermon of next Sunday night. Dear Maria, do not fail.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Sept. 22, 1852: I was engaged all day yesterday in getting the amount of the subscription for building our church, with a view to giving the thing a start Saturday night next. I find a general anxiety, especially among the ladies, to have it done, and hope it will be arranged now, and finally. It must cost me much trouble and labor this week, and will require more wisdom than I have, to harmonize and control. I will try. .

Mr. Broadus pushed the enterprise of a new church building. By October 6, 1852, at the Wednesday meeting, he had subscriptions amounting to three thousand

dollars. This was a heavy burden to the struggling church, but the effort to bear it was blessed. A glorious revival came in a few weeks. The meeting lasted from October 20 to November 5. Rev. Messrs. Wm. F. Broaddus, Myrick, Fife, Frisby, and Whitescarver preached, while deep interest was shown in the meeting by the University chaplain, and the Presbyterian and Methodist pastors. Forty made profession of religion and twenty-three were baptized. "Our meetings were very quiet and solemn; and there was frequently felt a realizing *sense* of the Divine presence, which could not but impress the heart. Especially did we find such pervading solemnity in the sunrise prayer meeting. The number of persons professing conversion is considered large for this place."[1] Dr. Wm. F. Broaddus spoke of it as "one of my old-time meetings." J. M. Broadus wrote: "We are glad of your success in this first great effort."

The church was not built without a debt, which hung like a millstone on some necks. Many wished to use it as an excuse for not giving to other things. Dr. R. J. Willingham tells the following:

I remember in one of Doctor Broadus's last speeches before his death he told this incident: When he was a young pastor in Virginia the church had just put up a new building. On Saturday one of his deacons met him and the following conversation took place: "Brother Broadus, to-morrow is Foreign Mission Day, is it not?" "Yes." "Well, you will not press the subject, will you?" "Why not?" "We have a debt on our church, and ought to pay that." The young pastor answered: "Do you think that after being blessed of God in building a house for our comfort and convenience we ought to neglect the lost souls out yonder for whom Christ died?" He went home, fell on his knees, and prayed God for wisdom to lead his people. He then prepared the best sermon he possibly could on the subject, and urged his people to give. A glorious collection followed. The people were so rejoiced that they met Monday night at the young pastor's house and paid every dollar of the debt which had been

[1] J. A. B. in "Religious Herald," Dec., 1852.

worrying them. God honors those who in his name reach after dying men and women.

Some of the members of the church remember to this day that sermon, and how Mr. Broadus used with tremendous and wonderful effect the charge at Balaklava, urging that our Commander makes no mistakes.

Already the young preacher was having that strange effect on other preachers so noticeable in after years. Rev. John T. Randolph was the preacher for the Negro members of the church on Sunday afternoons. One afternoon he was in a "weaving way" when Mr. Broadus quietly stepped in and sat down. Instantly Mr. Randolph collapsed and called on some one else to pray. Another time Broadus was absent from town and engaged Mr. P. S. Henson to preach for him. But Mr. Broadus unexpectedly came back just before the closing prayer. Doctor Henson afterwards said that he did not know a word of what he was saying in that prayer. It was a source of much regret to Doctor Broadus that he thus upset some preachers. In after years he used to take pains to hear his students when they preached, and was always disappointed when they failed to understand his sympathetic attitude.

He had his amusing experiences, like other pastors. Once a man a dozen miles away came and urged him to come and marry him. "The folks are all ready," he said. Mr. Broadus went on horseback at his own expense. The groom pompously paid him two dollars saying: "Parson, I reckon you make right smart money, marrying folks."

J. A. B. to W. A. WHITESCARVER:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Dec. 27, 1852: I want to covenant with you that we shall regularly pray for each other, for our individual spirituality and our public usefulness.

The Lord grant that your labors may be greatly blessed, that your

people may become more earnest and more godly, and that you may soon see sinners converted!

Mr. Broadus is now in the full tide of his career as a preacher. He has large and definite plans for study and growth for long years to come. He grapples with his destiny.

That he did not consider the Charlottesville work a sinecure, a study of his record-book will show. From January to June, in 1853, he delivered a series of fourteen Sunday evening discourses on the Apostle Paul. Conybeare and Howson's "Life of Paul" he did not have, but he used original sources. This series created a sensation and thronged the church to overflowing with professors and students from the University and people of all denominations from Charlottesville. He began on Wednesday night, but soon had to take Sunday nights in the main audience room. He used maps to point out the places and each sermon grew in favor. He had also a printed scheme of these lectures as an aid to the audience. People would say: "Paul will preach to-night." Interest in the Bible became widespread in the town.

Pressed as he was with double duty, his preaching reached high water mark, and the little Baptist church at Charlottesville was always crowded, the congregation including numbers of the students and often professors as well. Never can I forget how I would sit enwrapped in his eloquence which was scarcely surpassed afterwards, however much he may have grown. I think that later his sermons became more didactic and perhaps richer in the exposition of Scripture; but oh, there was then a freshness and fervor and a flow of thought and language; and sentences from his lips are still in my memory as if heard yesterday.[1]

Dr. W. D. Thomas, who was a student of the Uni-

[1] Doctor George B. Taylor, in manuscript for new volume on "Virginia Baptist Ministers."

versity from 1850 to 1854 (taking M. A.), says that John A. Broadus's preaching was rather bare of imagination at first. He later cultivated his imagination till he used it with wonderful power. After a sermon of Mr. Broadus's on Martha and Mary, a gentleman in Charlottesville, who had just returned from Palestine, asked him when he had been there, so accurately had he described the roads from Jerusalem to Bethany. He had been studying Robinson. The use of his imagination became a marked characteristic of his preaching. There was little gesture in these early days, some illustration, but no embroidery. Once, when asked the source of his style, he said it was his audience. He was compelled to put things so as to enlist the sympathy of the most profound and the most ignorant. His audience was cosmopolitan, and swept the whole gamut of human gifts and accomplishments. He had to blend depth and clearness in every sermon. The constant effort to do this created that wonderful simplicity which flowed like a mountain stream, so clear and so deep. There was tremendous moral earnestness with deep pathos and delicate flashes of humor. His magnetism threw a spell over his audience. People felt that his preaching was one of the events of their lives not to be missed. There was more than the glow of youth and genius. There was great spiritual power that melted hearts to repentance.

Some criticism naturally arose because he could not visit much, but he made his visits tell. Besides calling on families, he had a habit of calling on one member of the family at a time so as to have a chance for conversation on personal religion. These conversations often led to salvation. One of his flock well remembers one such visit to herself, when she was asked if she prayed. She thought to herself: "If I say 'Yes,' he will say, 'Then why are you not a Christian'?" So she said

"No." He prayed with her and soon baptized her. Doctor Broadus often said that he knew of more persons led to Christ by his conversation than by his preaching.

MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS to MRS. MARTHA BICKERS:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, April 27, 1853: I reckon you have heard of Mr. Broadus's intention of taking up his abode in Charlottesville next session, but I am sure I shall be first to tell that he has actually rented a house and that we expect to go there to live about the middle or last of August.

I have been to see the house and was much pleased with it, and as I have always fancied the idea of keeping house, hope to be very happy there. My head is full of plans and arrangements and I scarcely think of anything else, but I excuse myself for being so intent upon the subject, as it is an entirely new business to me and therefore requires a good deal of thought and foresight.

I am going to give you something to think of too, and that is, you must make up your mind to come to see us when we get fixed, for it will never do for you not to come to see your little brother, as I dare say he still seems to you to be. . .

And ten days ago Mr. Broadus and I went to Richmond and spent Sunday in the pleasant household of Mr. James Thomas. So you see we are great travelers, though we do not go very great distances from home.

In strawberry season I am to go to Aunt Maria Rives' to stay ten days, and if I can get the strawberries to last, I want to wait until the first of June, as Mr. Broadus will be absent a week at that time, attending the June meetings. I should be glad for Mr. Broadus to go about in the country some now as he does not look very well, although his health is better than it usually is at this time of the year, but he cannot spare time enough to do him any good. I hope, however, he will have time and opportunity this summer to recruit and gather strength for the labors of next year.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

BALTIMORE, May 14, 1853: I live a month every day, though yesterday was a very sickish and sleepy day. I came very near making a speech about *giving* this morning, but did not, and am glad; I don't think it would be in good taste for me to speak in so august a body.[1] . .

[1] Session of the Southern Baptist Convention.

I am to preach to-morrow morning at the High Street Baptist Church. I suppose there is some curiosity to hear a young man who bears a highly honored name, but it is Wilson's doings that one so young should be among the ten preachers selected. I am trying to think only of speaking the truth and doing good. I have determined to take the sermon you heard when we came in from Farish's, "My ways are not your ways," etc.

FREDERICKSBURG, Saturday morning, June 4, 1853: I reached here last Thursday afternoon, 4½ o'clock. Preached[1] that night in the Presbyterian church, the Baptist church being small, to some twelve hundred people. The sermon was about middling; I believe it is well spoken of. . .

I know that I am exciting expectations, to meet which will require more effort than I have ever made before. Besides, I know that I am grievously prone to overestimate men's opinion of me and lamentably inclined to be vain when I ought to be humble. Pray for me, Maria, that a little applause may not be permitted to turn my weak head and bewitch my silly heart in that I may remember my nothingness and my entire dependence for all true success on the Divine blessing, and that more than anything else I may carry back an increased desire to labor for the conversion of men to Christ.

WM. F. BROADDUS[2] to J. A. B.:

MOWINGTON, June 14, 1853: On the last day of last week I left home for a short trip, and was gone three days. Your name was in the mouth of more than one friend with whom I met, most of whom, by the way, had both seen you and heard your voice more than once, while the hosts of the Lord were at the *June Feast*. I will tell you some things that were said of you. I have not time to tell you all that I heard said of you, for much of our talk was of you, and to write it all would take more space than this sheet would give and take more time than I can now spare for you. I will give you what two friends said, and their words may serve to point out to you what you told me you had a wish to know—that is, what those who heard you preach and teach from the word of God thought of your style and your mode.

I shall give you first the mind of a man who for twelve years has had a place in the ranks of those who preach the word, and whose mind is strong and thought by those who know him to be of a high

[1] Before the Virginia Baptist Foreign Mission Society. Text, Matt. 19: 20.

[2] W. F. Broaddus often amused himself by writing letters in words of one syllable.

grade. In short, he is a man whose words would have great weight with all who know him. He heard you "preach" and "speak," and he thinks your whole mode the best he has met with in all his life. He says you teach just what ought to be taught, and in just such a way as he thinks it ought to be taught, and he would give all of this world's goods—and he has quite a large stock of wealth—if he could preach as you preach. And then he said, that he hoped that all the young men who heard you would think of you as he did and would try to shape their course by yours. But now, lest what you have just read should lift you up too much, I must tell you what one said who does not think of you just as the friend does whose words you have just read. This man too is of those who "preach the word." He made his first speech in the "desk" one year ere I made my first, and from that time till now has been in the field. He is a good man and has done good for the cause of Christ, though I must own that he has not spent much time with books, nor had much care to store his mind with what great men have said of God's word and ways. I took my chief meal with him on the last day of last week, and as we sat at meat, he spoke of you. Said he: "What he said was good, but how strange that a young man so well taught in all that the books can teach should use a style so much like that of a mere child. You ought," said he, "to tell him of it, and put him in mind that one who knows so much ought to use a style more high, a style that fits such thoughts as he deals out to those who hear him." I had hard work to keep back a smile at these words. I thought how strange that one so long at work in Christ's cause should wish to have the truth set forth in words of high sound.

It was not alone as a preacher that John A. Broadus had grown during these two years. He was assistant instructor of ancient languages in the University and lived with Doctor Harrison. The room in West Lawn is still pointed out where the young teacher corrected Greek and Latin exercises. As a teacher he took steady hold, winning the respect and confidence of his pupils. His young colleague, Prof. F. H. Smith, would hear students speak of his clearness in teaching. Professor Peters, though not in his class, sometimes attended junior Greek under him. He found that the men had confidence in his scholarship second only to that of Doctor Harrison.

Dr. George B. Taylor, a member of his Greek class, says:

His teaching traits then were, a purpose to excel in his work, a thirst for learning for its own sake, a desire for usefulness, and fine tact. He would sometimes send me a note inviting me to his study on the lawn, and I have now before me a clear picture of him as he would be at his table covered with lexicons and other books of reference, a shade over the lamp and one over his eyes, intense seriousness in his face, in a word the typical hard student. He already had the stoop of the man who sits much at the desk, and when in repose, his face seemed almost sad. There was much to do, for besides the preparation of two sermons for Sunday and other pastoral duties, there was the getting ready to meet his classes and the drudgery of correcting not less than a hundred exercises every week. Besides all this, he was constantly adding to his knowledge and laying broad and deep the foundations for the future. Specially was he at work on New Testament Greek, bringing to it his thorough acquaintance with classic Greek and using all the best helps. He said to me at that time, "Though I may not become an authority, yet I wish to be able for myself to form an independent judgment on all questions of New Testament interpretation." As yet not many books were on his shelves, but he was already beginning to gather a first-rate library, getting ready the tools he needed and only the best. In the classroom he simply followed the traditions of the University, rigidly questioning and insisting on exactly correct answers, correcting mistakes, yet using the utmost politeness to every student, no matter how idle or dull. His dignified mien prevented disorder, and his keen wit would have quelled it had it appeared. Any slight annoyance he would abate by a playful, sub-acid remark.[1]

Mr. Broadus took a keen interest in the life of the students and had intimate personal relations with many of them, taking walks with one or another. Prof. Thomas Hume, of the University of North Carolina, recalls how, on one of these walks along the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad track, he urged him to consider if preaching were not his duty.

Dr. C. H. Toy, in a private letter, says:

[1] Sketch of John A. Broadus, from new volume of "Virginia Baptist Ministers."

When I went to the University of Virginia, in 1852, he was tutor in Greek, and was regarded as an admirable Greek scholar. He was very kind to me personally (I had a letter of introduction to him), but he left the University before I entered the school of ancient languages, and I did not at that time come under his teaching. His acceptance of the charge of the Charlottesville Baptist Church was greatly regretted in University circles; it was believed that if he had remained there as teacher he would have become an eminent Greek scholar (and, as it happened, this is what he did become).

The burden of teaching and preaching had become too great and Mr. Broadus was not willing to give up his ministerial work. So he moved down to Charlottesville as a full-fledged pastor.

WM. F. BROADDUS to J. A. B.:

FLEETWOOD ACADEMY, June 27, 1853: I hope you are arranging to be at our camp meeting in Culpeper. Do you know who wrote "Phœnix" in the "Herald"? It is supposed in all this region that you wrote it.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

BREMO, August 8, 1853: We reached Bro. Jones' before eight o'clock Saturday night, having traveled thirty-three miles in less than seven hours. I was tired, but got a pretty good night's rest. The meeting at the Fluvanna Church was still going on yesterday, but we had at the Brick[1] a great crowd—very many not getting in. I preached in the morning from the parable of the Sower, but was greatly "hampered," and made a poor affair of it. In the afternoon, from the Publican's Prayer, with more feeling than usual, a good deal of interest. Four persons knelt for prayer, and several others told us at the close of deep feeling. The prospect is very encouraging.

Read a very pretty little story, last evening, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," which made me think much of you, of your manifestly growing affection for your husband, and, I trust, your growing happiness. Sometimes there comes over me a dreamy hope that the day may be when I shall be less unworthy of my dear wife's love.

STAUNTON, August 22, 1853: Till the breakfast bell, I can write. The details of my trip thus far I will give in a subsequent letter. I

[1] Fork Union.

have enjoyed it; preached tolerably well on Friday; was elected moderator of the Association, and have got through pretty well. Stayed one night with A. L. Nelson. Yesterday morning I preached at the stand—immense crowd—came in afternoon to Staunton, and preached by arrangement in the Presbyterian church. A little too much distinction and lionizing. Oh, for the meek and lowly spirit of him in whose name I labor.

J. A. B. to MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, September 5, 1853: Your letter of August 4 arrived while I was with Brother Whitescarver, at his church in Fluvanna, in a meeting of days. We had large congregations, the house crowded even on week days, and a good state of feeling among the people. Some of them were rather disposed at first to be boisterous, but before we left there was much of that solemn stillness in which I so much delight. Some seven or eight persons professed conversion during our stay, and I hope much good was done that only the future will make manifest. That meeting and the one at Blue Run,[1] I look back upon as two of the most pleasant seasons of my religious life. I trust I have to some extent found it true in the spiritual sense, that "he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Our kind Father will not fail to bless to our own growth in grace and comfort of love, any sincere effort, however feeble, which we make to promote his glory in the conversion of sinners; and this blessing may be realized, not only by the preacher in the pulpit, but by every Christian in private efforts to do good to individuals.

A few days after I returned from Fluvanna and received your letter, I set out again to attend a meeting of the Albemarle Baptist Association, held in the county of Augusta. A Baptist Association is composed of delegates from the churches in a given district of country, who voluntarily associate themselves for the purpose. At these meetings, commonly consisting of four delegates from each church, letters are read, stating the progress of the several churches during the past twelve months and their present condition and prospect, with statistics. Reports are also made by standing committees, which are expected to embody facts and arguments concerning the great benevolent operations of the day; and any other matters acted upon that are requisite and allowable. The Association has no control over the churches, being simply an advisory body. Every church we consider a government within itself, and all other organizations

[1] In Orange County. The meeting was in July, 1853.

for religious purposes must be voluntary and without any authority to rule the churches. Such is the form of church government which we think the New Testament sanctions.

I hope that in enlarged acquaintance with the Scriptures, and growing interest in the progress of our Redeemer's kingdom, at home and abroad, you may find benefit and enjoyment. Let me recommend you to keep near the simple, fundamental truths of the gospel; you a sinner, and Christ the sole and sufficient Saviour. My text yesterday morning is a passage well worth bearing in mind, "When I am weak, then am I strong" (2 Cor. 12 : 10). Let conscious weakness make you watchful, and make you prayerfully take hold upon the Divine strength. You may find the saying true in many respects, but especially as regards Christian steadfastness and Christian usefulness. . .

Please present me with respectful and kindest regards to all your friends whose acquaintance it was my privilege to make. I remember my visit to Barboursville with exceeding pleasure, and shall be very glad if I am ever able to repeat it.

MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO to J. A. B.:

BARBOURSVILLE, Sept. 29, 1853: I received your kind and instructive letter a few weeks since and was truly obliged to you for it. I was glad to have a clearer idea given me of our church organization, for though not entirely ignorant, still I had but a vague idea given me of it. . .

The entire disposal which I have of my own time I consider a great cause for gratitude, but at the same time it is a most important talent intrusted to me, and I do feel most sincerely desirous to use it in a manner which will conduce most to the honor and glory of the good Giver. I think I cannot be mistaken in devoting a large portion of my time in the study of his will as made known to man in the Bible. For a year past I have felt the want of a fuller commentary than the one I have, and thought of getting Scott's, but I would like to know whose you prefer. I would be obliged to you for any hints that you would think useful to me in my efforts to acquire a knowledge of the Scriptures. I wish to attain a clear understanding on my own account and then as an aid in my endeavors to benefit others.

The sermon note-book shows this entry for Sept. 25:

Address to the church on commencing my labors as exclusively a pastor.

J. A. B. to W. A. WHITESCARVER:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Oct. 3, 1853: Thanks to sawing wood every morning, my health is improving.

In the "Religious Herald" for Oct. 6, 1853, John A. Broadus appears in an article entitled "Obey your Parents" and signed A. This brief article is worth preserving, since it shows how rapidly the two years at Charlottesville and the University have matured his thought and style. Here we see the same elements that characterized him in after years:

OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

In talking, the other day, to the children of our Sunday-school, it occurred to me to put together several reasons why they ought to obey their parents. They are not new reasons, but they are very good ones; and it may be that thinking of them, all together, may incite some young reader to do what is thus urged.

1. It is *right in itself*. The apostle says (Eph. 6:1): "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right." Surely that ought to be reason enough, if there was no other at all. But

2. It is your *interest*. This is the first "commandment with promise." Obey your parents, honor your father and mother, that it may be well with thee and thou mayest live long on the earth. Often this is literally fulfilled; and alas! very often children shorten their days by not obeying—either they meet with some fatal accident through ignorance or recklessness, or else they sow the seed of some disease, or form some pernicious habit, which afterward brings them to an unhappy and untimely death.

3. You have the best possible *example* for it. You remember that this is Jesus himself, who "was subject unto" his parents. And observe this—Jesus was *wiser* than they were; nay, though only twelve years old at the time referred to, he had just proved himself wiser than the great teachers, the learned men at Jerusalem. Some boys and girls *think* themselves wiser than their parents, especially if they happen to be learning something at school that their father and mother never had an opportunity to study. But here Jesus, who really did know more than his parents, was still subject unto them.

4. If you do not, you will be *sorry for it*. You will be sorry in many ways—one way is this: If you ever live to stand by your

father's or your mother's grave, or stand, as I have stood, where both sleep side by side, and remember any time when you gave them pain by disobedience, oh, then you will mourn most bitterly! It will be too late then, however you might desire it, to ask their pardon. Do not run the risk of ever knowing an hour of such keen agony—such bitter sorrow.

Consider now, whether these are not good reasons; and determine that you will be sure to "obey your parents."

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

FREDERICKSBURG, Monday morning, Nov. 7, 1853: I reached home at eleven o'clock Saturday morning. On the cars I had a fine opportunity to stare at General Scott, of which I availed myself with great satisfaction. He was talking, part of the time, with some lively young ladies, so as to put off his accustomed frown, and he was then in my eyes a man of most magnificent appearance. How marvelous is our admiration of military greatness! I have no respect for that man as a politician, but remembering Lundy's Lane and the battlefields of Mexico, and gazing upon his truly commanding form, I honor him, and account it a privilege to see him. You remember, though, that I have seen very few of the noted men of our times. There were various acquaintances on board, John Washington, Andrew S. Broaddus, of Caroline, young Doggett, the Methodist preacher, etc. . .

Yesterday morning the church was quite full, and some went away for lack of seats. I preached from the Publican's Prayer with tolerable success. The congregation has been somewhat prepared for this meeting, there being a general looking forward to it, and so at the very first sermon there was not only excellent attention but much feeling—many wept. Last night I preached again, from Col. 1 : 28. The house was crowded and overflowing. The sermon was rather languid, and certainly one of the most commonplace that even I have ever preached; in fact, I somehow felt no disposition to rise above a mere unpretending repetition of what they have been hearing from their childhood. (As we were returning, Uncle William and I, we heard two young men discussing the sermon; one of them was greatly disappointed, he had expected to "hear something eloquent," the other was insisting that it was very fitly done). It is needful to be cautious about the special application of such a belief, but I am inclined to believe that the strong inclination I felt to speak in such a style was to a certain extent of the Lord. I have prayed that great good might be done at this meeting, and done as far as possible in

such a way, that I might be unable to take the credit of it, in any degree to myself. . . I soon perceived that many in the congregation were deeply moved, and as I spoke of Jesus the Saviour, the all-sufficient, the loving, the only Saviour, and warned them not to reject him, not to put off, warned them to flee the wrath to come, many wept; strong men, they say, and near to the door where the atmosphere is often so chill, were weeping like children. And yet what I was saying did not move my own heart, and would hardly have kept my people at home in their seats. Seven persons came forward for prayer. I suppose twenty or thirty might have been induced, by much persuasion, to come, but my uncle thought proper (and I believe very wisely) to refrain from any great effort just then.

FREDERICKSBURG, Friday, Nov. 11, 1853: . . The enclosed notice will surprise you. I received the invitation the day I arrived, but did not think of appearing until some future time. Yesterday, they [1] came to me, representing that they were anxious to commence their series of lectures speedily, and desiring me to address them before leaving. They said all would appreciate the difficulty of doing myself justice under the circumstances, etc., and Uncle William and Bagby advised that I should undertake it. Uncle William himself is to be one of their lecturers, and I suppose McPhail, John R. Thompson, R. H. Garnett, W. Pope Dabney have consented to come during the season. So it is a respectable concern. Indeed, it troubles me that I must appear, for the first time, to deliver a lecture with a fee for admittance, and have only parts of three days to prepare. I shall go away by the train Monday night, so as still to get home Tuesday.

I thought yesterday I would treat this theme, "Simplicity of Speech." I can hit at pedantry, at the doctors and lawyers and preachers and teachers, and the young ladies too—can talk about the English language, Anglo Saxon, etc., and languages in general. Don't know what I shall make of it.

J. A. B. to MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Dec. 5, 1853: . . With your permission, I will recur in a future letter to the special subject of reading the Bible. The subject is, I confess, a very favorite one with me, perhaps some would say my hobby.

With regard to your colonization scheme, I have only time to say that I heartily approve the general idea of colonization, and that I

[1] The Young Men's Society.

should be disposed to favor the plan you speak of with reference to your own slaves. If you will give me, as you mention, further details concerning them, I shall take pleasure in stating my opinion with all the freedom that is inspired by your kind confidence.

I trust you are still making some progress in personal piety. May the Lord make you faithful and useful, and thus happy.

The valuable book you sent me, and which was duly received, could hardly have been equaled in acceptableness. I had been regretting, upon reading notices of it, that I could not afford to procure it.

Mr. Broadus was very active in mission endeavor. At the June meetings in 1853 he had reported for the church five hundred and forty dollars for various mission causes. This was more than the pastor's salary. The book shows also that he himself gave more than one-tenth of his income. He opened his pulpit and his heart to the denominational agents. He speaks as follows of the secretary of the Foreign Board:

Doctor Taylor's method of collecting was of the fertilizing sort. He left the people more friendly to him and his cause after giving, so that next time they would give more cheerfully, if not more largely. Two or three times I wrote and asked him to come when it was time to collect for missions, because I knew the effect would be good.[1]

The series of lectures upon Paul turned out so well that Mr. Broadus wished to go further in that line. From the first of October, 1853, to the end of June, 1854, the note-book presents a remarkable course of week-night lectures. He was free from University work now, and threw his whole nature into the work at Charlottesville. This suggestive list of topics is worth the pastor's perusal who has trouble with his prayer meetings. This series crowded the house week by week.

Family Prayer, Reading (two), Profanity, Self-government, The Woman of Canaan, Enoch, Noah and the Deluge, Lot and the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, Abraham, Balaam, The Entrance into Canaan and the Destruction of Jericho, Caleb (with a sketch of

[1] "Life and Times of James B. Taylor," p. 347.

the intermediate history), The Earlier Judges, Samson, Micah's Establishment and the Destruction of the Benjamites, Ruth, Samuel, Eli, The Ark, Saul, David (nine lectures: Earlier History; Till his Flight to Ramah; to the Wilderness of Maon; to the Death of Saul; to the Removal of the Ark to Zion; to the Establishment of Mephibosheth at Court; to the Commencement of Absalom's Rebellion; Absalom's Rebellion and the Restoration; to the Close of his Life), Andrew Fuller's Life and Writings, Robert Hall's Life and Writings, Solomon (five lectures: to Marriage with Egyptian Princess and Canticles; The Temple; Fortifying and Commerce and Queen of Sheba; Book of Proverbs; Solomon's Shame, and Last Years and Ecclesiastes), Habit, Popular Amusements, Church History (thirteen lectures: Introductory; to Reign of Hadrian 117; Justin Martyr and his Times; Irenæus and Hippolytus and the Catacombs; Tertullian and Church Life and Worship; Origen and Leading Heresies; Cyprian and Church Constitution; Constantine the Great; Julian the Apostate; Asceticism and Monkery; Chrysostom; Augustine and Jerome; Mahomet).

Vigorous work and robust reading had preceded this course of prayer-meeting studies.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

PETERSBURG, Friday, February 17, 1854, Columbia Hotel: After supper got into a room, and attempted to think over the speech; kept me walking the floor till 10.30 o'clock. Then, tired, excited, and with my cold increasing, I tried to sleep, but it was near midnight before the bustle ceased, and then I slept fitfully. The room had been a very short time in use, and unless I greatly mistake, the sheets were slightly damp. I awoke this morning half-past five, quite hoarse and with some sore throat. For breakfast, some wretched biscuits, and strong coffee without cream. I nibbled and sipped a "li' bit." Reached here at nine o'clock. Mr. G——'s carriage in waiting. After dressing found their breakfast just ready, and ate. Mr. J. Y. G. is unexpectedly detained in Richmond; coming over this afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. G—— seem to be among the excellent of the earth; they have been very kind and every way considerate. Mrs. G—— made me a mixture of egg and sugar, with a little brandy, which is helping my hoarseness a little. I have been to the library; the room is exceedingly neat and tasteful, and must be pleasant to speak in. They have no books on languages.[1] I don't know that

[1] Lectured before Petersburg Library Association on the study of language.

they ought to have. There have been some half-a-dozen lecturers,—Van Zandt, Bishop Atkinson, T. V. Moore, John R. Thompson,—don't remember the balance. I am scared, terribly. Am not myself, from loss of sleep and cold; fear my subject won't take, but I believe what I shall say, and shall speak *con amore*, if with no other merit. They have always had good audiences, and it will be a pleasant night.

J. A. B. in MISS M. M.'S ALBUM:

April 20, 1854: The four years which I spent, Miss Mary, so near to your own home, will soon have been equaled by the years elapsed since my student life was ended. Yet I look back upon that life with feelings that have scarcely lost any of their freshness. I remember many pleasant meetings, many a lively talk, many a time when, on the eve of some difficult examination, I would "go to see the ladies" as a finishing touch to my preparation. I cannot think of those days but there come thronging memories of kindly words and friendly deeds on the part of yourself and all the others of your family, the living and the departed. I cherish toward you all a feeling of grateful regard which I am conscious of having poorly manifested, and to which words could give no fit expression. May you long live, Miss Mary, to laugh away the glooms of many another friend; yea, to bless more highly still; for earnest and serious as well as cheerful, combining knowledge of religious truth with a hearty and humble love of the truth, may it be your privilege by your character and life to present to all who know you that pleasing picture, the bright side of religion.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

EXCHANGE HOTEL, RICHMOND, VA., June 2, 1854: Our meetings[1] have been quite interesting.

Uncle William has been quite unwell, and made a bad failure last night on foreign missions. He won laurels, however, this morning, by a very able speech on the proposed female institute.

I was asked to speak this morning in the Bible Society, and at short notice concluded to try it; did only tolerably well. . . Took tea yesterday in company with Mrs. Alexander, who was my near neighbor in Clarke; have seen also one of my old scholars, James Allen, now a delegate to the Association. Mrs. Alexander was wonderfully friendly.

[1] June meetings.

Some members of the Second Church (Dr. Howell's) expressed a wish that I should preach there Sunday. Howell therefore insisted, and though I spoke of Hoge's invitation, Howell overruled it in the committee, and I am to preach at Second Church Sunday morning. Had a special application also to preach at Centenary Church. Happily for me, the committee have all the responsibility of assigning and arranging.

[1] During his [J. A. B's.] pastorate at Charlottesville was organized, largely under his influence, the Albemarle Female Institute, the very first school, so far as I know, to put the English language on a footing of parity with the ancient classics and the cultured tongues of modern Europe. More of credit for this bold innovation is, perhaps, due to the principal, Prof. John Hart, and his assistant, Crawford H. Toy; but it was made not without consultation with the president of the trustees.

The "bold innovation" was not consummated till 1857. This "branch in collegiate education [study of English] owes him a large debt."

Mrs. L. L. Hamilton writes as follows:

Whilst a pupil at the Albemarle Female Institute, I boarded with a Presbyterian family; but through the courtesy of Doctor Broadus was able to attend the night services held at my own church.

The Baptist parsonage was not quite a block away from my boarding house and Doctor Broadus would come for me "rain, hail, or shine." One Sunday night, a violent storm came on an hour before services. It simply poured down, the streets looked like running streams.

Every one in the house abandoned the idea of going out to preaching that night. Soon the door-bell rang—Doctor B—— stood on the porch under a big umbrella, and in a cheery tone called out, "Well, L——, are your ready? It is pretty bad; but I think we can make it." The church was only a short block away, we reached it without any material damage, and found a waiting congregation of three persons—John Hart, Alec. P. Abell, and Louisa Sowell; I am now the only one left of the five that were present that night.

I thought of course our good pastor would give us a "prayer-meeting talk," sing a hymn and go out; but no, when he entered

[1] Prof. H. H. Harris in "Religious Herald," March 21, 1895.

the pulpit, a momentary expression of amusement flitted over his countenance as he gazed on the empty pews. Mr. Hart and I sat just in front of the pulpit, and the other two brethren in the "amen corners."

The services began as usual—you can well imagine that the quartette were not able to render very fine music, but we did the best we could. Then came a grand sermon. Doctor Broadus preached with as much pathos and power as if thousands were listening to his impassioned utterances, After it was over he came down and said smilingly, "I have a very attentive congregation." Some one said, "We would have been satisfied with a little talk, you should have saved that fine sermon for a big crowd." He replied: "The few who braved the storm to hear me, deserved the best I had. I really enjoyed preaching to you, for I knew you wanted to hear me."

Another friend writes:

There was a magical influence in his sympathy with the young people of the community. They remembered and repeated his sayings, and they sought his advice with a love and confidence little short of adoration. Perhaps in Charlottesville his greatest influence was with them. The boys and girls still at school he stimulated to nobler effort, frequently by an incidental remark from the pulpit, upon the importance of their work, or with a tender word touching upon their difficulties and the way to rise above them. He created an eagerness for learning and love of truth which led them to buy and diligently read any book he named.

Many a delightful volume would he recommend with an aside remark in his sermon, or more often in the Wednesday night lecture, which the young men and women might otherwise never have known, and enjoyed, and woven into the very texture of their being. When any were tossed like the troubled sea, and groping after religious light and peace, he seemed gifted in his preaching with a clairvoyance which knew all that was in their minds; and with a wondrous aptness, clearness, and fullness, he guided their yearning hearts to the Fountain of life, and there was given unto them "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

The following essay, from which we make a few extracts, was written before John A. Broadus was twenty-eight years old, and forms an interesting study as the

basis of his "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons," written sixteen years later. The essay was published in the "Religious Herald," Dec. 14, 1854. In a note to the editor, J. A. B. said:

The following essay was read, by appointment, before some brethren, who proposed that it should be published in the "Herald."

ESSAY ON THE BEST MODE OF PREPARING AND DELIVERING SERMONS.

The subject is one of such compass and complexity that we cannot expect to investigate it in general, and propose to deal simply with its practical aspects. We make only one or two preliminary remarks.

A sermon becomes such only in the act of delivery. Whatever mode of preparing be adopted, it is not strictly a sermon, but merely the preparation, until it is delivered. The proper design of a sermon is to produce its effect as delivered. The subsequent printing such a discourse to read, however legitimate and useful, is a matter incidental and additional. We must inquire, then, what method is calculated to produce the greatest and most lasting effect upon those who hear the sermon delivered?

Again. In consulting the taste of our auditors, we are apt to regard too exclusively the preferences of the cultivated few. It is true they exercise no little influence upon the many; yet while the people at large may be induced thereby to acquiesce in some particular method, it may still continue devoid of the power greatly to interest or impress them.

Yet, another remark must be, that we can only expect to decide on some mode as *generally* best; for there may often be something peculiar in the subject, the occasion, the character of the audience, or the speaker himself, necessitating the adoption of a method which commonly might not be preferable. Besides, there is no method which has not been adopted by *some* men with very great success. It follows that we must not look too much at particular examples, but inquire what is best for men in general.

The modes of preparation and delivery, commonly employed, are: To write and read; to write and repeat from memory; and to speak extemporaneously. (We use this last term because it is comprehensive, although aware of its great ambiguity.)

We shall endeavor to point out, in few words, some of the advantages and disadvantages of these several methods. . .

We come now to the third method, to *speak extemporaneously*. This does not mean to extemporize the thinking, nor even that the choice of language shall of necessity be all left to the moment of delivery. Many who speak in this way not only elaborate the thought beforehand, but select the terms where there is difficulty in making the selection; and, in some cases, arrange a sentence, as in the statement of their subject in a definition, or wherever there is need of special accuracy. We include under this head all those methods which do not involve writing out just what it is proposed to read or say, whether the preparation be made with or without writing down thoughts and whether the delivery be with or without notes.

Among the numerous advantages of this method, we may name the following: It accustoms a man to think rapidly and trains the mind to work for itself, without such entire dependence upon outward helps. It enables him to spend his strength chiefly upon the more difficult parts of the subject. When he is pressed for time, as with the numerous engagements of a modern pastor will often be the case, he can get more thought into his sermon than if all the little time he has must be spent in hurriedly writing down what comes uppermost into mind. In such cases the choice must be between extemporizing the language when the thought has been elaborated, and taking the thought extempore in order to prepare the language. Indeed, the general question between this and the former methods would seem to be, which deserves greater attention, power of thought or precision and prettiness of expression? Many times an audience listens with every indication of pleasure to a discourse whose smooth and flowing sentences contain no truly valuable thought, while it would be more profitable, even if less pleasing to some, had it contained but a single thought of value, though less elegantly and accurately expressed. Shall we seek to tickle men's ears or to touch their hearts? And, besides the advantage of being able to use an idea which may occur at the time, and to turn to account particular circumstances, it is often desirable for a preacher to speak at a moment's warning. A talented minister is sometimes unable to make a little speech in a temperance meeting, or the like, because he is used to writing out beforehand whatever he says. Certainly this disqualification does not in all cases exist, but such is the natural tendency, and such, to a very considerable extent, the frequent result. In delivery, the advantages of speaking extemporaneously are not only numerous and great, but so obvious as to need no detail.

The disadvantages seem to be these: There is a tendency to in-

crease indolence, as one's facility of fluent speaking increases; but the tendency may surely be resisted. There is difficulty in fixing the mind when preparing; but this is largely remedied by making notes. This sermon, if used again, requires renewed preparation; but, then, it can be much more easily adapted to the new circumstances. One cannot quote so largely from Scriptures, or from the writings of others, prose and poetry; but, passages which the preacher has remembered are more likely to be remembered by his hearers. The success of the sermon is largely dependent upon the preacher's feelings at the time of delivery; but he will oftener gain than lose by this. There is danger of wearisome repetition; for the speaker may lose the slight trace of his previous imperfect thinkings, and then circling around to find it, may strike in behind where he left off. This is too often the case; but only where there has been inadequate preparation.

It is worthy of especial remark, that the disadvantages attendant upon speaking extemporaneously *can all be obviated by sufficient effort*, while in the other methods there are many *inherent* disadvantages which may be lessened, but are in great measure *unavoidable*. . . But, if the different topics and subdivisions, details and illustrations, are arranged according to their natural sequence and connection, there need be little anxiety about recalling, for each point will suggest what is to follow. Thus too, the necessity of putting things together so that they can be remembered, will compel a man to find out the true relations and natural order of his thoughts, when he might otherwise shrink from the task. Instead of presenting a mere conglomeration of ideas, it is better if we be forced to have them in solution in the mind, that so they may crystallize according to their own law. There may be exceptions in peculiar subjects; but, in general, a discourse which cannot easily be remembered has been ill arranged, and details which do not readily present themselves were better omitted. For it is not everything that can be connected with the subject, but only what naturally belongs to it, that will contribute to the actual effect.

This, then, is the plan we recommend: to think over the subject with all possible thoroughness, arranging its topics in the most natural order; to fix it in the mind, running over the arrangement till the whole is familiar; then going without paper into the pulpit to stand up and speak.

J. B. JETER to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, Jan. 29, 1855: After due consideration, I have de-

clined accepting the chaplaincy of the University. I know nothing that would be more pleasing to me than the prospect of spending two sessions in a place recommended by so many advantages. I need not state the considerations which have prevailed to prevent me from enjoying this pleasure. They have fully satisfied my mind, but not all the minds of all my friends. It is important that the post should be well filled. . .

I still think that *you* are the man, if any arrangements for supplying your church can be made, best suited for the place.

I am gratified that my work on Campbellism meets your approbation. It has been generally commended. Its reception at Bethany I have not yet learned. The Reformers here have received it very quietly. But when the keynote is sounded at Bethany, they will, I presume, all strike vociferously into the same tone. I am really anxious to learn what ground the Reformer will take in regard to it.

J. A. B. to S. MAUPIN :

CHARLOTTESVILLE, March 23, 1855 : I received your letter of 3d inst., announcing my election as chaplain. After long and anxious deliberation, I have determined to accept the office. Amid the fears with which one must look forward to the duties of so responsible a position, it is pleasant to think of the opportunity it will afford me for a freer, and, if that were possible, a more friendly intercourse with the members of the faculty and their families.

J. A. B. to W. A. WHITESCARVER :

CHARLOTTESVILLE, March 26, 1855 : It has indeed been a long time since we had any direct communication ; and it is now a week since I received your letter. For three weeks past I have had great anxiety and distress of mind. The faculty required me (by an election) to decide whether I should be chaplain. Bro. J. B. Taylor (Jeter has been doing so for a year) urged, when here in February, that I should be chaplain, and retain my pastorate, procuring an associate to preach Sundays. I took it into consideration ; became satisfied that this plan would not answer, for the chaplaincy or for me, even if for the church ; and then had to decide whether simply to go or stay. Brother Taylor and Uncle William urged me to accept. Brother and Abell were neutral. I did not write to you, because expecting to be obliged to decide before I could receive an answer ; various brethren of the church said they thought upon the whole I would better do it ; and so, at the communion yesterday, I announced that at the close of September I should resign, in order to

be chaplain. It was obliged to be known in college at once, and indeed it had gone out in town that the thing was proposed, so I thought it best to state the fact, and my reasons. The church has not yet decided whether they will seek a "supply" or a new pastor —it is hard to say which it is best for them to do.

It has cost me (and does still) much bitterness and grief; but it seems to be needful. It will be an injury to the church, but some church had to lose its pastor. I shall gain nothing to myself, except having more time for study and for careful preparation, no week services, and three months' vacation; and I greatly need time for general religious and other reading. I have tried to do right—the Rubicon is passed; the Lord bless my dear people and my remaining labors among them, and strengthen me for the duties of a most responsible and trying position. Our children are rapidly recovering.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

WILMINGTON, N. C., Tuesday morning, 6.30 o'clock, May 8, 1855: We have been here an hour (in twenty hours had come three hundred miles), have been to hotel and got breakfast, and now are waiting on a little steamer that will cross presently the Cape Fear.

The Richmond men all left yesterday morning. Dickinson and I, and L. W. Allen, the Goshen "bishop," are together. We hope to reach Montgomery in the forenoon of Thursday.

ATLANTA, Wednesday evening, May 9, 1855: Allen and Dickinson are somewhat amused at my frequent "bulletins." This takes my last envelope.

I forgot to put in Notes of Sermons. Have been trying to-day to call up a sermon, in case I should be bidden to preach. It isn't probable, and I hope it will not be.[1] I'll tell you all about what I see that is interesting, when I return—yes, I actually will; for I was affected to-day by reading of a lawyer's wife, who complained that her husband was so busy, and when at home so tired, that he never took time to talk to her and pursue the studies together for which they both had a taste, and her life was lonely. I believe I have done wrong, even while meaning to do right.

MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS to MRS. BICKERS:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, June 11, 1855: I am sure that you feel anxious to hear particularly how we enjoyed the June[2] meetings, and I

[1] He did preach in Methodist church, Montgomery, from Heb. 2:2. Southern Baptist Convention.

[2] The new church in Charlottesville was ready in time.

shall have abundance to say on that subject, as I have my head full of all its occurrences. . . We had staying with us Cousin Andrew Broaddus, Rev. H. W. Dodge, Rev. Mr. Watkins, of Richmond, Miss Leftwich, and Miss Hatcher, from Bedford County. Doctor Gwathmey, of Richmond, stayed with us while he was here, and ma stayed two nights. You will wonder how we managed to accommodate so many in our small house. I had a bedstead and trundle-bed for the ladies. A bedstead and a bed on the floor for the gentlemen, a lounge in a small room for another gentleman, and a pallet in Mr. Broadus' study for us. The children I put in their mammy's room. Doctor Gwathmey and mamma were not here the same nights, so that we had plenty of room, as Mr. B—— could then occupy his place and mamma stayed with me. I dreaded having so many persons to provide for, being entirely without experience in such matters, but I had no difficulty whatever. Mamma,[1] with her accustomed kindness, helped me a great deal, and one day and night when I was quite indisposed, almost sick, she came and did all my work for me. I do not believe there ever was a better person on the earth than she is. I feel that I love her most sincerely, and surely she deserves my love. I had a good many presents for the meeting. There came in from the country one morning two dozen chickens, twelve dozen eggs, several pounds of butter, and a fine ham and bacon, all from one family, and that, one with which I have but little acquaintance. Another friend sent me a gallon of milk every day and several pounds of butter, another a turkey, and another some preserves. Truly my heart swells with gratitude in recounting these acts of kindness, which although intended for the supply of others besides myself, still showed a degree of consideration which is not always manifested. I suppose you have seen some account of the meetings. I was not present at them all, but found them interesting whenever I was present. You would have been gratified to see the favor with which a speech of Mr. Broadus was received. I felt more proud of him than ever before, and am sure it would have done your heart good to see your brother the object of so much admiration. I am so much afraid of seeming foolishly proud of Mr. Broadus that I don't know that I have done right to say all this. But you feel too lively an interest in all that pertains to him for me to fear your disapprobation. It must be a pleasure to you to know that he possesses influence, and that it is all for good and not for evil. . .

I don't yet know what our plans for the summer will be. I want

[1] Mrs. Somerville Broadus.

to go to Culpeper, especially to see you in your new house, but I can't tell yet. Mr. Broadus is to deliver an address before the young ladies of the Richmond Female Institute, on the 7th of this month—then at the Buckingham Female Institute some time in July, and the first Sunday in July he will preach the dedication sermon of the new church at Cedar Run in Culpeper. I don't know how many other engagements he may have for the summer, but I think he will be quite busy just now preparing for what he has already on hand.

Lida and Annie are both well and hearty. To see Lida, one would hardly imagine she had ever been sick, and Annie has improved greatly since she got all her teeth. I don't think she is as pretty as when a very young baby, but she is thought to be very much like Mr. Broadus, and that will make her good-looking enough.

J. A. B. to W. A. WHITESCARVER:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, June 18, 1855: I will try to get the plan of our belfry—it is horribly ugly, I think, but *de gustibus*. Besides, no belfry ever was pretty.

The church have determined, and I have agreed, that I shall continue to be pastor, but be released, by resolution, from all obligation to perform pulpit or pastoral duty for two years from Oct. 1, next—and that they will employ an associate pastor. I stated (in writing) that I "confidently calculate" on resuming official duties at the end of two years, but could not pledge myself—since that would be to forestall Providence.

Jas. B. Taylor suggested the plan, before he left. Doctors Cabell, McGuffey, and Harrison approved it. I am not certain that it is best, but it seems so, and it is done. Unanimous vote in the (large) church meeting—but two or three persons secretly dissatisfied. I stated distinctly that I did not ask the church to do it, nor recommend it; I was willing to make such an arrangement, if the church thought it desirable; and they must decide.

They tried Geo. B. Taylor, for associate, but he was already engaged to go to Baltimore. Committee appointed have not yet suggested another—most are in favor of Dickinson, as I am; but we shall not get unanimity upon anything or anybody. A time of pastoral selection is a time when the bonds of the church bundle are unloosed, and all the crooked sticks begin to roll about and show their crookedness. If we can just get them well tied up again, they will lie still.

All this, of course, between you and me. I am in no little trouble for the church. I have tried to do right, with more purity of motives,

I think, than I often attain. May God direct, or overrule, the whole matter to his glory!

I regret to have had so little time to talk with you during the meetings—feel like I hadn't seen you at all. I remember nothing very distinctly except that I several times made a convenience of you, but my hands were too full then, for any use.

I wish we could be together some days again—when shall it be?

Rumor says you will be married.[1] I do not inquire whether it is so, but simply claim a sort of right, if ever it should happen, to be the parson—and you must let me know a good while beforehand.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Monday night, July 9, 1855: Preached yesterday with rather poor success,—Mr. Meade had a cold,—large congregation in the morning, respectable at night. Have been run very hard to-day with a multitude of little matters, and am completely broken down. It's a distressing thing to be counted a smart young man, and have to be going about speechifying when one is tired beyond endurance. And then to come home Friday night, and have to preach twice on Sunday. Well, a stout heart, and old sermons, can conquer many difficulties.

When I get home, and hear from you, and see how matters are going, I can decide whether to come over next week after you. If you wish to stay till the week following, write it at once, that I may know upon returning.

[2] I knew him first and best at Charlottesville in the life of his first wife, who was Maria Harrison, daughter of the great Doctor Harrison. He was then pastor of the Charlottesville Baptist Church, and near the close of 1855 became chaplain of the University of Virginia. He was then about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age. The Presbyterian pastor, J. Henry Smith, D. D., long pastor at Greensboro, N. C. (still alive[3] and well), was seven or eight years older. With these two men the writer, smartly their junior, had most delightful friendly and brotherly intercourse, and from them derived much beneficial information and stimulation. The kindness and courteous friendliness of those days extended to these days of old age with us all, though I have met Doctor Broadus but seldom in many years.

[1] Mr. Whitescarver was married in the autumn to Miss Sallie Perkins.

[2] Rev. Paul Whitehead in "Richmond Christian Advocate," March 21, 1895.

[3] Now deceased.

During those happy times at Charlottesville a Literary-Theological Club was formed, which, besides those named, embraced such men as James C. Southall, Dr. William Dinwiddie, Bishop Latane, the Davises (Eugene and Dabney), Judge Egbert Watson, Mr. Frank Carr, Mr. Hardin Massie. All too soon it was dissolved by losses and changes of residence.

RICHMOND, VA., Tuesday, 1 o'clock: Heard Thackeray last night —interesting affair, many fire-crackers of wit, a most unjust account of the personages introduced, because he must needs be satirical, and the most miserably bad reading I ever heard or dreamed of. I like his books, and I went, as every body else does, only to *see* Thackeray.

J. A. B. to W. A. WHITESCARVER:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Feb. 4, 1856: Your letter reached me in ten days after its date, which is doing very well for these snowy times. We were sorry you couldn't come at Christmas, but of course it was impracticable. Who ever saw such a spell of weather as from that time to this? They are trying to get up a S. S. Convention of Albemarle Association churches, to be held in Charlottesville in April; may we not count on the visit then?

I don't think of anything in our recent doings or sufferings here that is particularly worth reporting. The Christmas holiday appears to have destroyed all special seriousness in college, as I feared it would. I can find no heart to hope now for any general revival during this session. Yet, oh, if it might be so! I know of some eight students who have professed conversion during the session; three in connection with the Baptist meetings; three with the Presbyterians; and two without any special influences. I have taken great pains to ascertain the exact number of religious students, which has never been done before. Thus far, I know of about ninety-five (it will probably reach one hundred) distributed, as nearly as I recollect, (the list not being before me) as follows: Baptists, thirty-six; Presbyterians, twenty-seven; Methodists, eighteen; Episcopal, ten; other denominations, four.

I expected, when I determined to come here, to do much study in general. Thus far, I have done hardly anything.

Samson's lectures in Charlottesville were very interesting, but poorly attended. The weather was bad, and Thackeray was here at the same time. The church is, so far as I can judge, doing very well.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

STRASBURG, April 29, 1856: I reached here at 12.30 all right. Should like to write a good deal, but the General Division meets again at 7.30, and I haven't time. They hadn't many on hand this morning, and as folks here dine early, they concluded to wait for me. I got through the afternoon session well enough. My report will not produce any bad feeling or excite any opposition—indeed, I think the majority of those in attendance would quite agree with me. I shall have to make a speech to-morrow or the next day; tried to think about it coming up this morning, and shall try again to-morrow morning. Can't do much, but may find some things to say. Mingling with temperance men naturally excites more interest in the subject than common, and this place is greatly in need of such effort.

Coming up this morning, I passed a familiar spot. In a gorge of the mountains, between the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah, there is a little rocky stream winding along for two or three miles, till the ravine widens into a narrow plain, and the stream enters the river. A bridle path, almost impassable for wheels, runs along beside and often across the stream, to the ford of the river. It was my road from Culpeper to Clarke. Many a time, in company and alone, I rode up or down that ravine, counting how often we crossed the stream (I never could determine whether it was seventeen or eighteen times), fording the river, two hundred yards wide, with a timidity I could never fully overcome; very sad, as drawing a lengthening chain when I was going away from home, mother, sisters, and with a painful longing when going the other way, to be at the long journey's end. Many wandering thoughts would pass across my mind as I journeyed there alone, many wild dreams in that wild spot, of education, of competence, of reputation, which I never dared to hope could be realized. To-day I found, by inquiry, that we should pass the spot, and looked eagerly as we passed one mountain gorge after another, till I saw the turn of the well-remembered path and stream, and presently the opening vale, and in the distance a reach of the river, gleaming in the sun. My heart swelled with an emotion rarely felt; the thoughts of years long passed came trooping back—the ambitious but despairing dreams of youth were remembered as if I had just waked from the dreaming; and Maria! I thought, and tried to be grateful, that Providence has done almost more for me than I dreamed. Educational advantages, such as I then did not think of, pecuniary means which then would have seemed to me fortune, reputation, more than I deserve or can support—a loved wife,

whose excellencies grow greater and whose faults grow less, not only in my eyes but in fact, with each advancing year, and dear little children to twine their arms about me and tell how much they love me—what is there that I have not in sufficient measure to make me happy and grateful?

Pray for me, dear wife, that my soul may prosper, and that I may be useful.

CHAPTER VIII

CHARLOTTESVILLE AND THE UNIVERSITY—CONTINUED

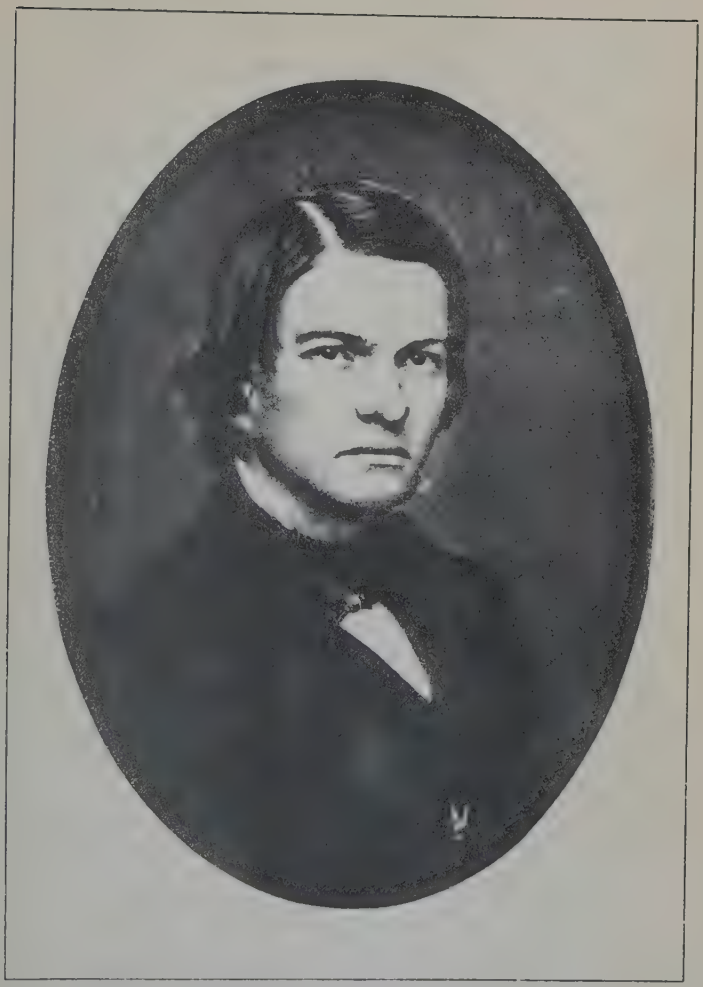
For he was ours. How, happily surrounded,
Each favoring hour revealed his lofty mind;
How sometimes grace and cheerfulness abounded,
In mutual talk with earnestness combined;
And sometimes daring thought, with power unbounded
Life's deepest sense and highest plan divined,—
All in rich fruits of act and counsel shown,—
This have we oft enjoyed, experienced, known.

—Goethe, tr. by James Freeman Clarke.

J. A. B. to MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, May 19, 1856: I have not found the position of Chaplain so favorable for general study as I had hoped. To preach twice every Sunday, where one must be thoroughly practical and yet must have some freshness in the modes of presenting truth, demands much time for preparation. Visiting, not only in the resident families, but among the students, might be pursued without limit, and is here, not less than in ordinary congregations, an important means of usefulness. And then, besides a good deal of work upon committees, boards, etc., I have found it impossible to avoid giving a considerable amount of attention to the interests of the church in Charlottesville, which under the very active and zealous labors of Brother Dickinson, is still in a remarkably flourishing condition.

My labors at the University have not been attended, thus far, with any very manifest and decided results. I often feel inclined to great despondency, especially of late. I try to hope that what I have cast upon the waters will come again after many days, but it is very hard to be hopeful and zealous where no fruit appears. The two great difficulties or rather trials about a position like this, are: That nobody expects immediate results, and that there is no organized body of believers. Many Christians there are, among faculty and students, who feel a lively interest in the Chaplain's efforts, but there can be little unity of action and of feeling, not only because of



denominational differences, but because their association with each other is temporary.

Yet I really enjoy my position, with all its trials, for there are peculiar pleasures too. I humbly hope that, if spared, the Lord may bless my labors during next session more abundantly.

Mr. Broadus had been appointed to deliver the address before the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia on June 25. He chose as his subject, "Education in Athens." The publication of the address was called for by the Society, and it was issued at their expense. This address appears in his volume of "Sermons and Addresses." Its closing sentence is a noble appeal:

But it is in the power of us all, so to cherish the spirit of letters, so to prove the value of the training here received, that this noble institution, which made us proud and happy in younger years by the bestowal of her unrivaled honors, may at least to some extent receive honor in return from the achievements of our ripened manhood and our advancing age.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

BATH CO., Aug. 2, 1856 . . . Ascending the Warm Spring Mountain, I saw in a stage window the dusty face of Summerfield Smith, I suppose on his way home. The stage was rattling down, and there was no time for anything but a smile, a wave of the hand, and a shout, and away they went. At the Warm Springs, found E—— and Mrs. L—— just setting out for the "Red Sweet." He was on the portico as I walked in (to see Colonel Ward) and our greeting was overwhelmingly affectionate. It was a sight to see. My old coat was buttoned and pinned up to keep the dust off my vest, and it and the ugly pants were covered with dust, face ditto. Suddenly I met the bride. A cry of joy—friends long parted met again—hearty and long-continued shake of the hand, impassioned and repeated expressions of delight, numerous inquiries, as to whence, and when, and whither, introduction straightway to three fine ladies with whom she had been talking, dusty hat lifted, dusty face wreathed in smiles, renewed protestations of delight on both sides—sure it was a spectacle. Afterwards, on the road to the Hot Springs, we passed them, with two other persons in the coach, who looked like a newly-married pair too. . .

At Healing, stopped a moment, went down to the Spring, and met Mr. Smith. After I got into the buggy, happened to spy Mary on a visit to a cabin hard by. She seemed in fine spirits, expressed herself pleased with the place, and certainly looks better than she has done for some years. She had all the glow and freshness of look which belonged to her girlhood—partly due, doubtless to the animation of meeting a friend.

RICHMOND, 2 o'clock, Friday, Oct. 25, 1856: I went to see various people—among others the Magills, at Dr. Tucker's. On Sunday must preach at First Church in morning, and if anywhere will preach at Dr. Jeter's at night. I have long been anxious to go to the African church, but can't do it without the risk of having to preach; and three sermons on Sunday would disqualify me for Monday night. Monday I want to go to the Richmond College for the first time.

Read this morning in W. Gilmore Simms' poetical works his tragedy of Herman Maurice. It seems to me to evince not only considerable dramatic power, but real poetic talent. Hadn't time to read anything else in the volume.

All insist that if it is a good night I must have a good audience Monday.[1]

Lute is very nicely fixed indeed, and they seem quite happy. Express great joy at my having to stay.

Saw the Thomases last night and received a good scolding for running away from home.

FREDERICKSBURG, November 5, 1856: I feel proud of having such a wife, who has not only mind and knowledge and character, such as I am sure will make her in the end a successful teacher, but who will urge her husband to cling to the ministry, though it must keep her in poverty, and even sometimes require, as now, that she should toil beyond her strength to eke out the inadequate support. Precious wife, my heart bleeds when I think of her fatigues and distress, of all her sacrifice and self-denial, met without any affectation of heroism, met with all the shrinking of a sensitive and delicate woman, not made to stand alone in the world, and yet with all the firmness and fortitude of a noble heart. People sometimes speak of my making sacrifices in order to preach, but I am apt to think in my heart, it is not I, it is my wife that bears the cross. . .

I made an exhortation at the prayer meeting yesterday afternoon,

[1] Lecture to raise money to improve the parsonage at the University.

upon the need of the Spirit to convince the people of sin. Preached at night upon 1 Peter 2 : 7, 8. Did not feel as much tenderness as the subject ought to inspire. Oh, that I could myself be deeply moved by the preciousness of religion and the perilous condition of those who neglect it!

FREDERICKSBURG, Thursday, Nov. 6, 1856: I am greatly pleased at receiving your letter when we returned from church last night, and so just about twenty-four hours from the time you sat down to write. You have been getting on better than I expected, and I was comforted. . .

I preached last night the sermon on Pleasure and Pride, Acts 17 : 18. Very fair congregation, and remarkably good attention. I had more "liberty" than heretofore. One young lady came forward for prayer—it was the first time an invitation had been given. Oh, that I could preach to-night with tender interest in the salvation of those who hear! . .

Quite a number of persons have expressed regret that I did not bring Mrs. Broadus with me, who seems to be a person of consequence in their estimation. I have devised the scheme that we shall come to the Potomac Association, which meets here early in next August. If the Lord will, it may be a pleasant trip.

FREDERICKSBURG, Nov. 10, 1856: I am to leave to-night by the cars and boat to Alexandria, and thence to Culpeper—home on Wednesday. Several persons have professed conversion, and a few others manifest interest. I have written declining Doctor Jeter's invitation. The Lord bless you all, and help me to preach to-night as one that must give account.

ALEXANDRIA, Tuesday morning, Dec. 2, 1856: It is ten o'clock, and I am very comfortable in brother's parlor. . . I find, to my inexpressible annoyance, that everybody thinks my visit was requested with at least some view to a possible connection with the church. Perfectly conscious, however, of having acted with self-respect, and having had no dream of such a thing when I accepted the invitation, I am trying to take it quietly.

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1856: Your letter was ready when I got to Mr. Tucker's. Your grandma received me (literally) with open arms, and I submitted to the embrace as meekly as possible. They are all quite well, Mrs. T—— being rather better than common. . . Mr. T—— very kindly took me this morning to Doctor

Shaw's, who has a fine collection of works of art. I enjoyed it very much, though Mr. T—— could not stay long. Doctor S—— says he was at the University soon after its establishment.

Afterward, at the Academy of Arts, I had three hours of rare enjoyment. After dinner, George went with me down to Lee & Walker's, and I got two or three pieces of music, which I hoped you might find easy enough for your time, and to your taste. George didn't know certainly, and we could only go by the composer and the looks; so don't be disappointed if none of them suit you. There is a piece by Thalberg, another by Gottschalk. . .

I am going to-night to hear Thalberg, who is giving concerts. Have some headache though, and shall not enjoy it so much.

NEW YORK, Friday, Dec. 5, 1856: It is nine o'clock, A. M., and I write in my room, previous to going out again into the streets of the great city. I reached here in safety, and have been most kindly received. . . Went last night to the St. Nicholas, where I met John Clark, then spent a long time at the Dusseldorf Gallery, which I must visit again, several paintings of the collection being very beautiful. Then we strolled up and down Broadway, looking at magnificent buildings and famous localities and hurrying crowds, till I felt that I was indeed in New York. After all, there is some gain as well as much loss, in living to mature years before one sees anything of the great world. The impression is powerful, almost overwhelming, but one gains much by the sharpness of the contrast, and by comparing the results of his reading and dreaming with things as they are. If I had a month to spend here, and you with me, the visit might be made very profitable as well as pleasing.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1856: Preached in the morning on "Looking unto Jesus," and in the afternoon on the "Publican's Prayer." Good congregation and very attentive. I suppose, from appearances and incidental expressions, that the people were quite well pleased with the brother from Virginia. At night, a little prayer-meeting, at which I attempted a talk, and bungled it sufficiently. Took tea with Doctor Devan, who corresponded with me; he is a returned missionary, a sensible man, and pleasant family. Had considerable talk with a Brother Smith, who was there, about slavery. Of course I told them the plain truth, as they asked me about the facts and the principles of "the institution," the sentiments of Baptist ministers in Virginia, including myself, etc. They were not fanatical folks, and we talked on quite smoothly.[1] . .

[1] He had been invited to supply a few Sundays for the First Church, New York.

I am to lecture (that is, preach a week-night sermon) on Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning I will start home.

The chair of ancient languages in the University had been divided in 1855, Dr. Harrison retaining the Latin. The chair of Greek would have been given to Mr. Broadus if he had allowed it. Mrs. Broadus took natural pride in the growing power of her husband, who used to say that the only time he ever saw her really angry was when she was told of some slighting remark by a prominent teacher. "Just to think of his saying that, when he only has his position because my husband wouldn't have it." After the war he was offered the professorship of moral philosophy. Professor Smith says that the position of chancellor would have been created and given him, if he would have taken it. Nothing was too good for him at the University.

In the beginning of 1857 Mr. Broadus wrote a friend that there was much religious interest in the University. He had undertaken to write frequently for the "Religious Herald," under the signature "X. X." His brother wrote to him that the necessity of studying theology without going to a seminary had given him a hard time and urged him to write books now that he had become something of a theologian. How John A. Broadus would have rejoiced at the chance to go to a seminary! At the same time Rev. W. D. Thomas wrote of his difficulty in doing systematic study in his work in Caroline, and told of the books he was reading.

J. B. JETER to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, April 14, 1857: I am glad to hear that you are going to the Convention. We shall leave here for Washington on Monday morning after the first Lord's Day in May. By so doing we shall reach Louisville, I learn, on Wednesday evening. The carrying out of this arrangement depends, however, on the time of the meeting of the theological convention. We are in doubt about the time of its

assembling—some think the time is not specified—others that Tuesday previous to the meeting of the Convention is the time. I will endeavor to find out.

I was pleased with your late article. I hope you will mature some plan—be able to propose some definite course of action. I am so lamentably destitute of education, both secular and theological, that I can do little more than give my countenance to the enterprise.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARIA C. BROADUS:

LOUISVILLE, Monday morning, May 11, 1857: The theological convention reached a remarkably harmonious conclusion, determining to build up an institution at Greenville, S. C. I am one of five to report, twelve months hence, a plan of organization of the institution. I am glad to be on the committee, though it will be a most difficult task, everything for the success and usefulness of the institution depending on its system of instruction.[1]

Last night I spoke, with Doctor Burrows and A. M. Poindexter, at the great foreign mission meeting at the leading Baptist church. Got through tolerably well, better than I had expected. Uncle Andrew and some other persons having urged it, I am to preach tonight at one of the churches.

I shall not write again. We expect to leave on Wednesday morning, and are thinking of going to Lexington, Ky., instead of returning through Indiana and Ohio, so as to get a glimpse of the finest country in the United States. We want to stop half a day at Harper's Ferry, if possible, and reach home on Saturday. The good Lord protect us all, and grant us a happy meeting at home.

DR. PHILIP SCHAFF to J. A. B.:

MERCERSBURG, PA., May 30, 1857: Your favor of May 26, was duly received last night, together with a copy of the catalogue of your University for the current year, for which please accept my thanks. . . I always had a desire to see that institution in active operation, and intend to visit it as soon as I can make it convenient, perhaps in the next year, if God spares my life. I have some slight acquaintance with one of the professors (Schele de Vere), not personal, but through common friends at Lancaster. I have also an

[1] "See Memoir of Boyce," p. 157 *f.*, for account of this important Educational Convention which really established the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. We shall make no attempt to give a formal history of the Seminary. Doctor Broadus has done that sufficiently in his "Memoir of Boyce." Doctor Broadus's own relation to the Seminary will, of course, be brought out.

urgent invitation to attend the examination of the Episcopal Seminary, at Alexandria, in June next, but I doubt my ability to go there this year.

As to your request. I shall cheerfully send you a catalogue of our seminary as soon as it shall make its appearance. . .

I try to combine in my department the German lecture system with the American catechetical method, and always found it to work very well with my students. For instance, I lecture four times a week on church history, and devote one hour every week to examination, recommending the students at the same time to consult besides their own notes such works as are within their reach. I find, upon the whole, that the taking of notes from free lectures is the best mode of mental appropriation and digestion, and keeps the attention more alive than the mechanical use of text-books. The lecture system is of course far more laborious to the teacher, but it develops his whole strength and energy and imparts to his instruction more freshness and vivacity.

I thank you for your kind sentiments concerning my publications. I am now hard at work on a "Manual of Church History," in three volumes, for the use of theological seminaries, and hope to be able to send Vol. I. (embracing the first six centuries) to press within one year.

JAMES EDMUNDS and W. B. CALDWELL to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 1, 1857: The undersigned, one a member of the Walnut Street Baptist Church, and the other a member of the Jefferson Street Baptist Church, both of this city, address you this note in a private and confidential way in hope to prepare the way for the more public correspondence which we hope will result. The importance of this city and the vast influence it is destined to exert on this great valley are open to all who visit this neighborhood. You are aware that one strong Baptist church has been raised up here within the last two years. Our desire and the desire of many leading brethren here is to raise up another equal to it. We believe it is easier to raise a strong church than a weak one. Our heavenly Father is pleased when we ask great things of him. The pastor of the Jefferson Street Church has resigned and will leave the first of August next. They have a comfortable house on leased ground for the next four years. They have selected the best vacant lot in the city and have nearly completed a subscription of five thousand five hundred dollars to pay for it. This lot has a vestry on it. The Walnut Street Church have completed their house and are now en-

gaged in assisting to buy the lot with a view of building a good house on it for the Jefferson Street Church. The Walnut Street brethren feel that it is their work to see now a first-rate church and a first-rate house for the Jefferson Street Church.

Several meetings of the leading brethren of the Walnut Street Church with brethren of the Jefferson Street Church have been held to consult on the whole movement. The plan is to call such a pastor as both churches can cordially sustain in carrying out their plans. You are the unanimous choice of all. We wish to begin a correspondence with you and keep you informed of what we are doing and what we hope. Do you ever look toward this great valley, this seat of future empire? What do you think of Louisville? Is your heart in such a movement as we contemplate? Will you talk with us on the subject? Will you write us? . .

No city in the Union is more healthy than this. Its population is steadily increasing. A Baptist population surrounds it. The Baptists are growing strong here. We think they have it in their power to do much for the cause of the Master in this valley. We are confident here is a great field for a young man to do a great work for the Master. We believe you are the man to do it.

JAMES P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., June 1, 1857: I send by this mail a catalogue of the plan of the theological department I arranged at the time of my accession here upon the supposition that we would have at least two, but never more than three, professors. A great many things need to be added for the ordinary instruction as well as for a course of higher and of lower study. But I think you can gather enough of my ideas here to judge as to our substantial agreement.

June 3 a petition, signed by forty of the prominent students, was handed Mr. Broadus requesting the publication of the sermon preached the previous Sunday morning. The text was Eph. 3 : 8. The professors urged its publication also. So it was published in pamphlet form, and can be seen in Broadus's "Sermons and Addresses," under the title of "The Apostle Paul as a Preacher." There were many Baptist students at the University during these years mainly because of Broadus's influence and reputation; among these can be noticed,

H. H. Harris, J. C. Hiden, Thomas Hume (who wrote the constitution of the earliest college Y. M. C. A.), J. L. Johnson, J. M. Harris, Jeter George, J. W. Jones, C. H. Winston, etc. Broadus made a lasting impress upon the men while chaplain. One day at the University, after he was no longer chaplain, a very accomplished skeptic from California said: "Where is Broadus? He is the only man who ever affected me about religion." "Tradition[1] still tells of those fruitful years, in which the young preacher, enriched by the learning of the school, and the spiritual experiences of his pastorate, crowded the public hall of the University with congregations of listening youth, and melted to love and penitence those ingenuous souls."

While[2] preaching in Texas he [J. A. B.] was informed that a lady desired an interview with him. He made an appointment, and she came leading a little boy about eleven years of age by her side. She soon informed the doctor that her husband, now deceased, was a student in the University of Virginia when the preacher was chaplain there—that he was awakened and led to Christ by his sermons. He was in the habit, before she became acquainted with him, of repeating many of the sentences of those sermons in his father's family, and when married, he would rehearse to her the thoughts that made such a deep impression on his mind. Since his death the widow and mother had been teaching the preacher's words to the little boy. Doctor Broadus said: "The heart of the preacher might well melt in his bosom at the story. To think that your poor words, which you yourself had wholly forgotten, which you could never have imagined had vitality enough for that, had been repeated among strangers, had been repeated by the young man to his parents, repeated by the young widow to the child—your poor words thus mighty because they were God's truth you were trying to speak, and because you had humbly sought God's blessing."

Mr. Dickinson's work with the Charlottesville Church was greatly successful, and he is beloved there to this day. He occupied a delicate position, but he made things

[1] Prof. Wm. M. Thornton, in "Alumni Bulletin," May, 1895.
[2] Nelson B. Jones, in "Baptist Courier," April 11, 1895.

go. He gave himself largely to pastoral work and there was a great revival during his stay with the church, conducted by Doctor Cornelius Tyree. There were over a hundred conversions. Mr. Dickinson was elected Superintendent of Colportage and Sunday-schools for the State. When he left in September, the church passed resolutions of warm appreciation.

The last of June Rev. Basil Manly wrote to Mr. Broadus to know if the committee about the seminary could meet in Richmond the last of August. This committee, appointed in Louisville, consisted of J. P. Boyce, John A. Broadus, B. Manly, Jr., E. T. Winkler, and William Williams. In July Mr. Broadus went to the Hot Springs and the White Sulphur with his wife, whose health was failing, but the first of August he met Boyce and Manly in Richmond to formulate plans for the new theological seminary set on foot by the educational convention in Louisville. Mr. Boyce brought an outline of the "legal and practical arrangements," Mr. Manly had drawn the "abstract of doctrines and principles" for the professors to sign, and Mr. Broadus presented the plan of instruction, modeled after the University of Virginia's elective system. The other two members of the committee were absent. Boyce and Manly were both familiar with the curriculum system at Brown, Newton, and Princeton. But Broadus was so enthusiastic in his advocacy of the elective system that he completely won them over. He urged strongly that the success of a new seminary depended more upon wisdom in the plan of instruction than anything else. So, as Mr. Jefferson had drawn a new American university, Mr. Broadus drew a new American seminary, which had in it adaptability and expansion, the possibility of becoming a theological university.[1]

[1] See Broadus's "Memoir of James P. Boyce," p. 150 *f.*

The rest of August was spent with Mrs. Broadus at the Salt Sulphur and Red Sweet Springs and in Culpeper.

J. A. B. to MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO:

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, July 28, 1857: I came to the mountains for Mrs. B.'s health, which is radically bad, and enfeebled by her teaching during the past session. We stayed a week at the Hot, and have been two weeks here. She is just beginning to experience some slight improvement here. On to-morrow we leave for the Salt Sulphur, which we hope to find still more serviceable. I shall have to leave her the last of the week, to meet a committee in Richmond for a few days. You doubtless noticed the movement to establish a theological seminary at Greenville, S. C. A committee of five was appointed to prepare and report a plan of organization. Two brethren from South Carolina and one from Georgia are to meet Bro. Manly and myself in Richmond, next week, to consider together what certainly is a very important and very difficult question. To provide an institution which shall at once furnish thorough and extensive training to those who want it, and a little help to those who have desire and preparation for but little, must of course be difficult. I hope we shall be able to meet the conditions of the question by a plan modeled upon that of the German institutions and our University, having independent departments, and allowing the student to choose among them according to his taste and preparation. In this way too, we may in some measure counteract the tendency to formalism, to making men all on one pattern, which has so commonly characterized the theological seminaries of the country.

I should be quite unwilling, if it were possible, to see it required of our ministers to have any particular amount of education, general or special. If the Baptists and Methodists had done this, as our Presbyterian and Episcopal brethren have done, what would have become of the great masses of the people in our country? I have considerable hope that our proposed institution may be rendered attractive to young brethren, and thus have students, the lack of which important element has seriously interfered with the success of many seminaries.

I do not apologize for writing about all this to a lady. I know you are interested in whatever concerns the increased efficiency of our ministry.

Our Female Institute at Charlottesville has now very encourag-

ing prospects. It did much more than I had expected, amid all the difficulties of a first session. The instruction is more thorough, as well as more extensive in each particular subject, than in any other female school with which I am acquainted. . .

I preached here last Sunday morning, and found pleasure in the thought that there is really more piety among those who frequent watering-places than a superficial observation leads us to suppose. Mere giddiness and folly make themselves so obtrusively prominent, that one forgets how much quiet piety there may be, pursuing the even tenor of its way, and it is delightful to see that many, even amid unfavorable associations and surroundings, take the most lively interest in the exercises of devotion, and the most practical truths of the gospel. . .

On the first of October, I am to resume pastoral duties in Charlottesville. The brethren have been very kind in purchasing a parsonage, which they propose fitting up for us, and which will form a very pleasant residence. Mrs. B. is delighted with the prospect of having so desirable a home. It is a great work that awaits me, and I feel like asking the special prayers of all Christians whom I may venture to consider peculiarly my friends that I may be strengthened for it, and my labors not be in vain. The church is numerous, and there are many young members needing to be trained in the habits of piety, as well as many in the congregation still unconverted.

On October 21, Mrs. Broadus died, after only a week's illness. The Sunday before Mr. Broadus had preached on the "exceeding great and precious promises" (2 Peter 1 : 4). He had recently also preached on the habit of thankfulness.[1] The Sunday after his wife's death he lay prostrate with grief. One of his brethren came, quoting tenderly the message: "In everything give thanks." On November 1, Mr. Broadus preached again. His text was Matt. 12 : 20: "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory." When Mr. Broadus told his wife that she was dying, she said simply: "Well, tell me about Jesus." She was not quite twenty-six years

[1] See "Sermons and Addresses."

old and left three little girls, Eliza Somerville, Annie Harrison, and Maria Louisa, the youngest, about a year old.

G. B. TAYLOR to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, Oct. 26, 1857: I have wanted just to assure you that my heart has sorrowed with yours, and for you, in this the season of your sore affliction; that I have felt afflicted in the sad bereavement of my beloved brother, that I have been constantly praying that "the God of all comfort" may by his own Spirit comfort you, and cause your baptism of sorrow to be of sanctifying efficacy.

From November 30 to December 10, 1857, Mr. Broadus conducted a protracted meeting with the Grace Street Church, Richmond, Dr. Jeter's church. Dr. W. E. Hatcher was then a student at Richmond College and heard him. He says:

He thrilled the people with immense magnetism. For weeks afterwards I found myself saying things like Broadus. He threw a matchless spell over people that carried them away. Forty years ago people would worship Broadus, as the most wonderful thing you ever heard. In his later years you went away melted with tender reverence. There was not more intensity of manner in the early years, but he emitted power more continuously. He was not so pathetic then as later. He never trifled with his feelings. He preserved his emotions fresh and sweet and there were refined piety and the emotion of the Holy Spirit. Men imitated him in later life. He was an artist. Art and nature were married. He said he never dared to preach unless he could spend at least two sober hours in immediate preparation. Dr. Jeter could preach with little preparation. He would beat around a good while, but Broadus always pitched right in, gathered force, and grew to the end.

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 15, 1858: Suppose you come down to see me the 22d. You know by common consent that day has been moved bodily to Richmond, for this time, and it won't be anywhere else. So come, and spend it with me.

To tell the truth, I don't care very much about it being Washing-

ton's Birthday, or the statue, or the speechifying, and other demonstrations of a noisy character on brass and sheepskin; but if you will come down we can have a chat about our work committed to us—that creed, schedule of theological studies, etc. I can't go to work at it, till I feel I have got it to do; because there is nearly always something else pressing, knocking at the door, pleading, "let me in now," "attend to me"; and so the quiet visitor, who can be put off is postponed indefinitely. In short I need the "fire coal on my back," and if you will come down, and spend a week with me, we can spend the time pleasantly, and do our work besides.

I heard you were sick recently, I hope you are well again. Let me hear from you.

Mr. Broadus attended the Educational Convention in Greenville, S. C., May 1, 1858. This Convention formally established the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.[1] Four professors were elected, J. P. Boyce, J. A. Broadus, B. Manly, Jr., and E. T. Winkler. The momentous question was thus thrust upon Mr. Broadus.

WM. P. FARISH to J. A. B.:

VERDANT LAWN, VA., May 8, 1858; I feel deeply grieved to learn you entertain the thought of accepting a professorship in the Greenville Theological School about to be established in that place. It gave me much trouble in my wakeful hours last night, and I cannot bring my mind to the conclusion you will leave. In the first place if you give up the ministry for a professorship you ought to have accepted the one offered at the University, much more satisfactory I suppose as far as friends and location etc., are concerned. You may say this is a theological school to prepare young ministers for preaching. Concede all its friends claim for it, cannot men be found to answer well as teachers in the different departments proposed to be taught competent to the task, who can't hold out in preaching, for instance?

To take valuable ministers from prominent positions to teach twenty or thirty young men to become preachers, many of whom are made worse by it, and none benefited (as those who have minds are tied down to what they learn), is too great a sacrifice. Who are the most valuable ministers of our denomination? Certainly not those who have received a theological education. Educate men and

[1] See Broadus, "Memoir of Boyce," pp. 151–153.

God will make ministers. You will leave the most important position known to the denomination, and the only minister of my knowing that can reach the young men coming to the University, thus sending out an influence beyond anything you can hope for at Greenville College, to say nothing of the church in Charlottesville, which is much more important. Then here is a female institute, which in my humble opinion will do more good than all the theological schools in the United States.

The Lord may design to remove you for a wise purpose, to teach the church they should have no idols and that other ministers may be heard with interest. I hope the church and people may, like the people of Nineveh, repent in sackcloth and ashes, and that the good Lord may avert the calamity likely to befall it.

A paper was drawn up by a voluntary committee of the church, protesting against his leaving. One of the arguments used was the following:

Then as to extent of influence, we doubt whether there shall be really any wider field at Greenville than here; even if it be so, the case stands thus: Another man may be found to supply the place at Greenville, and the denomination and the cause of truth then lose but the difference between the influence for good exercised by such a man, and that which we believe would there be exercised by our pastor. But take away our pastor. There is left a vacancy which we honestly think no other man in the denomination can at all fill. His relations in past time and now to the University, give him an access to the great mass of mind there, sanctified and unsanctified, which no other man in our denomination can have—which no other pastor in Charlottesville has, or can have, so long as the men remain the same. Surely it were great loss to us and Baptists everywhere to lose this advantage. We regard this loss inevitable if our pastor leaves us.

We think that he is scarcely at all aware of the amount of good he is now doing, how much influence he is now exerting over the young men of our own church, in leading them in the way of Christian duty, and preparing them for future usefulness.[1]

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, May 14, 1858: As we are "fellow-partners," if not

[1] In the light of subsequent history, it is interesting to notice that the names of J. Wm. Jones, John Hart, and C. H. Toy were signed to this protest.

"in distress," at least in doubt and anxiety as to our duty, I do not know that I can more easily concentrate and make clear to myself the various considerations which bear upon the decision, than by writing to you. I find a pen helps me to think.

The first thing which strikes me is that a peculiar conjuncture of circumstances, not of our seeking or desire, has thrown the burden of this enterprise on us. It can hardly be wrong to call them providential circumstances. The idea has long been entertained, long labored for; the hope of fulfilling it has given rise to every denominational college and has engrafted on most of them some special teaching looking toward theological instruction: never before has there seemed any opportunity at all—not to say so promising an opening—for accomplishing the result; though our acceptance does not indeed assure success, our declining, it seems necessary to confess, insures failure. Shall it fail? and shall the disappointment in this instance serve as a lasting discouragement, a decisive and unanswerable objection to all similar attempts? This is a question for you and me.

In fact it is narrower still. So far as I can see, the real decision rests with *you*. If you decline, I think Poindexter[1] will. If he and you decline, I certainly shall. Then Winkler will feel unwilling to leave his church, even if he could otherwise be induced to go, and even Boyce, left alone, will feel himself compelled to look rather cheerlessly for new associates, men of more self-sacrifice (or I take that back—what I should have said is, men of more deep convictions of the comparative importance of such a seminary), or else he too must give up the ship, a grand *finale* indeed, after all that has been said and done. . .

I hear a great deal here that seems to me mere talk, or at any rate mere feeling, not entitled to rank as judgment or advice; the audacity of people is strongly censured who venture thus to *rob* Virginia, who entice away her strongest men, who expect to build up South Carolina at the expense of the other States, etc. Then there is more of objection than I had supposed possible among well-instructed men, to the whole idea of ministerial cultivation. An uneducated minister, it is said, has more sympathy with his people; instruction only lifts him up above them, puffs him up, etc. To this I say, jocosely, that if the students at the seminary never get more learning than their professors, they will never be hurt by the quantity of their learning, and more seriously, that the objection goes to the extent of doing

[1] The number of professors was increased to five.

away with all education, and that we must go back to first principles. An educated man *can* speak plainly, modestly, in sympathy with his unlearned hearers, and be "all things to all men." The uninstructed man cannot reach his cultivated hearers; he is debarred from one class, and that the more influential; the other has free access to both, etc., etc.

The effect of all this is rather to make me feel that so strong a current of prejudice makes it necessary that those who know better should set themselves to correct it. . .

Monday morning, May 17: My case is complicated by several circumstances which do not apply to you. I have a considerable pecuniary investment here which will be rendered comparatively valueless by my removal. Besides this, removal to my family is necessarily an expensive operation. Again, your influence and openings for influence are greater than mine, I know, but they are all in one direction, *i. e.*, pastoral care over the church and University students. Mine, though less, works at several points—the institute, the country churches I have charge of, the Sunday-school and Publication Board, with its new feature of extensive colportage operations, and the Foreign Mission Board. In all of these, I can say with all modesty, my loss would be felt. Besides, there is a kind of general influence with all the city churches arising from my association with so many of the young people or their families. . .

Then some say there will be no students at Greenville, not more than twelve or fifteen at the outside; that to take the theological students away from Richmond College will be to render to that extent useless our expenditure there, and so too, of other States and colleges; that the endowment won't be collected to pay our salaries, and that we will have to leave Greenville, starved out, in a year or two, both by the lack of money and the lack of anything to do; that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, etc.

Well, I have tried candidly and carefully to look at the subject all around; and I trust I have sincerely and humbly implored divine guidance. The present inclination of my judgment is, that I must go if the others go.

It is certain if none go to Greenville except those who are of little use where they are, they will be of little use there. None had better go, rather than such. Other men might perhaps have been selected as well adapted to the post, or better, who could go with less disruption of strong ties, less sacrifice of obvious usefulness; but we were selected, after anxious and faithful consideration, by judicious brethren acquainted with us and our fields, our usefulness and adapta-

tions. . . At any rate, the question seems brought to our door, and laid at our feet, "So far as you are concerned, shall this seminary live, or disgracefully die?" . .

I have been trying to drink in the full richness of that text, "my mother's text," "Acknowledge the Lord in all thy ways, and he will direct thy paths." God bless you and guide you, my brother.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., May 15, 1858: Reaching home on Friday, the 7th inst., I spent some days in hearing the leading brethren of the church and consulting a few judicious friends. Still utterly undecided, I left home on Tuesday, and went to see other friends, in Alexandria, Fredericksburg, and Richmond, returning yesterday. Feeling the responsibility of the decision, I tried hard to consider the question calmly, to exercise my best judgment. After more anxiety and difficulty than I ever before experienced, I have at length decided that I cannot leave here. If anything I can conceive could make me feel it right to leave this post, it would be the Seminary; but I could not dare to go away.

I hope Winkler, Manly, and Poindexter will all be able to accept. Probably, if you thought it desirable, P. C. Edwards would help temporarily for the first session, say in New Testament Greek. It is needless to say that I will heartily do all I can toward getting endowment in Virginia, and inducing young brethren, from the University and elsewhere, to attend the Seminary.

My people here are in great perturbation, and it is extremely desirable on several accounts, that my decision should be speedily known, but it was proposed that no one of us should commit himself to the public without first communicating to the others. Please write to me, therefore, at once. I have mentioned my decision to only two gentlemen and they will keep my confidence.

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., May 18, 1858: As to the Seminary at Greenville, I think your declinature, under the circumstances, is the deathblow to it. While I cannot in the smallest degree blame you for your decision, I may say that I regret it. I had made up my own mind, if you accepted, that I would make an effort to induce Brother Poindexter's acceptance, and if successful, I would accept. As it is, I think it doubtful, exceedingly so, whether he will undertake it. He and you declining, I think my duty is clear, so far as I can now see,

i. e., not to go to Greenville. What I shall do, I know not. God, I trust, will guide me.

I do not know whether you can reconsider your determination. That is not for me to decide. There has been no opportunity, since I knew anything about the Baptists, when there was so fair an opportunity for a theological seminary as this. There will not probably be another for twenty-five years to come if this fails. As I now view the matter, it is already *de facto* a failure—so soon as your decision and its results are known. No more now. God bless you.

E. T. WINKLER to J. A. B.:

CHARLESTON, May 26, 1858: I received your favor and wrote an immediate answer to it, which is still lying on my desk. It was so indeterminate that I was unwilling to send it. At the time when it was written I was inclined to believe that duty required me to leave my present field. Now I have been slowly coming to the opposite conclusion. The distress of my church has been so extreme, I might almost say so extravagant, as to excite my unfeigned astonishment. . . I think that in justice to them I ought not to go.

I am sorry to hear, however, that you are not to take charge of the Greek professorship at Greenville. From all that I have learned and know of you, I am sure that you would be an efficient officer; while your influence in Virginia would also be of great advantage to the institution. We need the patronage of your State more than any other, both in regard to men and money.

And yet I cannot blame any pastor who is cultivating his special field of labor successfully, when he declines, for any cause whatever, to leave it. The luxury of such a vocation is legitimate.

MRS. E. L. C. HARRISON to J. A. B.:

UNIVERSITY, July 30, 1858: I will endeavor, as well as I can, to give you some account of the commencement, although it must of necessity be very imperfect, as I did not participate in anything that was going on, saving the entertainment of company.

I had Mr. Lewis Coleman, his wife, Sally Flemming, Miss Marshall, sister of Mrs. C——, and a cousin of hers from Richmond, Miss Emily Harvie. All these ladies but Miss Flemming are grand-daughters of Chief Justice Marshall, and seem to have inherited much of his simplicity of manners and character. I was greatly pleased with them all.

Doctor Hoge gave us a very interesting and able address before the Society for Missionary Inquiry, on Sunday night in the hall.

The audience was a good one, and I presume were generally very well pleased. Our prayer meeting on the 29th was rather badly attended, doubtless owing in a great measure to the students having been kept up so very late the three preceding nights. . .

We had quite a large company of gentlemen yesterday to dine with us, among them several old students whom I have not seen for a number of years, Hugh Nelson, of Clarke, and Alexander Nelson; Mr. William Thomas was also a guest. Professor Morrison was here, showing very plainly some of the effects of time—his whitening locks and redundant hair about his face prevented me from recognizing him at first. He is the same kind, cordial, unaffected person he formerly was when a member of our choir.

Oct. 3 Mr. Broadus preached at Charlottesville from Phil. 3 : 12–14. He has this comment in his sermon note book: "The Lord be praised that I have been permitted to preach once more." It had been six weeks since he had preached, because of a violent and depressing attack of ulcerated sore throat, which threatened to destroy all his hopes and plans for life.

ANDREW BROADDUS to J. A. B.:

WHITE PLAINS, August 26, 1858: I am very much gratified that your visit to my "home" has left "pleasant recollections," and I cordially join you in the "hope" that you may "live (often) to repeat it." Whatever may have been the impression you received from your visit to my house and to the neighborhood, the impression left on us has been of a most agreeable character. My family enjoyed your company very much, and "the cousins" generally were delighted. Indeed, John A. Broadus is just now the standard of excellence by which intellect, scholarship, and preaching talents are measured in this region. I understand that shortly after your sermon at Sparta, two of my members (not "cousins" either, by the way) expressed the opinion that Spurgeon could not possibly excel you. Now, lest you should be exalted above measure, be pleased to remember what Brother Jeter said to Brother Farish, and what you were kind enough to apply to me, that "no matter how mean a preacher a man may be, there are some people who will think him the best preacher in the world." I have written thus far somewhat in a strain of badinage, and yet it has been done with literally "an aching heart." Pray for me that my life may be spared, and that in

any event I may be prepared for the will of God. Oh, I wish I could feel more confident of acceptance with God, more reconciled to the thought of death, and better prepared to echo the sentiments of Paul, "to depart and be with Christ is far better."

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 19, 1858: I hear there is much religious interest at the University. I hope there may be another great revival there this winter. How is your health now? I heard it was not so good. Perhaps God may be preparing the way to cause you to enter the theological seminary. If that should be his will I should not grieve, for I candidly think that the opportunities for permanent and extensive influence there are superior to any other situation in the South. I scarcely know another, however, that surpasses, or even equals, your present post.

God bless you, and guide us all according to his will.

J. C. GRANBERRY to J. A. B.:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18, 1858: Your kind letter stirred in me pleased and grateful feelings. I am gratified in the persuasion that you will feel a lively interest in my chaplaincy, both from your friendship toward me, and from your intimate acquaintance with the responsibilities belonging to one who exercises his ministry among so many young men, now forming their characters and educating their minds for positions of influence in the world. I count not least among the advantages of my chaplaincy, association with yourself, not only because your personal traits have called forth my esteem and love, but also because I know that your decided preference for your own church combines with a large-minded sympathy with your fellow-laborers in the gospel of Christ without distinction of name. May God abundantly bless you in the important pastoral charge you now fill.

I thank you for your congratulations on my recent marriage. I hope that congratulations on this event may never be out of date.

On January 4, 1859, Mr. Broadus was married to Miss Charlotte Eleanor Sinclair, at Locust Grove Homestead, near Charlottesville. Miss Sinclair had been carefully educated, amid refined influences, and made for him a happy home, ever welcoming his many friends as well as sharing in his interests and pursuits of whatever kind.

The bridal couple went to New York on a wedding journey, amid many congratulations. A large number of students sent a signed paper of best wishes.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Jan. 25, 1859.

DEAR BRETHREN: I received this morning, through the hands of Bro. G. W. Garrett, your note of 22d inst., together with an exceedingly beautiful and convenient secretary, at (the desk of) which I am now writing. I know not how to thank you as I should wish to do, for a gift so elegant in itself and so inexpressibly gratifying as coming from young brethren at the University. Among the strongest and most endearing ties which bind me to this community is the opportunity here enjoyed for doing something for the religious good of the students. It is a subject of continual regret that I can accomplish so little in the way of personal acquaintance and intercourse, even with those who are actually members of Baptist churches. But I look out from the pulpit over pew after pew filled with intelligent listeners who are University students, and feel a gratitude and joy equaled only by the trembling sense of responsibility. There is scarce anything I more ardently desire than to promote your welfare and enjoy your good will. Why should I not be delighted, when, on so interesting an occasion, you come with so pleasing a token of affectionate regard? I thank you. I sincerely wish that you may all be successful in study, be ever surrounded by friends, and in due time admitted to the enjoyment of domestic felicity; and I fervently pray that you may be, more and more, every year you live, devoted and useful Christians.

Your friend and brother,

JOHN A. BROADUS.

E. S. JOYNES to J. A. B.:

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., March 6, 1859: Your accounts and personal reminiscences awaken so many associations, and especially your question about Germany suggested so many interesting recollections, that I should have to write a long letter to do them justice, and would rather even not write of them at all than to do so hastily. One thing only I will say, the state of religion in Germany, the whole status of the German mind with reference to Christianity, is, I believe, very much misunderstood among us. In our popular language, *German* and *infidel* are almost synonymous terms, but the truth is not so. A great, a wonderful reaction has taken place in the last thirty years, beginning from Schleiermacher, and is now in

triumphant progress. The reign of infidelity is over, its days even seem to be numbered, and indeed it seems already, even to human eyes, to have been a great instrument in the hands of Providence, for besides other results, the efforts of infidelity in Germany have called forth the greatest and most conclusive works in defense of Christianity, the best apologetic literature in Germany itself which any age or language has produced. Indeed, this has been, I believe, in its widespread influence, the occasion (even unconsciously, maybe) of most of those excellent works upon the "evidences" which have of late years appeared in our own language, so that it cannot be denied that Christianity stands at this day upon higher ground of argument and evidence than it ever would have done but for the attempts to overthrow it in Germany.

JAMES P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 29, 1859: The provisional committee, to which was entrusted, among other matters, the nomination of persons to fill vacancies in the faculty, has resolved to present the names of Brother Winkler and yourself,—we are assured that we cannot make any other nominations that would be acceptable,—and we beg you to take this into consideration. Have not circumstances so changed since your refusal last year as clearly to point this out as duty now?

I would write at length, but I feel that this is a question for your own decision. If you are resolved that under no circumstances you will accept, please inform us before we make our report. If you will accept, please say so; it will secure Winkler, who hangs off still. If you are undecided, please take the matter into serious consideration.

J. A. B. to JAMES P. BOYCE:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., April 4, 1859: Your letter is before me, before me continually. Providence permitting, you shall receive my final answer before 25th inst. Meantime, do not let it be known that I am considering the matter.

I earnestly hope, on various accounts, you may be able to come to Richmond.

JAMES P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., April 11, 1859: Forgive me if I seem to importune, but I wish to send you an extract from a letter just received from Doctor Manly. Does he not speak truly? I will not

breathe a word to any one about your holding the matter under consideration. "The prospects of the theological school have been shaded, at least, by failing to obtain the officers we sought and to commence business last fall. The trustees are to hold their first meeting in Richmond at the time of the approaching anniversaries. Make another failure and you will see what will come of it."

If you cannot fully consent to a lifetime work, try it for a while in order to inaugurate the matter. Your simple name will be a tower of strength to us; and, when we are once started, if you find it not congenial, you can return to the pastorate. But will it not be congenial to preach Christ daily to the most attentive hearers, knowing that you are starting influences to reach every quarter of the globe and the hearts of every class of men? What do we need now among the Baptists? A number of educated men to aid in forming the public sentiment of the churches. In our cities and towns and villages we have conservatism, but we have not enough for the country; and behold the radicalism and the demagogism that is rife.

Ought you not to make the sacrifice—are you not called by God to enter upon this work? If you fail me and Winkler fail me, I must give up, and I fear Winkler will go. My chief hope of getting him now is that he looks to you and your coming may move him. Suppose you write to him.

J. B. JETER to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, April 6, 1859: We expect a large meeting at our Convention. I have serious fear of trouble. Both parties at Nashville are moving to secure the endorsement of the Convention. The election of Howell to the presidency will be the point of conflict. I do not see how we can escape the issue. The Graves party have avowed their purpose not to run him for the office, and they will stake their own success on the defeat of Howell. It is a pity that we should be in such a predicament. I hope the wise ones will be able to devise some means of preserving harmony. We have appointed meetings for special prayer on behalf of the Convention. Urge your people to pray for it.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., April 21, 1859: Brother Boyce informed me, three weeks ago, that the provisional committee wished to renominate Winkler and myself, if we could agree to accept. I have at length, with difficulty and distress, reached a conclusion,

and have written him to-night that I am willing. I have also written to Winkler expressing my anxious desire that he may be able to do likewise.

I heard it whispered in Richmond that a plan was on foot for keeping you there. May I earnestly beg that you will suffer nothing to induce you to do this? You have been regarded as identified with the Seminary; don't forsake it now. It would be simply impossible to fill your place anything like so satisfactorily. It will be much easier to find some other man who can do what they are cutting out for you in Richmond.

It is evident that the Seminary will have much opposition to contend with. . . Surely all that is but a reason why we should stand up to it. If we can all four take hold, and we live five to ten years, I shall hope for good success, do what they may.

J. A. B. to JAMES P. BOYCE:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., April 21, 1859: With much difficulty and much distress, I have at length reached a decision. I tremble at the responsibility of the thing either way, and hesitate to write words which must be irrevocable. But . . . if elected, I am willing to go. May God graciously direct and bless, and if I have erred in judgment, may he overrule, to the glory of his name.

Jacta est alea. Do not fear that I shall change my mind and, my dear Boyce, suffer me to say, that few personal considerations about the matter are so attractive to me as the prospect of being associated in a great work with you. I rejoice in a warm, mutual friendship now, and I trust we shall ere long learn to love each other as brothers. Pardon me for just saying what I feel. . .

Will there be any money now for the library? I lack many books which will be almost indispensable in the beginning, and I cannot buy them all myself. Will the Furman University let us have the theological part of its library, and if so, can you bring with you to Richmond a catalogue of its contents?

I shall be sadly, sadly disappointed if you cannot come. I expect to leave for Richmond on May 2. If you cannot write in time to reach me here before that day, direct to care of Doctor Jeter, Richmond.

Let us pray for each other, and across the distance pray together for our work.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., April 26, 1859: Your letter has gladdened

my heart. Truly am I grateful to God that he has brought you to this decision. Thank you for what you say personal to myself. I reciprocate it fully. I have ever esteemed it one of the most pleasant things connected with the election last year that if it should be the one finally made it will bring together four of us who can feel like brothers indeed toward each other. What a power have we here! The Lord grant that we may use it as he has given it, for his cause. . .

As to the matter of books, it was expected from the beginning that prior to any purchase of a library, at least five hundred dollars should be expended in books, chiefly with a view to text-books. In your department the library of the theological department of the University, which they transfer, is not very rich, unless they will let us have the books belonging to Professor Mimms' library, which I suppose they will; as we have to pay for them, however, it will not be of any pecuniary benefit. We can buy them elsewhere as cheap as they bought them. But in my own library I have almost every important exegetical work of modern date, with many others. You will always be welcome to as full a use of my books as myself. Could you not make out a list of such books as you wish? We can all put in what text-books we must have for students and, getting the appropriation from the Board, we will be able to see what can be spared. Winkler has a fine library also, nearly as large as mine, and I do not think that more than one-fourth of the books are duplicates of mine. If he comes, with his and mine together, I think we will have about seven thousand volumes. Manly must have fifteen hundred to two thousand, and they are nearly all different from Winkler's and mine, so that we will not be too much dependent upon our future purchases until the library of the Seminary is bought.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS to J. A. B.:

PENFIELD, GA., May 30, 1859: My appointment[1] by the Board at Richmond took me by surprise. I had not expected or thought of it. I have taken up some time in making inquiries. I now take the first opportunity to inform you of my acceptance. My mind is not so clear, however, as I would like it to be, and as it always heretofore has been, in settling any important question of duty. I hope I may not have erred. If a man may ever be sure of the honesty and sincerity of his feelings and desires, I think I may say it has been my wish to act just as God would have me act, without reference to

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[1] Doctor Winkler had again declined.

self. Perhaps longer time might make the matter plainer. I do not know that this would be the case, however, and it is due to others that I decide, as well as due to myself.

I thank you for your kind letter and assure you that I reciprocate all its kind and friendly expressions.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., June 3, 1859: We have secured Williams. He writes me he will accept. I just take the time to drop you this line. I have almost arranged about the house also. I will write you more when I find that bargain completed. I have heard nothing from Dickinson. We must get him [as agent] if possible. Please write me at Richmond, care of Dr. A. Z. Coons, if you know anything in his way. Do you know any one we can get for three other States? Would it be possible, think you, to get your uncle to extend his agency outside of Virginia after he has finished there? I expect to pass through Richmond on Thursday afternoon next and may stay a day, or, at least, a night.

Professor Broadus's first speech for the Seminary was delivered at the Hampton June meetings, 1859, and reported for the "Religious Herald" by the speaker. Observe that the Seminary had not yet opened its doors, and Doctor Broadus speaks as a prophet. We make a few extracts:

The speaker began by narrating an incident lying within his own knowledge, not to say experience, and tending to show that a young preacher may have enjoyed the best advantages for academical instruction and yet be so ignorant of fundamental matters of doctrine as on important occasions to make serious blunders upon the great doctrine of "justification by faith." He will speak especially of the objection often made to theological seminary instruction. He had himself, at one time, been strongly opposed to it, and had come to believe that his objections were partly unfounded, resulting from mere prejudice and lack of information, and partly capable of being obviated, at least in large measure, by means of the peculiar ideas and methods embraced in the organization of a seminary at Greenville. The introduction of important changes in theological instruction was rendered necessary by the peculiar wants, as well as opinions, of our Baptist ministry. This was ably shown by Professor Boyce in an address published two or three years since, which has

met with general approbation, and, as the speaker chanced to know, had been highly commended by Doctor Wayland, whose opinions on this subject have much weight with many brethren. The plan of organization, and particularly the plan of instruction of the new Seminary, is an attempt to meet the wants indicated in that address, and so generally acknowledged as existing. At the same time, it is believed by many that such a plan is not only necessary to an institution which is to be attractive and useful to young Baptist preachers, but is greatly preferable to theological seminaries in general, and would be found so by all denominations. Even among our Presbyterian brethren, whose seminaries have formed a model generally adopted, there are indications of dissatisfaction with existing methods, as seen in the preference still occasionally expressed by prominent men for returning to the old plan of private study with a pastor, and in the altered, though hardly less objectionable, method adopted in their seminary at Danville.

It ought to be carefully observed that many of the objections made among us to a theological education are precisely the same in principle as those which were formerly made by some persons to educating the ministry at all. The battle has been long ago fought and won; the brethren may be urged to consider how far they are now reviving arguments which, in essence and in principle, have been already refuted. Particularly is this the case with the argument sometimes put forward, that brethren preach well who never attended a seminary; so do many who never went to college. . .

The inevitable effect of this [students subscribing to a creed] must be, that the student goes to work, not to find out what the Scriptures teach, but to satisfy himself that they teach certain doctrines, which, in all their detail, are laid down beforehand. This is the reverse of the natural process of inquiry, and must of necessity fetter the mind and restrict independence of thought. But in our Seminary the student will not be required, at the beginning or the end, to accept any given symbol or doctrine. The professors must accept a brief abstract of principles, as one safeguard against their teaching heresy; but they are supposed to be men who have already formed their leading opinions, who will undertake the professorship only if they can concur in these principles, and will therefore not be materially restricted in their inquiries, while the students will be perfectly at liberty and constantly encouraged to think for themselves. Add the sturdy and indomitable independence which is fostered by all our Baptist ideas and institutions, and there does not seem to be much danger from this source.

The perfect liberty of choice as to which subjects shall be studied by each student, and as to the order in which they shall be taken up, will tend to promote the spirit of freedom. And a similar effect will be produced upon the professors by the independence of the schools. They will not be cramped in a certain space, as part of a fixed course, but can work freely, each going as far, with any particular subject, as he may be able or think proper, and as his class are found able to follow.

Such a system is more likely to be attractive. Young men can go, with such preparation as they may have, to study what they may prefer, can stay as few or as many sessions as they choose, and can get credit, from time to time, for just so much as they have done. We have no means of requiring our young brethren—if that were, in fact, desirable—to secure any particular amount of theological training. It is well if they can be attracted to come of their own accord. . .

Those who are not acquainted with the learned languages, and can therefore study only certain subjects, will not be placed in a position of felt inferiority, but in the subjects they do pursue, will be in the same classes and every way in the same position with the rest. And one who is able to graduate in some schools, and having done better than he had hoped, if disposed to remain, can go right on to the other schools, almost as well as if he had designed it from the beginning. . .

Much is expected from the arrangement that in the interpretation of the Scriptures, Old and New, all will study together, in a sort of Bible-class fashion, the English version, there being special classes besides for those who know the Hebrew or the Greek. This again is made necessary by the peculiar wants of the Baptist ministry, but it is believed to be best for all. Students who have given considerable attention to the original languages will yet find them a very muddy medium through which to see the connection and general drift of an extended passage. They will gain a far better acquaintance with the actual teachings of Scripture from a careful study of the English, the professor making use of his own knowledge of the original, as the commentators do, but adapting his explanations to those who know the English alone. Nothing is so important to a man who will preach, as to know what is taught in the Bible, as it stands upon its own connection. The theory of interpretation too, can be best learned through the actual study of Scripture in a language which is well known.

The speaker closed with some personal allusions, designed to ex-

press his own high sense of the importance of this enterprise, and with the earnest request that brethren would not only contribute means and send students to the Seminary, but would often pray for the Divine blessing upon those whose privilege it shall be to be connected with it, that they may be enabled greatly to improve both the education and the piety of such as go out from them to preach the gospel.

J. A. B. to W. A. WHITESCARVER:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, June 17, 1859: I am in good spirits. Shall have much trouble in removing, but hope to meet all with a stout heart. Some folks have abused me, but I believe they have got over it. I am busy with preparatory studies. Must spend my summer here.

A. M. POINDEXTER to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, June 27, 1859: If you have not been informed, you will be, I presume, in due time, that at a recent meeting of the trustees of Richmond College you and Manly were doctored. I feel it due to you to state that I was not at the meeting and had received no intimation that such a thing was contemplated. I had not referred to your wishes in the matter, and no one knew, I presume, of your objections. The thing is done. I regret it, as you do, but it cannot now be helped. You know the old saying, "What can't be cured must be endured." I could not feel satisfied without this explanation.

William and Mary College likewise gave Mr. Broadus the title of D. D., "in view of your distinguished attainments as a scholar and divine."

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., July 14, 1859: It is time we had published something of our plans. I have been waiting for Brother Boyce to attend to it, but if we do not look out we shall assemble there with as many teachers as scholars. When do you purpose actually starting, and by what route? Can we not arrange to go together?

By the way, we seem all to be in rather a bad condition, in public estimation. First, the trustees of Richmond and Columbian Colleges think us in so precarious a condition that we must needs be "doctored," and then the Greenville editor finds it in his heart to

soap us all over in advance, so that I feel somewhat as I suppose the rabbit does when the rattlesnake has made him all ready for being swallowed. I knew nothing of the plan of our trustees, or, so far at least as I was concerned, I should have opposed it. I should not have minded their doctoring you so much, but I did not like to take the prescription myself.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., July 16, 1859: What has become of you, that you haven't yet appeared in print about the Seminary? Has the weight of Columbian College honors crushed you? . . But however all that may be, hurry up, my dear fellow, whatever you are going to publish, so that the Seminary course may take a more distinct form in the eyes of the people, or else, I am considerably afraid, there will be four doctors of divinity met together on the first of October, to teach—each other; which operation might be serviceable enough, if it should not prove too much like the opposite sides of an empty stomach digesting each other.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., July 23, 1859: Yours of the 20th just received. My wife and I thank you most heartily for your kindness about the house. I am compelled to remain here as pastor till Sept. 1, and I had been thinking to have a week or two with my friends in another part of the State, and go to Greenville after Sept. 15th; but I now feel inclined to go earlier in that month. It will be pleasant, and in various ways useful, if we could be there all together for a few weeks before the session opens. Obliged to keep up my home here to last of August. I have been unable to send furniture by vessel which has just left Richmond, and fear there will not be another when I want it. But all that can be arranged some way. . . . As to pleasing everybody, I suppose it must be our lot, the balance of our lives, to have various persons all the time finding fault with us. There are people in abundance who don't mean to be pleased with anything we can do. Still, I grow daily more enthusiastic about our enterprise. If the Lord spare and bless us for a few years, I am sure it will appear, even to many who now doubt, that we are doing a great work. It is costing me severe sacrifices; but they are nothing compared with the self-denying labor you have bestowed on it. In either case, no doubt, we have far more remaining to bear as well as to do; but we shall not labor in vain, for surely it is the Lord's work.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, August 28, 1859.

To the Charlottesville Baptist Church:

BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS: I beg leave now formally to carry out the design which was some time ago intimated to you, of resigning the pastoral care of the church. In so doing I desire to put upon record the statement that I should not have been willing to leave here to become pastor of any other church whatsoever, or to be professor in any other institution than the Theological Seminary to which I am going.

At the close of this pastoral connection of eight years, I call upon you to join me in giving thanks to God for the measure of success which has attended our joint labors, for the marked prosperity of the church we love. Dear brethren and sisters, it is not hopeless toil to work for our Master's cause. Let us try to be far more diligent and prayerful, and thus we may hope to be far more useful in the time to come.

I am unable to express my feelings of gratitude for all your kindness and of affectionate interest in your welfare, as a church, as families, and as individuals. I trust you will always look with charitable indulgence upon my faults of character, and failures in duty. I have little fear of being personally forgotten here, but I especially ask that you will not forget the truth I have preached among you, but will seek to profit hereafter by the labors which are now ended; so "that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain."

And now, brethren and sisters, with a heart that overflows with love to you all, "I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." May your future pastors be more faithful and successful than I have been. May you all be richly blessed, in the Sunday-school, in the prayer meetings, in your private efforts to do good, in your families, and your own hearts! Such is, and while life lasts shall be, the prayer of,

Your brother in the Lord,

JOHN A. BROADUS.

Dr. Broadus preached his farewell sermon to the Charlottesville Church from Philippians 2: 12–16. He gave a summary of his work since September, 1851. He had preached in these eight years seven hundred and sixty-one sermons, a hundred and twenty-two being at the

University, two hundred and eighteen at other places, and four hundred and twenty-one at Charlottesville. There had been two hundred and forty-one baptized, one hundred and twelve of these being colored. Much of the addition to the church-membership was while Mr. Dickinson was associate pastor. Some lines of sadness were written on his leaving, "Leave us not, man of prayer."

The ties which bound him to the University at Charlottesville were not easily sundered. It had been the home of his early manhood, the nursery of his intellect, the arena of his first forensic triumphs. He loved the blue hills amid which her classic buildings are set, the billowy undulations of the fertile fields that swell around their feet, the fragrant airs that sweep her shadowy colonnades and the cool vistas of her verdant lawns. Here the thrilling music of woman's love had first melted his heart, and the sweet intimacies of wedded life and the soft smiles of children had been his; and sorrow had laid upon his brow her consecrating touch, and beneath the sighing pines of the old cemetery reposed the ashes of his fair young wife. Here was the spacious church, builded by his devout efforts and almost with his own hands, and a growing congregation crowding its pews and aisles, eager to receive from his hands the bread and water of life. And here he had knit over the ties of domestic life and reared again an altar and a home. In all his wanderings, I fancy he found no other spot of earth so dear as this—not Carolina's blue skies, nor Kentucky's green expanse, nor foreign cities with their haunting memories of song and story, nor even Palestine and the flowery fields hallowed by the footprints of his beloved Lord. But duty and destiny summoned and he obeyed, taking his journey into a far country, vowing his life to poverty and to labor, but called through self-denial and toil and illness to do a great and enduring work.[1]

[1] Professor Wm. M. Thornton, in the "Alumni Bulletin" for May, 1895.

CHAPTER IX

THE CHANGE TO HIS LIFE-WORK

"Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

—*Milton.*

MOST of the summer of 1859 had been given to plans for the work that now engrossed Doctor Broadus's heart, for his whole nature went into the new enterprise. He was busy buying books for the library and for himself. He sought original sources in various languages. He was pitching his work on a high plane. He was to teach two new departments, New Testament Interpretation (English and Greek) and Homiletics, but he held himself to a severe standard at the very start. He aimed to secure the best text-books possible. This was his programme for homiletics:

"Homiletics, or Preparation and Delivery of Sermons"; "Ripley's Sacred Rhetoric"; "Vinet's Homiletics"; numerous lectures; ample exercises in formation of skeletons, criticism of printed sermons, general composition, and discussion; opportunities for students to preach, but no preaching merely for practice.

He had drawn the plan of instruction in the eight schools with one general diploma and separate diplomas for each school. He expected opposition to the elective system, as it was a new thing in theological education. But there were some enlightened minds who clearly apprehended what was involved, and gave hearty endorsement at the very start.

PRESIDENT W. M. WINGATE to J. A. B.:

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C., June 20, 1859: I think we feel

a good deal of interest in this State, and especially at this place, in the Theological Seminary. We shall have a respectable number of young brethren, I think, going in the course of time from this place. The Convention—I infer from the expression of opinion given in our last meeting—will be in favor of supporting brethren without means, there, just as they do at Wake Forest; for the most part, I suppose, continuing those who have been for a longer or a shorter time at our college. You, and the brethren acting with you, may be assured that I shall do what I can in my humble way, to foster and encourage the Southern Seminary.

I like much the feature suggested by you in your letter. I saw it elaborated to some extent in Doctor Boyce's address some three years ago. Our theological seminaries have been based too much upon Presbyterian theories of preaching, and they have on that account been of very little use to Baptists. We must help men a little, who cannot or will not be helped much, or they will preach without help, and should they not? For one, let me express the hope that prominence will be given to this feature.

W. D. THOMAS to J. A. B.:

WARRENTON, VA., Sept. 8, 1859: I have been hoping that we might meet again before you started for Greenville. Circumstances, however, have been such as to prevent it, and now you must go without my seeing you. I much regret this. I cannot let you go, however, without saying good-bye. I need not say that I have loved you, and that you will be dear to me still in your new and far-off home. I have felt for you in your struggles to decide in reference to Greenville. Though one of many who are sorrowing because you are to go, yet so far as I can see you are doing what God would have you to do. I trust that neither my grief, nor, what is more likely, the sorrow of so many others, will make you doubt that your steps in this matter are ordered of God. The conviction that we are in the path which God would have us walk, and doing the work which he would have us do, will give one zest, energy, and power which cannot be had without it. Believing, as I do, that you have decided this matter in the fear of the Lord, I trust this conviction may abide with you.

After all, your sorrow at parting with friends and our sorrow at parting with you need not deprive us of comforting thoughts. "The field is the world." . . Oh, for such a faith as will not permit us to look upon the kingdom of our Lord as a mere province confined to our own State or individual church. We need a world-wide king-

dom. My dear brother, may the Lord go with you to Greenville and abide with you there. For your going will be vain unless his presence is with you. When there think sometimes of your friend Wm. who is laboring (in weakness and imperfection) for the conversion of sinners and the promotion of our Lord's kingdom here.

There were many kind friends in Greenville to help get things in readiness for the home there. In particular were Doctor Boyce and his family all kindness in securing a pleasant, roomy house, and having it in complete order.

Doctor Broadus's first sermon in Greenville was to the colored Baptists, September 18, from Acts 2 : 39. The Seminary opened auspiciously with twenty-six students.

PRESIDENT E. G. ROBINSON to J. A. B.:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1859: Allow me to congratulate you on the successful opening of your Seminary, and to wish you the largest and truest prosperity in the future. My colleagues, I am confident, would join heartily in the sentiment. A common service begets sympathy, and we cannot but all rejoice in the multiplication of educated ministers. You have a vast field to supply and I hope the number of your pupils will increase till it shall be commensurate with the demand.

The four young professors took hold vigorously and with high hopes. A teacher's first year is proverbially hard. Doctor Broadus had had experience in teaching at the University of Virginia, but he was now on new subjects and he had lofty ideals for his work. Much depended on these opening months. His health snapped under the strain and he had to give up teaching entirely for a while. But his colleagues bravely took up his work for him.

J. A. B. to MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Feb. 18, 1860: I have delayed answering your kind letter only because I wished, and from day to day hoped, I should be able to reply at some length. It arrived while I was ab-

sent in Charleston for a few days, seeking benefit for my badly shattered health.

I beg to thank you, very warmly, for your handsome present to our little boy.[1]

My Aunt Lucy's idea that my health was quite re-established arose from a very hopeful letter I wrote them at Christmas; but the hopes I then cherished have not been realized. For nearly three months I have been unable to meet my classes, though never violently ill. The attack was of indigestion, not understood at first, and it has settled down into confirmed and obstinate dyspepsia. My health in October and early November was uncommonly good. I was greatly interested in my work, and was happy. But anxious to meet the pressing demands of a first year's course of instruction, and made confident by feeling so well, I overworked myself, and was somewhat imprudent in eating; and then after resting a few days went to work again too soon and too hard, and in a week more was laid up. My first physician did not understand the case, and when he was taken sick, and another came, I was really thoroughly dyspeptic. Having improved a little before, I find the trip to Charleston very beneficial, and hope again to be speedily much better. But I take ups and downs, and am still wholly unable to work; ten minutes of continuous close thinking will make me sick. I have been, personally, favored much, in being able to read, almost always, but only what was light, and excited no particular desire to comprehend or remember. Without this, I know not how I should have endured the languor and low spirits of these many weeks. My colleagues, burdened as they were, have been to a considerable extent carrying on my subjects, though they have not had time for all. It has been, and is every day, very hard to see my cherished hopes still deferred, and the time wasting away, and with a spirit at once desponding and eager, to be vainly seeking that "quiet cheerfulness" which well-meaning friends fairly worry one by enjoining. . .

I try to avoid plans for the future now; but if I do not grow worse again, I hope that the summer in Virginia, with absolutely nothing to do, may bring me to the point of being able to work again. We look forward to the trip with daily mention and interest. . .

We count twenty-six students, some of them capital young men. We think there is reason to hope for forty or more for next year. There will be difficulty, in other States, as well as Virginia, about raising the endowment, but I am confident it will be done. I feel

[1] S. S. Broadus, born January 10, 1860.

hopeful, altogether, as to the prospects of the institution. If it be not God's will to allow me a share in the work of building it up, why, his will be done.

Do not allow any one to think of this as a sickly place, because I have been sick so long. I am satisfied that the climate is not the cause of my attack. Indeed, there is exceedingly little difference between the climate here and in Albemarle or Orange. We are about the same distance from the Blue Ridge that you are, in a country quite as much broken and with a very similar soil and productions, and the ice-houses were well filled in January. . . Mrs. Broadus hopes to have opportunity of making your acquaintance next summer.

[1] As a part of his ample home establishment, Doctor Boyce had several ponies, trained for the saddle, on which his wife and her sister were accustomed to ride, accompanied by a groom. One of these ponies was promptly placed at the disposal of his colleague, who soon sought permission to take the groom's place in the long rides through that beautiful neighborhood, which he has ever since most highly valued.

Doctor Boyce's own health was at that time superb, and his power of endurance seemed almost unlimited. In January he took his family for a few days to Charleston, in order to visit his relatives and look after the many business interests of his father's estate. He invited his invalid colleague to accompany him on what would be a first visit to the beautiful city by the sea. The journey had to begin at four A. M., and continue till toward midnight, but he wrapped his friend in a wonderful overcoat, a miracle of softness and warmth, and when he reached Charleston carried him in his own arms from the carriage into his room at the hotel. He seemed strong like a giant, and he was tender as a woman.

J. A. B. to MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO:

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 28, 1860: I am very glad to be able to say, in reply to your kind letter, that my health is considerably improved. I have resumed a part of my duties, and am hoping to be able soon to take up the remainder, though still feeble, and very easily thrown back. It is hard to be prudent.

I had been thinking about Rawley, and your recommendation increases my disposition to try it. I hope I may be able to find it practicable to do so.

[1] Broadus' "Memoir of Boyce," p. 173.

Do you expect to attend the General Association? I am arranging to leave here the morning after our Commencement if possible, and in that case, can leave my family at Charlottesville and reach Staunton Thursday afternoon. It is my purpose to attend the Shiloh Association at Blue Run also, and I shall hope to be able then to accept Mrs. Barbour's kind invitation to visit her. . . Brother Toy, who is going to Japan, and Brother Jones (of Louisa), who is going to Canton, are boarding with us now, and we greatly enjoy their society. Toy is among the foremost scholars I have ever known of his years, and an uncommonly conscientious and devoted man. Jones you may have seen; he has great zeal, an unusual turn for practical working, and I am sure he will make a very useful man. Others of our students are thinking of the foreign mission work. . .

GREENVILLE, S. C., May 25, 1860: I received your kind letter of 15th inst., and also the book. I had read the "Still Hour" with unusual pleasure, and I trust, some benefit. I am glad that I can now take the copy I had to my brother's wife in Alexandria, who I know will appreciate and enjoy it; and I shall tell her she may thank you for getting it. . .

Be sure, if you please, to carry out the idea of writing for the H. and F. Journal. We need a diffusion, by line upon line, of missionary ideas and information; we need more men and means and prayer. The indications are favorable for a considerable increase in the number of missionaries and we may be encouraged to pray and labor—for I believe men are to be called into this work, as into the ministry in general, and as into the church, through the use of means. A word to a young minister, or one preparing, might be the means by God's blessing, of bringing him into the work.

But it is breakfast time, and I must prepare for my last examination. Please address me hereafter at Charlottesville.

The first Commencement, May 28, 1860, was an interesting occasion. Dr. Basil Manly, Sr., made the address. The outlook for the Seminary seemed auspicious in spite of storm-clouds upon the horizon.

J. A B. to BASIL MANLY.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., June 16, 1860: Thank you for the information from Dr. Hackett. Edmunds gave me (at Staunton) Hackett's "Revision of Philemon," a copious and admirable Introduction,

and very full notes, and beautifully printed. I like it, though of course two such scholars as he and I couldn't agree on all points. What a nice time he and Doctor Conant might be said to have—a good salary, an unrivaled library, with everything added to it that they can think of, and their works published in the handsomest style, and gratuitously distributed through the country. Isn't that magnificent? . .

The meetings at Staunton were very pleasant indeed. Both Boyce's speech and his sermon were frequently mentioned in my hearing, and with high praise. I am very glad he came, for together with the enthusiasm manifested by the students, it awakened a very lively and very general interest in the Seminary. The ordination last Sunday (Toy, Jones, Johnson, Taylor, Jr.) passed off well, and I hope did much good.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., July 23, 1860: On the 15th in Alexandria, my little Maria died, of diphtheria. The physicians thought the others all had it, Annie being already very sick, and with many fears I brought all here on Monday. Doctor and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Sinclair aided us in watching by Annie all the week, and she is now much better, almost well. The others were very slightly affected, if at all.

As we came to Virginia on the cars, who, if told that two of the company would die in a few weeks, would have selected as the persons James Witt, and that laughing little girl? Oh, my daughter! but the will of the Lord be done. I have stood by the deathbed and the grave of father and mother and sister, of wife and child; I am confident they are all safe in heaven; God help those who are left to follow them there.[1]

The physicians here advise me to try the Rockbridge Alum Springs, and I expect to go to-morrow. I have gained a little, upon the whole, but have repeatedly been set back by some season of excitement and loss of sleep. I weigh two or three pounds more than on June 1st and think I am stronger.

[1] Dr. Whitsitt, in his speech at the funeral of Dr. Broadus, made the following reference to little Maria's death: "Late one night I met him at the railroad station in Greenville, S. C. We were both going somewhere in the country to preach the next day. While we waited for the train he was full of loving talk in which he came to speak of a daughter who had died years ago in early childhood, and insisted that the child's influence on his life was greater far than if she had been permitted to live out the measure of her days. I can recall the tenderness and enthusiasm with which he several times exclaimed, 'A glorious memory.'"

J. A. B. to MRS. CHARLOTTE E. BROADUS :

ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS, Wednesday, July 25, 1860 : I met on the cars, first, Wm. C. Rives, with whom I had a talk about his "Life of Madison," and about historians in general, particularly Prescott and Motley. Next, I got a seat just before my earliest schoolmaster, Albert Tutt, of Culpeper, to whom I went to school two years, beginning twenty-eight years ago last February. He was taking his wife to the Healing [Springs] for bronchitis. Her father was our nearest neighbor, and she and sister Martha were girls together. I told them about how Mr. Tutt used to stand long at his desk, sometimes absorbed in writing, and how we little folks would munch apples behind our books, and tell each other there was no danger, for he was writing a letter to his sweetheart. And it was pretty to see the girlish blush on the matron's cheek as the memory of those days long past came freshly back, when she was a blithe maiden, and used to read those letters from her own Albert. . . Dearest, I hope to live a good many years still, if it please Providence, and I mean to try very hard to improve during this trip.

R. H. STONE to J. A. B. :

GAYE, CENTRAL AFRICA, July 24, 1860 : I feel a deep interest in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. May it, indeed, be a school of the prophets. I hope it will send forth men who are not only like Apollos, "eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures," but also men like Barnabas, "good, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." We much need the influence of such men now when strife and discord distract the energies of the Baptists. However, it is pleasant to compare our denomination with what it was fifty years ago ; and we may well say, "What hath God wrought."

J. A. B to MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO :

RAWLEY SPRINGS, Aug. 24, 1860 : I expect to reach Blue Run in the course of Tuesday afternoon, by private conveyance from Charlottesville. Mrs. B—— will probably accompany me. We wish to spend one night at Doctor Jones', and one (in acceptance of your kind invitation, repeated by Mr. Barbour) at Barboursville.

I shall get only six days at Rawley. Still, I hope for some benefit. I spent ten days at the Rockbridge Alum, leaving in the beginning of August, and have been improving, more or less, ever since. I am now within six or eight pounds of my ordinary weight, and have a tolerable amount of strength. I have preached four times during this month, and expect to preach here on Sunday.

W. D. THOMAS to J. A. B. :

WARRENTON, VA., Oct. 9, 1860 : I was very sorry that you couldn't pay us a visit before you left us. Few things could give more real joy than to have you and yours spend some time with me at my own home. Though necessarily disappointed this time, yet I hope some day to enjoy it. I suppose by this time you are all fairly at work. I sadly feel the need of just such training and instruction as can be had at Greenville. . .

I have concluded that the surest way to convert our brethren who oppose theological education from their error, is to make them try the work of pastors without such training. If this were done, they would soon be (as old Brother Kerr used to say) forty thousand miles off from opposition to Greenville.

If you will permit me to do so, I would like just now to beseech you not to imagine that you are so far restored to health that nothing can hurt you and so confine yourself too much to study. As a steward you must be found faithful in the matter of your health as well as in other respects. Pardon me for this ; but you know my regard for you and deep interest in you prompts it.

J. A. B. to MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO :

GREENVILLE, S. C., Oct. 25, 1860 : We now number thirty-one students, adding one more from Mississippi to a statement which will probably appear in the " Herald " of to-day. We feel encouraged by the increase, and by the general character of the students, and the spirit they manifest. My class in New Testament Greek numbers sixteen. They are nearly all graduates of colleges and universities, but the standard of graduation, and often of instruction, is deplorably low in most of the institutions of the land, and I find it necessary to spend a good part of the session in teaching Greek in general, classic Greek, which they ought to have learned at college. But I can better afford to do this since they go over a large portion of the New Testament in the English class. The difference in other theological seminaries is, not that they have students better prepared, but that they make little or no effort to remedy the evil. . . I have two of last year's students reading, once a week, some selections from the Greek Fathers ; and Brother Boyce is doing something similar this year, with some of the Latin Fathers. This would be impracticable in a seminary where there was a curriculum, the same for all. . .

I am glad to say that my health continues about as good as in

September. If I can be careful still, I trust I shall be able to go steadily through the session. But it is not easy to be careful.

Please remember me most respectfully to your honored grandmother, to your uncle, and all the family. Mr. Barbour may be interested in the opinion (though of course he is better posted on the whole subject than I am) which I formed upon the statements of gentlemen here, that in the event of Lincoln's election, South Carolina will certainly not secede alone, but will gladly join any one other State, and that her secession leaders will move heaven and earth to aid their sympathizers in Alabama and Virginia with the hope of such a result. Very many people here are as much opposed to a dissolution of the Union as you or I, but there can be little doubt that a majority of the voters in the State would be in favor of seceding with any other State.

Two or three books that I think would please you are, "Five Sermons on St. Paul," by A. Monod (from the French); "Memoir of Kingman Nott"; "Angus' Bible Handbook." All small volumes.

RICHARD HACKLEY[1] to J. A. B.:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Nov. 5, 1860. My Dear Master: As I feel like writing a few lines, and to show you that I think of you very often, I take the present opportunity of doing so. I am quite well now, thank the Lord, and we are all so far as I know, and I hope when these lines reach you that you and yours may be quite well. I heard from Mr. Saint Clair's yesterday—all well. My dear master, I hear much of the coming election. I hope that Mr. Lincoln or no such man may ever take his seat in the presidential chair. I do most sincerely hope that the Union may be preserved. I hear through the white gentlemen here that South Carolina will leave the Union in case he is elected. I do hope she won't leave, as that would cause much disturbance and perhaps fighting. Why can't the Union stand like it is now? Well do I recollect when I drove a wagon in the old wars, carrying things for the army; but I hope we shall have no more wars, but let peace be in all the land.

I have been wanting to go up to see my wife, but have not been able, but will do so soon, I hope. Next year I should like to live nearer her. With my best respects to you and mistress, I am as ever, your devoted servant.

J. H. COCKE to J. A. B.:

BREMO, Nov. 18, 1860. I believe there have been too many Chris-

[1] Servant of John A. Broadus, the well-known "Uncle Dick."

tians, both North and South, praying for the preservation of our national Union, for the combined efforts of the fanatics of the North and the fire-eaters of the South to prevail against our prayers.

C. H. TOY to J. A. B.:

WAVERLY, SUSSEX COUNTY, VA., Nov. 25, 1860: I suppose you are a secessionist. You have seen the action of the Alabama brethren. I hope Doctor Boyce will disentangle himself in New York before South Carolina leaves the Union. You all seem inclined to snub us in Virginia, hardly willing that we should enter the Southern Confederacy. In that case we shall have to put ourselves on our dignity, and rely on our prestige and our tobacco. But I hope we shall stand together.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
ALEXANDRIA, VA., Dec. 7, 1860.

REV. DR. J. A. BROADUS, GREENVILLE, EMPIRE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR BRO.: What think you of the foregoing? Does that suit you? Are you willing to be alienated from Virginia? Are you willing, when you come to Virginia to be considered a foreigner? What becomes of your Seminary when its location becomes foreign? Virginia will not send our young men to "another country" to learn to preach. Levity aside, my brother, the times are serious now. When we last talked about it, I had no idea the present state would come up. Still, I will not agree that South Carolina is right in her hot haste, and hush! hush! hush! no-time-to-listen-to-you policy. The issues are too momentous for action without the profoundest deliberation, and without first exhausting every possibility of doing better. I suppose South Carolina will not be persuaded, but Virginia will not yet go with her. The time may come, and very soon too, for Virginia to go, but she has not yet come to it. I have greatly changed since last Monday.

J. B. JETER to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 11, 1860: I can readily conjecture that the friends of the Seminary are anxious lest the political convulsions of the country should injuriously affect the interests of theological education. I have had this apprehension myself; but on a calm consideration of the whole subject, my fears have been quieted. If the rights of the South can be maintained in the Union, the country will

soon settle down into its usual quiet and prosperous condition, and the course of the Seminary will be unobstructed. If a division of our country should take place, then, undoubtedly, there will be some sort of union among the Southern States, and we shall be compelled to look to our own section for theological instruction. I am afraid the pecuniary crisis, consequent on our political troubles, will greatly embarrass the agents of the Seminary in the collection of funds, and may prevent the completion of the subscription within the limited period. The South Carolina Baptist Convention will have it in its power to lengthen the period of obtaining subscriptions, and, in view of the extraordinary crisis, will not, I presume, hesitate to do so. In any event, let us trust in God. He can overrule the agitations of the country, and even the disruption of its government, for the promotion of the cause in which you are laboring; and I hope he will.

We are painfully anxious here about the fate of our beloved country. The sentiment of Virginia at the close of the presidential election was decidedly in favor of maintaining, if possible, the rights of the South in the Union; or failing to secure them, to leave it in concert with the Southern States. But the hasty action of South Carolina, and probably of other cotton States, will prevent, or greatly hinder, the accomplishment of these designs. What course Virginia will pursue no mortal can tell. The question of division with Virginia and Maryland is a very serious one. They are the border States. Soon or late, division must result in wars and bloodshed. . . These States must become battlefields of the contending parties, and their sons must bear the brunt of the fierce conflict. Secession is, in my view, comparatively a light matter to the cotton States; they are far away from the common foe, wide States lie between them and danger, except on the ocean side where they must be attacked, if attacked at all, at great disadvantage. My own opinion is that the time has come when we must have an adjustment of our difficulties with the North, or go out of the Union. The incessant agitation of the slavery question, and the sectional aggressive policy of the free States, cannot longer be endured. I confess, however, I cling with great tenacity to the Union. With all our perplexities, we have been the freest, happiest, and most prosperous nation that the sun has ever shined on. If there could be a stable Northern and Southern Confederacy, the prosperity of the country would be but little impeded. But secession is only the beginning of the end. It is easier to pull down than to build up. The history of Mexico, Central America, and the South American States should warn us of the impending dangers. Already the outlines of half a dozen confederacies,

and a limited monarchy besides, have been projected. When the spirit of discord is once fully aroused, who can lay it? Will it not be sad, if between Northern fanaticism and Southern rashness the best government that the world has ever seen, the work of our revolutionary fathers, the admiration of the friends of freedom in all nations, and the last refuge of republican liberty, should perish? My only hope is in God.

J. WM. JONES to J. A. B.:

LOUISA COURT HOUSE, VA., Dec. 17, 1860: The Board have decided not to send out at present any of the missionaries under appointment. Toy talks of going out anyway and taking the chances. I suppose you will be in a foreign land in a few days. The secession feeling is growing in Virginia very fast.

MRS. E. L. C. HARRISON to J. A. B.:

BELMONT, VA., Jan. 10, 1861: I postponed answering your kind and welcome letter longer than I wished, in consequence of an effort Doctor Harrison made to procure a South Carolina note to send the children to buy some little Christmas present. He was quite unsuccessful, but will avail himself of the first opportunity that occurs to send them something.

Like yourself we have felt a great anxiety relative to the affairs of South Carolina. Indeed no one can do otherwise than have the most fearful apprehensions for the country. We can only pray that the Divine Disposer of events may see fit to overrule these things to his glory and our good. The future seems dark and gloomy from the present aspect of affairs.

Papa[1] is in Charleston, a painful looker-on of things passing around him. He finds the climate very pleasant, but thinks of going farther south, perhaps to New Orleans.

MRS. MARY STUART SMITH to J. A. B.:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Jan. 10, 1861: Together with all the rest of the country, the distracted state of political affairs occasions us great concern. We heard last night with feelings of deepest regret that an engagement had already taken place between the South Carolina and the United States troops. It was said that there was an interruption of the telegraphic wires, so that there was nothing but the one fact stated. What could the United States government have expected but resistance in attempting at this time to reinforce

[1] Mr. Tucker.

Fort Sumter? Last Friday Mr. Buchanan ordered a day of solemn fasting and prayer that the Union should be preserved, and by his order, they say, men were sent off to reinforce Fort Sumter on Sunday, thus precipitating matters and forcing on the war It seems strange and inconsistent conduct. We had a very interesting day on Friday.

MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO to J. A. B.:

BALTIMORE, Jan. 14, 1861: Though I know the suffering in South Carolina must be very great, still I try to hope that the accounts that we have are exaggerated, and that it is not so terrible as it is represented to be.

Doctor Fuller gave us a very touching sermon yesterday morning from Heb. 12 : 5. He has recently been most sorely tried. As he said yesterday in his sermon, he had both the rough wind and the east wind sent upon him, for he had been cast to the ground by the troubles which were distracting our country, and he has recently had a terrible shock in the death of his second daughter. She died very suddenly; was passing the morning with her mother, and had just put on her wrap to go home with her husband, who had called by appointment to take her home to dinner; just as she rose to leave the room she said, "What a singular pain I have in my head," and fell, and showed no signs of consciousness afterward. The death was a terrible shock to all who knew her.

J. A. B. to MISS CORNELIA TALIAFERRO:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 22, 1861: You will excuse me for being a little amused at the conception you had formed of our condition here. The representations of the newspapers as to affairs in this State seem to surpass in exaggeration and shameless mendacity anything I ever happened to observe before. I may be believed, perhaps, when it is understood that I was most earnestly opposed to the action of the State in seceding, and deeply regret it now. I have at this hour no sympathy with secession, though of course it would be worse than idle to speak against it now, and though, equally of course, I mean to do my duty as a citizen here.

Well, I have taken considerable pains to inform myself, and I am satisfied there is no greater pecuniary trouble in this State now than all over the country; and as to the necessaries of life, abundance and cheapness—prices are no higher here than they were at the same time last year.

The South Carolina people are hot-headed, and all that, but with

all their faults, they are generous, honorable, brave. They believe they are doing right, morally and politically. They cannot be coerced into submission. It is simply impossible. They may be ruined, but not finally subdued. Whatever be the truth as to the right of secession, these people must not be forced; it will be sheer folly, utter madness to attempt it.

For me, I can do nothing. I try to perform my daily duties, and am thankful that in these troublous times, I am so busy; and I pray God to direct and overrule to the advancement of his cause, and the glory of his name.

The Seminary numbers thirty-eight students, though four or five of them have left, from sickness at home, etc., etc. We get on smoothly, and I greatly enjoy my work. Brother Boyce is a strong anti-secessionist man, Brother Williams strongly secessionist, Manly mildly so. But neither that, nor anything else, has ever caused the slightest jar among us.

Mr. Collins' address is most able and eloquent, and I noticed in the "National Intelligencer" a statement that it was making its mark. As to objecting to its being received here, Doctor Manly takes the New York "World," which is becoming rabidly Republican. There is no surveillance over the mails. I might receive a copy of the "Tribune" and it would occasion no remark, though of course it would injure a man to be a regular subscriber to it. I suppose nineteen out of twenty of the people of the State are strongly secessionist. The rest are quiet of course.

My health is pretty good. I gained some flesh in the autumn, and have not had to miss a lecture during the session. Mrs. B—— and the children are in their usual health.

JOHN HART to J. A. B.:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Feb. 2, 1861: It has been a very long time since I heard anything from you, or I think you from me. Perhaps being a citizen of a foreign State you feel somewhat less interest in the people and affairs of Charlottesville than once. I hope you will not, however, be a foreigner to Virginia long. It is impossible to say with certainty, but I believe and hope that in two weeks more Virginia will be where she belongs, by the side of the Southern States already withdrawn. Mr. Holcombe has resigned his chair at the University and is a candidate for the Convention. I hope he will be elected, though some of his friends are doubtful.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Feb. 26, 1861: The Northern mind would calm

much quicker if nobody would talk about taking Fort Sumter, and true enough, the South would be more easily managed if Fort Sumter were surrendered; but the South certainly must be regarded the aggressive party in regard to the forts, and they ought to come down. We all say the South shall not be coerced—that means that the Federal sword shall not be employed to force submission to Federal authority, but if by a happy combination of maneuvers we could exert a moral coercion I should be delighted, and just that is what I want, and what I hope will be brought about.

Your Commissioner Preston made a very eloquent speech before our Convention. I think he offered a gross insult to the old commonwealth in the promise that if she would go down to Montgomery she could get anything she wanted,—the presidency or vice-presidency or anything else,—she might have entire dominion.

I confess I have not suffered the fears that have haunted many about Mr. Lincoln's administration. I have felt that a Henry Clay Whig could not well be far wrong. I also confess that he is probably quite a rough, unpolished customer, not much acquainted with court styles, and will constantly expose himself to ridicule, some of it just, much unjust, but if he will only listen to Seward he will put him through. Did you read Seward's December speech? There was sense in that—statesmanship. So I think.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., April 6, 1861: Will Thomas came last Friday a week ago and preached until Thursday night. Will is much of a preacher. His sermons are equal to anybody's—powerful, interesting, effective.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., April 27, 1861: I am not a secessionist—the word angers me now—but I am a Virginian. Virginia in the Union, if men were wise enough, unselfish enough, virtuous enough to appreciate and preserve a union, is my favorite idea—but if Virginia cannot belong to the Union without servile degradation from Northern aggression and domination, then I am for Virginia and nothing else at present. You see no doubt our Convention has turned us over provisionally to Jeff. Davis' provisional government. Well, I am content with it. Virginia, I think, will overwhelmingly ratify. . . . Here scarcely any will be hardy enough to vote against it. Such a vote would bring down on any man's head such a storm of indignation as not many could brook. We are wild with the idea that Lincoln has insulted—threats of vengeance for our offers of peace; and we may be called fully united in a determination to see him

through. And before the New York "Tribune" has the pleasure of apportioning the beautiful lands of Virginia among the wretches to whom he has promised them there will be such a carnage as the world has never seen. The North seems quite as united as we, and how far they may go cannot be safely foretold. At present they will not be likely to invade our State, but how soon they may get some pretext for doing so I know not. Major General Lee is a prudent and skillful warrior. I hope he may not precipitate hostilities. Virginia is not ready for a conflict, but she is making herself so as rapidly as possible. Our city is a military encampment. Brig. Gen. P. S. G. Cocke has his headquarters here. We have a thousand soldiers in the city, not more, if so many. Washington contains nearly fifteen thousand with many thousand more near at hand. It is rumored that the New York Seventh Regiment and sundry others have refused to take Lincoln's oath. They say they came to Washington under special orders from General Scott, to defend the Capital. That they will do, but nothing more. We shall see. Intercourse with Washington, heretofore so great, has almost ceased with our people. I must try to bear the humiliation of belonging to the Southern Confederacy under the force put upon me by the North. We cannot stay with them, therefore we turn the other way. It is difficult to realize the condition of things. Very difficult to believe that we are surely going into war, but the probabilities are so great we cannot refuse to fear it. Who has brought it on us, is not now under discussion. It is altogether unfit that we reopen questions among ourselves until we make an adjustment with the common enemy; but if we live, if we survive the general wreck, we may then take occasion to insist upon saddling the right horse.

[1] Three weeks before the close of the session, Doctor Boyce and the writer went to Savannah to attend a meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention. At Charleston we took a sail-boat, in company with Boyce's early friend, William G. Whilden, and visited Fort Sumter, to see the effect of the bombardment which had caused its surrender by the United States troops. We lunched on Morris Island, which afterward became famous in connection with the blockade and siege. In returning we encountered a very high wind which made the voyage of the little sail-boat increasingly difficult, and at last dangerous. Whenever we tacked, beating up against the wind, the waves burst over us, wetting the whole person and deluging the boat. We learned afterward that many boats were upset in the bay, and some lives

[1] Broadus, "Memoir of Boyce," p. 178 *f.*

were lost. At length we gave up the attempt, and went before the wind to Point Pleasant, returning to the city at night when the storm was over. Boyce was a good swimmer, having had much boyish practice in those very waters, and was characteristically cheerful, and even hilarious when the waves would break over us. It is still remembered in what a comical quandary his colleague was, who could not swim, as to the proper generosity in his assurances that the Negro boatman should be rewarded if the boat capsized and his life was saved. Enough must be promised but not too much, or the boat might be helped in going over. The Convention at Savannah passed resolutions showing sympathy with the cause of the Confederacy. Doctor Boyce discouraged anything of the kind, and through life he always strongly opposed the interference of religious bodies as such with political affairs.

J. A. B. to MRS. ARCHIBALD THOMAS:

SAVANNAH, GA., May 9, 1861: I learn with deep regret that your excellent husband is no more. I remember how highly my father valued his friendship, how kind he has always been to me, how much he has done for his fellow-men and the Master. I think of the integrity, the sound judgment, the straightforward kindness, for which all men praised him, and of the simple trust in Christ our Saviour of which he gave ample proof, and I feel that I, and all who value real worth and Christian usefulness, share with his family a common loss. But it is all gain for him.

Please offer to all the family the assurance of my sincere sympathy. I too have lost a loved and honored father, and I feel for friends on whom such a loss now falls.

The dreadful war was in full blast, and the Seminary was caught amidships.

CHAPTER X

THE SHOCK OF WAR

"Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded."

—*Scott*

IN June, 1861, Doctor Broadus journeyed to Virginia, preaching the commencement sermon at the University of North Carolina on the way. After preaching in Richmond at the First Church, in Charlottesville, and in Culpeper, we see him on June 16, preaching before Kershaw's regiment and the Albemarle regiment at Manassas. Battle was in the air. He returned to Greenville the middle of July.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

CULPEPER, VA., July 23, 1861: You will have heard it, but you must have my word for it, that on the twenty-first the Confederate army met a grand attack of the Federals and gained what might be called a glorious victory. Glorious in the honor it attaches to our nation, and in its present and prospective results. Of the fight on the nineteenth you have read; that was full of good results for us. Sunday a grand attack of Lincoln's fully appointed force was made. . . All the chosen troops of the Federals, the fifteen thousand regulars and their select artillery, were in the attack. The fighting was unparalleled. The regulars fought nobly, fearlessly, and skillfully. About two o'clock, it is said, the enemy had won the battle, if they had seen their advantage. Beauregard saw it, and headed seven thousand men to the rescue. Then dreadful was the conflict. Johnston came in nobly. By three o'clock the battle was decided, the enemy was retreating.

Sherman's dreadful battery had been taken and retaken three times, the third time it was held. The cavalry pursued, the enemy

lost sixty pieces of artillery, all the baggage wagons and the baggage, their commissary and hospital stores, about fifteen thousand stand of arms, innumerable small arms, etc. It is said they had made a depot of provisions at Springfield. Our Mr. Daingerfield told me this morning, they had left stores there worth a million and a half of dollars. . .

How plain it is to any that the God of battles disposed for us. We wanted arms, he got them for us. We wanted particularly hospital stores, medicines, he provided a medicine wagon full of all we wanted, especially a large supply of the very best surgical instruments. Verily God is with us. We wanted more of everything than we had, and here we get something of everything. The best cannon belonging to the service, Sherman's batteries of rifled cannon, with all his elegant horses and perfect appointments of all sorts. Very few of our friends are hurt as far as I know. I have not been able to hear from Clarence, but that his regiment was not much in the fight. I am hoping they might get us to Alexandria very soon, God grant it.

Lincoln and Scott had certainly planned a great affair, and had no doubt of its success. They were provided to go on to Richmond, had everything necessary for enjoying the trip. Great quantities of champagne, etc. And no doubt at all, they confidently expected to pass right through, driving Beauregard before them to Richmond, there to be met by Butler from Fort Monroe, and to consummate the triumph by capturing the rebel Congress. It is thought many members of Congress (the Federal Congress) followed the army on Sunday to witness and enjoy the victory.

Great praise is due to Culpeper County for its hospitality to the sick and wounded. Scarcely a family in all the country round but has from two to a dozen convalescents, feasting them and making them comfortable by every contrivance they can make. Martha has two very nice young men that have been with her now more than a week.

On July 28th, the South Carolina Baptist Convention was in session at Spartanburg and Doctor Broadus preached from Ps. 44 : 6–8.

There was naturally much exultation. A thanksgiving service was appointed for Sunday morning. The preacher urged our entire dependence on Providence, and the great importance of not taking everything for granted from a single success. The tone of his ser-

mon was commended by some leading brethren, but others evidently felt that he was not quite up to the requirements of the occasion. Our Southern cause was right. The right must succeed. Yes, the right had succeeded, and this must continue. Such was the feeling of many good men, while of course others, such as Doctor Boyce, were more thoughtful, and better acquainted with the illustrations given by history to the true and scriptural doctrine of providence.[1]

H. H. HARRIS to J. A. B.:

LEWISBURG, VA., Dec. 12, 1861: Perhaps you have heard, or will hear by the papers, of the disbandment of the University volunteers. . . . What shall I do next? that is the question now in my mind and in the decision of which I want your assistance. I have had little or nothing to do with the attempt to have the company disbanded, no anxiety to get off from a service which I entered from convictions of duty and in which I have been blessed with so much better health than I've had for a year or two, as also in many other ways. . . During the last five months in the wilds of Western Virginia and in camp where men exhibit themselves in their true characters unrestrained by the rules of society, I have seen, would I could say *felt*, more than I had ever before conceived of the wickedness of man, the destitution which prevails, and the great need of ministerial labor. Thoughts of going to Greenville therefore return upon me, although the session is so far advanced.[2]

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 23, 1861: I have returned again to my work[3] with additional zest. . .

Our service at night was as largely attended as usual, or nearly so. You, who have been a pastor, can imagine something of my feelings for these poor men. But not all of them—now especially when I know that we are in the course of ten days to occupy James Island, where the battle is expected and where we will probably have to bear the brunt of the battle, having to receive the enemy until the reinforcements come up. You cannot know how tenderly my heart yearns over them. How many, after all, must go unprepared into the presence of God. I feel like preaching all the time and would do it if I thought I could accomplish more that way. But alas for the unwillingness of men to hear the gospel. I would only thus frus-

[1] Broadus, "Memoir of Boyce," p. 179.

[2] He came and stayed only during January and was off to the war again.

[3] Chaplain in the army. See page 187 in "Memoir of Boyce."

trate all the good I would do. Oh, that God might only aid me and help me in what I can do! It would be enough to bring multitudes to him. But I often wonder as I look at the indifference of men. On the removal from Summerville one poor fellow here, who is only half-witted, was asking others if they could pray, saying we ought all to be converted before going to battle. It had been told as a joke, but how fearfully true it is. And how singular that such a remark should have come only from such a one and how much more so that it should be spoken of as a funny thing.

My heart is greatly cheered by the interest exhibited by the men. I trust that God will bless us. Pray for us, and that often. Let me know how matters progress at the Seminary.

While Doctor Boyce was chaplain in the army, the other professors were trying to keep the Seminary going and were supporting themselves by preaching to country churches.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

CULPEPER, VA., Jan. 30, 1862: England will not help us, I fear, until we have suffered yet very long. Her people are delighted that Mason and Slidell have been surrendered and they thus saved a war. That proves that they are not spoiling for a fight. The Burnside fleet will do much damage to our coast and perhaps penetrate the interior. The Kentucky fights are not certain to issue favorably to us. They will probably not do so unless Beauregard should so fill the troops with enthusiasm and daring as to make them invincible. Some hope for that. . . A sack of salt was retailed last week in Richmond for one hundred and ninety-two dollars. Fifteen bags, less than two bushels each, were sold here on Saturday last at twenty-three dollars the bag.

GEO. J. SIMMONS to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 1, 1862: . . I am gratified to learn of Bro. Dickinson's success. He certainly has a popular cause, one that strongly appeals to the benevolence of all Christians, and I feel a laudable pride that the Baptists of the South have been made in the Providence of God the pioneers in this glorious work.[1]

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

CAMP GREENVILLE, S. C., Feb. 5, 1862: My best regards to

[1] Colportage work in the army.

Mrs. Broadus and remembrances to Williams and Manly. You may judge of the eagerness of our men for books from the fact that with little more than half the regiment on hand, I distributed last Sunday three hundred Testaments and Bibles, forty hymn books, and a large box full of reading books. Kind regards to all the students.

S. S. KIRBY to J. A. B.:

JOHN'S ISLAND, Feb. 18, 1862: . . Ought we not, especially at this time, to have a tract for profane and wicked professors and camp backsliders, who plead the influence of the camp as an apology for their indulgence in wickedness? I think we ought, and I write to ask you if you will not write such a one and have it published by some of our tract societies?

In response Doctor Broadus wrote the tract and called it, "We Pray for you at Home." It is a noble appeal and was accompanied by a hymn by Dr. Basil Manly, Jr., "Prayer for the Loved Ones from Home." An extract is given:

We pray for the cause—that just and glorious cause in which you so nobly struggle—that it may please God to make you triumphant, and that we may have independence and peace. . .

We pray for your precious life—that if it be our Father's will, you may be spared to come back to your home and to us. . .

We pray for your soul. Ah! what shall it comfort us, and what shall it profit you, if you gain the noblest earthly triumphs, the most abiding earthly fame, yea, every good that earth can give, and lose your soul? If we continually beseech the Lord that your mortal life may be preserved and made happy, with what absorbing, agonizing earnestness must we pray for your immortal soul, that it may be delivered from the eternal degradation and wretchedness which are the wages of sin, and be brought to know the sweetness of God's service here, the rapture of his presence hereafter. We know it must be hard for you, amid the distractions of camp life, the alternate excitement and *ennui*, the absence of home influences and the associations of the sanctuary, to fix mind and heart on things above. We do not doubt the nobleness of your impulses, or the sincerity of your frequent resolutions to do right, nor do we exaggerate the temptations of a soldier's life. It is no reproach on your manliness, and no assumption of superiority on our part, to utter the mournful truth, that spiritually man is always and everywhere weak; that you

wrestle against outnumbering and overpowering spiritual foes. We pray that you may be inclined and enabled to commit your soul to the divine Saviour, who died to redeem us, and ever lives to intercede for us, and who with yearning love is ever saying, "Come unto me." We pray that the Holy Spirit may thoroughly change your heart, bringing you truly to hate sin, and love holiness, and may graciously strengthen you to withstand temptation, and give you more and more the mastery over yourself, and the victory over every enemy of your soul. Whether it be appointed you to fall soon in battle, or years hence to die at home, may God in mercy forbid that you should live in impenitence and die in your sins. Whether we are to sit with you again around our own fireside, and "take sweet counsel together as we walk to the house of God in company," or are to meet you no more on earth, oh, may God in his mercy save us from an eternal separation!

ANDREW BROADDUS to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Mar. 10, 1862: . . Everything here is astir. The brilliant naval victory off "Newport News" has brightened many a countenance. The government seem to have gone to work afresh, and the people are rising above the depression caused by our recent reverses. God grant us all deep humility, and the spirit of earnest prayer.

J. A. B. to JAMES P. BOYCE:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Mar. 14, 1862: . . We are in much anxiety about the application to the governor and council, of which Manly wrote you. If no letter comes to-night, Manly is going down to Columbia to-morrow in order to ascertain. If the students are not exempted from the draft, all that are now here, eight, will leave Tuesday morning.

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

COLUMBIA, S. C., Mar. 16, 1862: I could not find the governor yesterday at his office, but I succeeded in seeing two of the council, who are in fact our dictators. Colonel Hayne and General Harllee, whom I saw, expressed decidedly the opinion that our students need give themselves no uneasiness.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

ADAM'S RUN, CAMP GREENVILLE, Mar. 16, 1862: I have been thinking more deliberately than I could at Greenville about the matter you spoke of and concerning which I found your letter on my

return to camp. I think now it would be best to have no commencement. I think also that inasmuch as we will hereafter change the end of the session to the first of May you might close at that time, and announce the fact not as a sudden ending of the term but as the beginning of a new order of things. State distinctly the fact that we will open the first of September. . .

We have no large diplomas, had only one, the plate is in Philadelphia. Bro. Hyde will therefore have to wait until the war is over. He might receive a written one. I would have it and the small ones given at the Seminary building without any other ceremony. The Board will not meet until summer at the State Convention. Let me know, as I would like to be at the final examinations so far as practicable. . .

I see that the Mission Board are going to appoint missionaries to the soldiers. It will be a valuable work. It will be a much pleasanter one in many respects than that of chaplain. I trust that many of our best ministers will devote themselves to this work. . .

I feel grateful to all of you for your kindness to me during my absence as in former times, and especially so to Bro. Williams for his labors with my class. I shall have the comfort of knowing that at least one class ought to understand theology if they do not. What would I not give for his wonderful power to put things clearly before those he addresses. Best regards to them, also to your wife and kind remembrances to the children.

JAMES THOMAS to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Mar. 21, 1862: I do not know but in the mutations of these troubles I may seek refuge with my family at Greenville. My son William and family have fled from Warrenton, left house and home, and are expected at my house to-night. Our army has fallen back from the Potomac to Gordonsville, Culpeper Court House, and Fredericksburg. . .

Now you may think I am alarmed; not so, no more than I was when the troubles first commenced. I always felt that the earth never saw such scenes as would be when abolition got into power. They are getting nearer to us but I trust they will never get to Richmond, and I don't believe it; yet I fear it as a possibility. I wish to be prepared, if I can, to take care of my family. Have you many Negroes in your region? Do you all feel safe?

MRS. MARY STUART SMITH to J. A. B.:

BELMONT, VA., April 6, 1862: You will no doubt be surprised to

hear from me so soon again, and would that I had other than sad tidings to communicate! My dear father[1] is very ill, lying, as it were, at the gates of death. When I first realized the terrible apprehension, day before yesterday, that he might never recover, my first impulse was to write to you and beg you to pray for his restoration to health. No one, I believe, feels more deeply interested in him, or knows better than yourself what he is to his family, and would more willingly render this office of friendship—earnest, Christian prayer.

We have the promise of Scripture that the prayer of faith shall heal the sick, and I believe it firmly.

BELMONT, VA., April 8, 1862: With a sad heart I have to make the announcement to you that my beloved father is no more. Words cannot express, as you well know, our sense of this appalling calamity. I beg you now, to pray not for him but for us; if ever there was a stricken, bereaved family we are one now. I hope I may be able to compose my faculties sufficiently to give you some particulars, for I am certain all concerning him would interest you. I suppose you received a letter I wrote you last Sunday morning. Alas! while I was beseeching prayers to be made for his restoration the fiat had already gone forth, and I believe now he was dying at that time. He expired about half-past ten o'clock Monday morning, quietly, almost without a struggle, but without the power of giving utterance to a single parting admonition, or even bidding one of us farewell. . . We must believe this was a wise arrangement of Providence to spare him some keen pangs. . .

There was no need of dying testimony from him, for his life had been a "living epistle," and as far as he is concerned we ought, and I trust we do, rejoice that his toil-worn body and wearied spirit are at rest. True to his character to the last, no sick person ever gave so little trouble, and he even did not like to trouble any one to lift him into bed the night before he died. Even while I write all this I cannot believe the sad reality, that we shall never hear his loving voice again, nor have his counsel and direction more. The thought is too full of pain to take in. Oh, it will lend fresh charms to our prospects of heaven,—the hope of meeting him! Pray for us all, but especially the dear boys, who will be almost heartbroken, I expect.

H. H. HARRIS to J. A. B.:

NO. 4 MONROE HILL, UNIVERSITY OF VA., April 9, 1862: If

[1] Dr. Gessner Harrison.

suddenly set down in Charlottesville some fine day, I doubt whether you would know where you were. The surrounding mountains indeed preserve their relative places, so do the old streets and most of the houses, but the people—I hardly know one in fifty whom I meet. Instead of the young men who are gone we have a weakly looking set of convalescents from the hospitals; at least half South Carolinians, each eating his "pint of goobers." And instead of the ladies, who stay at home much more than they used to, we have refugees from Loudoun, Fauquier, Culpeper, Greenbrier, etc., with whom both hotels and many private houses are filled. And finally, instead of the students are Colonel Barksdale's 47th Virginia Militia, seventy strong on West Range, Colonel McKinnie's 88th Regiment, one hundred strong on East Range, and our company on Monroe Hill and Dawson's Row. I believe they count about twenty students attending lectures.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

CAMP LEESBURG, April 9, 1862: I had seen the announcement in the papers of the death of Doctor Harrison. No one but one of literary pursuits, and especially such as value the classics, can realize the loss to the country of such a man. By all such he will be universally deplored. I have noticed that his family have been grievously afflicted during the past year. Do you know, I saw him only once and that for a moment? But it was long enough to show me that his private virtues equaled his public advantages to the world.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

LYNCHBURG, April 12, 1862: God help us to be grateful that our lives are spared through so much dreadful war. I left Culpeper on the 18th of March, came to Lynchburg and got a house, and on the 23d got here through great tribulation with my family and effects. We are keeping house, and hope to have you with us before many months.

J. P. BOYCE to G. W. RANDOLPH:

RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 20, 1862: Hon. G. W. Randolph, Secretary of War. Dear Sir: Allow me to ask you if the clause in the exemption bill of the Conscription Act by which ministers of the gospel are exempted does not also by a fair construction exempt students of theology preparing for the Christian ministry. . .

The inquiry I address to you is of importance to several seminaries of different denominations and not simply to the one on behalf of which I address you. Should these students not be exempted,

their doors must be closed and the supply of educated ministers to their respective denominations be entirely cut off. This supply is now limited. To destroy it will be disastrous to the moral and religious condition of the country. To continue it will scarcely weaken at all the army of the Confederate States. The statistics of the past show that not more than one hundred students will probably be found each year in all the seminaries combined. . .

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., August 25, 1862: Best regards to Mrs. B——. I would send a pretty message, but I have always been afraid to say anything pretty since she gave my compliments the cold shoulder. Tell her anyhow that, whatever I think of you, I still recognize her as the better half. Wouldn't she like to know what I told Doctor Jeter the other day when he asked me what sort of wife she makes Brother Broadus? Best love to my colleagues, as we congressmen say, or I should say, my learned and distinguished colleague, for whose intellect and acquirements I have the profoundest respect.

When the Federal army got possession of Fredericksburg, in April, 1862, Dr. Wm. F. Broaddus was one among the sixty prominent citizens arrested in retaliation and as hostages for some Northern men imprisoned in Richmond. They were kept in the Old Capitol Prison from April to October and were then released through the kind offices of Mr. Marye of Fredericksburg.

WM. F. BROADDUS to J. A. B.:

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., Oct. 8, 1862: Yours of the 2nd inst. is at hand, containing congratulations quite enough, and of questions more than enough, I accept the congratulations in full, and will answer the questions in part.

1. "Did your health suffer?" Not at all. I had ice water and newspapers in abundance, and my lady friends in Baltimore and Washington sent constant supplies of the very best eatables. We cooked our own meals in our own rooms, and lived like old Virginians. The whole nineteen fared well. We never went to the prison table. . .

2. "What of Northern sentiment?" Much divided I think. The "National Intelligencer," and many other leading sheets, denounce

the proclamation and prophecy evil. Editors from Pennsylvania, Iowa, Illinois, and Ohio were in the prison. They say the Northerners will shortly shed each other's blood. I attach some consequence to their opinions.

3. "Did you see Samson?" Yes; twice he called to see me. He is true to the South. Fuller also came to see me. He take the oath! Phew! He is all right; so are Adams, Pritchard, Wilson. On parole one day in Washington, I found most of my old friends "Secesh," some bold as lions, others prudently silent, lest Mrs. Grundy should know their sentiments. Washington is about equally divided on the questions involved in the war. . .

6. "Will there ever be peace?" I think so, soon. Neither section can stand it much longer, and Europe will intervene, or interpose, or inter-something else, before very long. Above all, the God of peace will give commandment that the war shall cease, and then, who can prevent peace?

I do not know what you mean by "notwithstanding Sharpsburg." You surely have not heard the truth touching this most brilliant of all achievements.

The Seminary was closed this fall, and did not open again till after the war, as Doctor Boyce failed to obtain exemption for ministerial students. Since the preceding spring Doctor Broadus had been preaching every Sunday at various points in South Carolina. In November he became pastor at Cedar Grove and at Williamston, and continued to fill in the other Sundays at various points. While the weary war was dragging on, Doctor Broadus began his "Commentary on Matthew." Everything grew darker and darker. One cheering circumstance was the coming of his warm friend, Rev. W. D. Thomas, of Virginia, in February, 1863, as pastor of the church at Greenville.

J. WM. JONES to J. A. B.:

CAMP THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY, HAMILTON'S CROSSING, Mar. 30, 1863: By the way—what think you of the proposition I made in my last that you spend your summer as army missionary? Or, if you would like it, I could get you a commission as chaplain to labor in A. P. Hill's Division, where you would be very comforta-

bly quartered with brethren Ned Hill and Jim Field, or in a good artillery regiment. I am very sure that you would find it a wide field of usefulness, and it may be that your health would be materially improved by it. Think about it and if you should decide to take the chaplaincy write me to that effect at once. . .

We shall probably follow Mr. "Fighting Joe" on another "change of base" so soon as the woods are in condition to allow us to move. I saw Toy ten days ago. He is chaplain in the Fifty-third Georgia Regiment, Seemes' Brigade, McLaw's Division, and is quartered near here. Is looking very well and seems to be enjoying himself. His Syriac books are in Norfolk and he has, therefore, been compelled to fall back on German for amusement.

Wednesday night, April 15, 1863: . . I was very glad to hear that you were at work on the notes,[1] and have no sort of doubt that they will prove widely useful. I shall most certainly secure one of the earliest copies printed if I live to see them published. But I fear that your labors in this direction will prevent your visit to the army of Northern Virginia, on which I've so much set my heart. . . Of course we can't tell, but it seems to be the general impression that General Lee intends crossing the upper Rappahannock and making a flank move on Mr. Hooker. In that case I take it for granted that our corps (Jackson's) will as usual make the move some dark night while Longstreet amuses the enemy in front of Fredericksburg. I look to the opening of the campaign with perfect confidence—our army is in splendid condition and fine spirits. I was gratified to learn the other day from a perfectly reliable source that our army here is now stronger than it was at the Fredericksburg fight, although three divisions have been sent off; the increase being from the return of those who were wounded or sick. Our successful resistance at Charleston and Vicksburg has had a fine effect on the spirits of our army generally.

Stonewall Jackson urged Doctor Broadus, saying to Doctor Jones: "Write to him by all means and beg him to come. Tell him that he never had a better opportunity of preaching the gospel than he would have right now in these camps."

He promptly replied that he would be glad to come; that he had been seriously and prayerfully considering the question; and that

[1] On Matthew.

he had only been prevented from entering the army before by a doubt as to whether his feeble health could stand the exposure of camp life; but that he would at least try it as soon as he could make his arrangements. When I met General Jackson a few days after the reception of Doctor Broadus's letter, and told him that he would come, the great soldier said in his characteristic phrase: "That is good; very good. I am so glad of that. And when Doctor Broadus comes you must bring him to see me. I want him to preach at my headquarters, and I wish to help him in his work all I can." Alas! the battle of Chancellorsville came on a few days afterward, and before the great preacher could see the great soldier, Stonewall Jackson had "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."[1]

July and August and half of September were spent in daily preaching to Lee's Army, now in the churches at Winchester, now at the convalescent camp, now to Corse's Brigade, the hospital at Charlottesville, McGowan's Brigade, Mahone's Brigade, Smith's Brigade, Gordon's Brigade, Scales' Brigade, Jones' Battalion of Artillery, Brown's Artillery, and Nelson's Artillery. J. A. B. afterwards wrote: "For three months of that summer I preached as a missionary in General Lee's army. It was the most interesting and thoroughly delightful preaching I was ever engaged in." Besides the preaching Doctor Broadus was war correspondent of the "Charleston News and Courier."

It was furious and exciting work, and Doctor Broadus threw his whole soul into it till finally his throat gave way completely from so much out-door speaking. Dr. J. Wm. Jones has a most interesting account of this phase of Doctor Broadus's career in "Christ in the Camp."[2]

J. A. B. to MRS. CHARLOTTE E. BROADUS:

COLUMBIA, S. C., Tuesday, June 22, 1863: Hot, hot, weary day; but got on safely, reading the papers, and talking with various acquaintances, and sleeping, and eating. Very good food I have, and

[1] Dr. J. W. Jones, in "Seminary Magazine," April, 1895.
[2] "Christ in the Camp," pp. 312–315, and 326.

much. Old Negro woman, handing water, looked at my open basket, and said, "Massa, whar is you gwine to?" "Oh, I am going to Virginia." "Ah, well," she said with an air of relief and satisfaction, as if that accounted for my having so much. At junction with Spartanburg train, met Mr. and Mrs. De Fontaine ("Personne"), was introduced, and had some pleasant conversation. He is busy with his book about the war, and hopes to have it out in two or three months. He is pro-Beauregard and anti-Davis, very strongly, and so we didn't quite agree. Showed me a confidential letter from Beauregard, written in very good spirit, but intimating that he had been badly treated by the president; also a pamphlet printed by Beauregard (but not published), defending himself, and hard on the president. His wife is a joyous, gay girl, bright and witty, and suits him very well, I guess. He is a small man, with thin and very pale face, and brown hair and beard: very gentlemanly and agreeable.

A deserter on the train jumped off while in rapid motion, with handcuffs on, and was not caught. Several were brought down to-day.

LYNCHBURG, VA., June 27, 1863: Here I am, sitting on brother's porch steps, at 5.30 A. M. Have been here half an hour, and read the morning paper through. The family are not yet up, and I have forbidden the servant to wake them. It is a pleasant morning, and my heart glows at the thought that I am in Virginia again. For an hour before we reached here it was light, and we were coming up the James—crossing it several times, skirting its rich bottoms, catching glimpses of its pretty hills and green vales, here a huge rock, rising abrupt from the river, there a clump of trees high on a hill, and again a pretty house lying on the slope, or nestling in a vale, and everywhere the glorious green grass; ah! if you were here I should be very happy.

CAMP THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY, WINCHESTER, VA., Saturday, July 4, 1863: Jones got back late last night, and came this morning before I was dressed, and so after breakfast I came out with him to camp, and am now writing in his tent. His regiment, Thirteenth Virginia, is all the infantry that hasn't crossed the Potomac, and they will probably go next week. The men had famous plundering after the late capture. In the "Sentinel" of July 1 (if Thomas has preserved it) you will find a letter he wrote, giving the best account I have seen of the capture of Winchester. . .

What can I do at preaching? I fear, not much. There are about

twenty men stationed here, but they are busy with picket and provost duty. There are many passing through, but they stop only a few hours or a day. Five miles off, at Jordan's Springs, is a hospital of a thousand sick and wounded. I am to preach to-morrow morning at the Presbyterian church, and in the afternoon or evening at some other, and then to try an afternoon service next week and see if we can do anything. . .

WINCHESTER, VA. (Camp 13th Va. Inf.), Monday, July 6, 1863: I did not go back to town on Saturday. They have pure coffee, captured of course, and it begins to disagree with me. Otherwise, I get on well enough. My sleeping is on a little wooden frame, having under me an oilcloth and a blanket to soften the plank, and another blanket for cover, with my overcoat for a pillow. . . Tolerable congregation at O. S. Presbyterian Church yesterday morning. Preached on the prayer for the Ephesians (3 : 14, etc.). At night, great crowd at Lutheran church—text, Prov. 3 : 17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness," etc. You perceive that I am taking my old sermons. It is very difficult here to think up an unfamiliar discourse. I haven't got used to the tent, and am constantly making acquaintances. A good many soldiers in attendance both times yesterday. The sermons were not particularly good or particularly bad. God grant that they may do some good. Oh, it is so hard to preach as one ought to do! I long for the opportunity, yet do not rise to meet it with whole-souled earnestness and living faith, and afterwards I feel sad and ashamed. There is an appointment for me to preach this and several successive afternoons (five o'clock) at the Lutheran church. But I fear nothing can be done, as the whole community, citizens and soldiers, is astir about the late battle near Gettysburg, of which we have very conflicting and very exciting accounts, and there will probably be wounded men here to-day or to-morrow, requiring attention. But we'll see how things look this afternoon. I do not go into the reports current about the battle, because you will see more reliable accounts before you receive this. . . I can't say that camp-life attracts me. I suppose that with the army, where a whole division would often be within walking distance, one might find much more to interest him. Out here we have but a fraction of a regiment.

WINCHESTER, VA., July 7, 1863: I went to the stage office to secure a seat to Staunton, and learned that the chief surgeon here has impressed the stages to send off the slightly wounded, and citi-

zens must wait. So I mean to wait, and meantime to do all I can in the hospitals. As things get quiet in the wards, I can go in and sing and pray and sometimes talk; and in some way or other I may get a chance to preach some during the week, with plenty of chances for Sunday. . . I am very well satisfied, because it is so clear that I must remain. I shall, of course, be in not the slightest danger; for even if General Lee has to leave Maryland again, as some folks now fear, I can keep on the Virginia side of him. I have only a carpet bag, am very well, and can walk if I can't ride. So be easy about me, as I am. Took tea last evening with Doctor Boyd, the distinguished New School Presbyterian minister—very kind family.

The late battles were at first a success, and afterwards a reverse, nothing to boast of on either side, and dreadful losses on both. That is all we can make out to-day.

WINCHESTER, VA., July 8, 1863: After dispatching my letter yesterday at twelve o'clock, I went to Mrs. Magill's. Mrs. M—— lives on the main street, which is the turnpike, right at the north end of the town, and all the wounded soldiers who were coming from Gettysburg via Martinsburg, passed right by her door. I found the family busy in preparing and handing out slices of buttered bread to the poor fellows, and took hold to help. Money had been placed in Mrs. M——'s hands for this purpose, by persons aware that she always did this, and so we went into it largely. When the bread got low, she sent to the baker's for a great basket full of loaves. Pound after pound of butter was brought out with bowls of scrambled eggs to be spread on the bread instead of butter—every now and then there came out a pot of coffee, and a neighbor several times sent in supplies, including some buttermilk. The result of it was that we worked there, stopping for dinner, until five o'clock, when the supplies were exhausted, and everybody broken down, and still the wounded were pouring in, on foot, on horseback, in ambulances or wagons. They are sending on toward Staunton all that are able to go, most of them on foot; and the hospitals here, with the basement of one church, are overflowing.

WINCHESTER, Saturday, July 11, 1863: By the way, Mrs. Magill had some corn bread yesterday for breakfast, the first time they had seen any corn bread for six months. They were handing it around (egg bread) as a great rarity and delicacy, and I told them I would not condescend to eat it. I black my shoes every morning, as Mr. Graham does his, and they shine in a style they are not used to.

Walter Bowie is here, with a very bad wound in the foot. He is a noble fellow, and bears up beautifully. He is captain, and was commanding the regiment when he was struck.

WINCHESTER, VA., Monday, July 13, 1863: . . General Lee is in line of battle, extending from Hagerstown to Falling Waters, below Williamsport, and awaiting an attack from Meade. If they attack, he will defeat them. If they keep aloof and Burnside and somebody should strengthen the force that threatens Richmond, Lee will have to go there. It is now believed here, that if there is no fight in a few days, Lee will recross the Potomac, and the second Maryland Campaign will be ended, with very slender results.

I preached yesterday morning at Doctor Boyd's church, at night at the Lutheran again. Jones and I have appointed preaching, especially for the soldiers, for every afternoon this week at five o'clock, at a Methodist church near the principal hospital. I don't think we can do much, but something is better than nothing.

WINCHESTER, VA., Friday, July 17, 1863: Unpleasant rumor this morning that Charleston has fallen. If it should fall, I shall think of coming home sooner than I had intended. Don't be uneasy about me, whatever happens. I mean to be prudent, and hope God may preserve me as well as you.

WINCHESTER, VA., Tuesday, July 21, 1863: I preached Saturday morning to Corse's Brigade, two miles out of town, and in the afternoon my last sermon at Doctor Boyd's church. Sunday morning I went out to the brigade again, and preached forenoon and afternoon. At last I was preaching to the soldiers, and I enjoyed it very much. Some of the regiments contain many Baptists, from Fredericksburg and Caroline, from Richmond and Henrico, etc., including several Broadduses from Caroline. Mr. August, formerly Methodist preacher in Charlottesville, was chaplain to one of the regiments and treated me very kindly. He had found some hats for sale here, and taken two or three out, and one of them did not fit the man it was intended for, and did fit me; so the major and one of the lieutenants gave it to me. Cost them twenty dollars, worth thirty or forty dollars in Richmond. My Williamston hat is generally acknowledged to be superior to anything that has been seen of Confederate make. That I have in my carpet-bag.

STAUNTON, VA., July 24, 1863: . . Setting out Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock I rode on the deck seat of the stage, which

was filled with wounded men and surgeons. So all the next day. There was no cushion but my overcoat. A North Carolina captain along was sick, and finding him tired with sitting flat on the top, I gave him my seat in the afternoon of yesterday, and rode on a trunk in the middle of the top, where I fought the branches of the trees, played with the telegraph wire, and occasionally calculated how far off I should fall if my trunk were to imitate the "Flying Trunk" of Anderson's story, and at the next great jolt bounce off into the air. We got in safely at 8 o'clock last night. . .

I worked awhile with Taylor this morning distributing newspapers and tracts in the hospitals, and afterwards rode to see the graveyard, where the graves of twelve hundred soldiers lie in long rows and squares, and ten or a dozen are regularly dug beforehand and kept waiting. Oh, this dreadful war!

LOCUST GROVE, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Friday, July 31, 1863: This morning I am going to Culpeper, to preach in the army again. I think Uncle William and Hiden can do more good among the soldiers here without me than with me. Think I shall stay in Culpeper, if the army doesn't move, for a week or ten days, and then come back here to rest. Most of the army are within a few miles of town.

CULPEPER C. H., Monday, Aug. 3, 1863: . . I went to Cousin James Broadus's. His wife died several weeks ago, ten days after the arrival of her daughter, Mrs. Stone, from Africa. Sue, Mrs. Stone, is looking well, having greatly improved during her trip. She spent some time in England, including a week at the residence of the celebrated Isaac Taylor, one of whose daughters has been her fellow-missionary. She gave me interesting accounts of him Saturday night, and I expected to have much more talk with her if I had remained here. She also stayed some time in Baltimore, and brought me five pair of beautiful yarn socks from Miss C. T., who knit them expressly to send me. . .

Tea with Major E. B. Hill, where I met General A. P. He was very cordial. His dignities have not puffed him up, but have only sobered him. He accosted me as "John" at the beginning, and it was "John" and "Powell" all the time. . . This morning at daybreak I was aroused by a trooper at the door, with Major Field's compliments, and they were about to move, and he had brought a horse for me if I chose to go with them. My cold continued and my throat was slightly sore, and the sun promised to be very hot, so that I declined his offer, determining to take the cars for Orange. . .

LOCUST GROVE, CHARLOTTESVILLE, Aug. 5, 1863: Felt very weak and prostrate when I reached Charlottesville, don't know why, for no derangement of the system. Even before night, the delicious coolness and quiet of your old home refreshed me, and now, after a long night's sleep, I feel considerably better.

ORANGE C. H., VA., Saturday, Aug. 15, 1863: I wrote at Locust Grove yesterday afternoon. Mr. Hart took tea with me, and listened to some pages of my manuscript on Matthew. He seems to take real interest in my work, and I hope for benefit from his suggestions. . . My efforts in Mahone's Brigade were not wholly fruitless. I am told that a Presbyterian officer in one of the regiments urged an effort to get me as chaplain, and said he would himself pay three hundred dollars extra towards the salary. (Don't be uneasy: no notion of turning chaplain.) And, what is more important, they have been holding prayer meetings all the week and had last night five hundred present, with much appearance of interest. I hope Hatcher's sermons to-morrow will be a blessing. I mean to try to get there myself within a week or so.

CAMP THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY, SMITH'S BRIGADE, EARLY'S DIVISION, Monday, Aug. 17, 1863: . . There is a famous old Baptist church here, known as "Pisgah," a small brick house, in which we have meetings, and our camp is one hundred yards off. Quite a revival in almost the whole division. I preached Sunday morning here, and in the afternoon went a mile back to Gordon's Brigade of Georgians, and preached. General Gordon is a Baptist and a very pleasing man. Last night I slept in Jones' tent on the ground, with my clothes on, and slept pretty soundly, thanks to being tired. Had some of my tea made in a tin cup for supper and breakfast, which helped me mightily. Dinner yesterday nothing but beef and peas (cow-peas), with bread, but I enjoyed it. This morning preached again at ten o'clock, and afterwards Jones baptized nine. . . In all, over forty in this brigade have been received into the various denominations within ten days, and the work is widening. . .

You have acted nobly, my dear wife, in submitting so patiently to my absence, and I am sure you'll bear it still. Whatever good I can do here, you deserve the credit of it much more than I do.

ORANGE COUNTY, VA., Tuesday, Aug. 18, 1863: Wrote last night from camp of Early's Division. This morning came up and preached at the chaplains' meeting on the text, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Overwhelmed with invitations to come and

preach in different brigades. About sixty preachers were present of the different denominations, including nearly all the chaplains of Ewell's and of Hill's Corps. Came down to Mr. Scott's to dinner, where I now am, in company with Jones, Hatcher, Jos. S. Brown, and Herbert Harris. Am going back to the division this evening, and expect to remain about there till after Sunday, and then to come up and preach in Hill's Corps. Hatcher reports decided interest in Mahone's Brigade. There are six or eight brigades in which there is a great work going on.

J. A. B. to MISS ELIZA S. BROADUS:

CAMP THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY, SMITH'S BRIGADE, EARLY'S DIVISION, EWELL'S CORPS, A. N. V., Thursday, Aug. 20, 1863: I was preaching yesterday about Joshua, and his saying, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," and there, in the midst of the sermon, I felt anxious about you and Annie. Oh, may God give you the grace to put your trust in the Saviour, and to devote your lives to his delightful service—that I and my house may serve the Lord.

J. A. B. to MRS. CHARLOTTE E. BROADUS:

SMITH'S BRIGADE, Saturday, Aug. 22, 1863: Yesterday morning not long before the sermon ended, Hon. Jeremiah Morton and two ladies rode up, having supposed the service would be at eleven o'clock, while it was at nine. We were in a grove, the church being too small, and they were approaching from my rear. What a sensation! I told some of them afterwards that I knew, before the party came within my view, that either General Lee was approaching, or a lady. Poor fellows, they tried hard to listen to the balance of the sermon, but ever so many would be glancing again and again to the side where the ladies sat on their horses, with riding dresses and hats, looking quite picturesque under the oak tree. . .

I am going to Orange C. H. this morning, and expect to preach in Hill's Camp hereafter. Shall probably make Bro. Scott's my headquarters. I have stood the camp-sleeping without catching cold, and am thankful for the privilege of this week's steady preaching.

ORANGE C. H., Aug. 28, 1863: I have not written for two or three days. Am staying at Bro. Scott's. Preaching every morning at eleven o'clock in Mahone's Brigade. Caught a slight cold the first of the week, which is affecting my throat somewhat, so that I have avoided preaching more than once a day. Congregations

good in the morning, and very large at night. I am going to-night because I can't keep in sympathy with the meeting unless I attend them, although I fear for my throat in the night air. Mean only to make fifteen minutes' talk. . . Oh, there is such an opportunity to preach in the army now, that I want to be preaching all day long, and can but lament my feebleness, and console myself with remembering that something is better than nothing. . .

If my health were vigorous and my "Commentary" work had never been undertaken, I should have no hesitation in thinking it my duty to labor in the army permanently. I could, with God's blessing, do much good, though there are numerous brethren who could do more, for I greatly lack some important requisites for such work. . . I could, perhaps, stand a soldier's life as a soldier, but with all the anxiety and nervous exhaustion attendant upon a preacher's work, which even before I went to Greenville used often to bring me into great prostration, I could not stand it. This is my chief reason, but I do feel that my "Commentary" work is of more importance, and that even at home I should not be living merely for myself. . . I think I want to do right about it.

CEDAR GROVE SUNDAY-SCHOOL to J. A. B.:

CEDAR GROVE, S. C., Aug. 31st, 1863: The reception of your letter made many little hearts happy. When the announcement was made to the Sunday-school that it would then be read, all noise was hushed, eager faces were turned to listen—faces that lit up with smiles, as the little ones of your flock heard that they were not forgotten amid your many labors and duties. But when what you said concerning the battle that was going on when you got there, was read, eyes in that quiet little church sparkled, but not with smiles now. And the looks of assent that were given to your advice, augured that it would be followed.

J. A. B. to MRS. CHARLOTTE E. BROADUS:

ORANGE C. H., VA., Friday, Sept. 4, 1863: . . Hillary Hatcher is still going on with his meeting, and yesterday twenty-seven were received for different denominations, making sixty-four in all, of whom twenty-four are Baptists. It is understood that Hatcher will to-morrow be appointed chaplain to one of the regiments of Mahone's brigade, and H. H. Harris has just been appointed to another regiment. The two regiments march together, and camp together. Hatcher and Harris were fellow-students at Richmond College, and will work pleasantly, and they two can do the work of the brigade.

On Sunday last, a captain in the 6th, who is a zealous Baptist, sent me word by Hatcher that if I would furnish a recommendation of Harris, the colonel would appoint him, and the appointment has been made accordingly. I feel very glad that I have been, however slightly and casually, the means of furnishing this interesting Virginia brigade with two good chaplains.

ORANGE C. H., Monday, Sept. 7, 1863 : Yesterday morning I preached at McGowan's brigade, and dined there with Harrison Griffith and Col. Brown (who is a Baptist). Excellent dinner I made, fine beef soup, really well prepared, and plenty of it, and capital green apple pies, very well made indeed. These were my dinner, as I took no meat. Griffith's wife was expected yesterday afternoon, and it was pretty to see him and a young lieut. colonel from Newberry, whose wife was coming also. Both put on their very handsomest. The young colonel came by an hour too soon, going to the depot, and told Griffith confidentially that he felt just as he used to feel when he was going courting, didn't want any dinner at all, and couldn't wait a moment. Griffith tried to be very quiet, but he was very fidgety for dinner to be ready, and then confessed that he had no appetite, and put off. Happy fellows, I sympathize with them. Later in the evening, somebody handed me a letter which Mrs. Griffith had brought from the Cedar Grove Sunday-school. At four P. M. I preached, by special and repeated invitation, at General Scales' brigade (North Carolina), close to McGowan's. I met Genl. S——, in Winchester, slightly wounded. He is a Presbyterian. Genl. Hill and Maj. Genl. Wilcox were present and also Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Scales—great crowd—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness," etc. Hill made some fuss over me, introducing, etc., and inviting me to come and stay with him and preach at his headquarters.

BEAUMONT, NEAR GORDONSVILLE, VA., Saturday, Sept. 12, 1863 : Thursday afternoon, by arrangement made at Gordonsville, went to (Lt. Col. Hillary) Jones' battalion, and preached. Charley [Sinclair] looks very cheerful, and, as is meet, a little stuck up at being a man and a soldier. Col. Jones, who has recently become a communicant, assured me that a better company for a lad to enter could not be found than Carrington's, and I took it on me to solicit in Charley's behalf the friendly notice of Capt. Carrington himself. . .

Yesterday morning I went to Blue Run and preached to Col. (John Thompson) Brown's Battery. Much interest there. Dr. J.

R. Bagby, our former student, has been holding prayer meetings, and several have professed conversion. Many wept during the sermon, and not at allusions to home, but to their sins, and God's great mercy. . . Gilmer is dreadfully opposed to inviting men forward to prayer, etc., though Lacy, Hoge, and most of the Presbyterians, do it just like the rest of us.

Dr. J. Wm. Jones, in the "Seminary Magazine" for April, 1895, says:

As for his preaching, I had appointments for him three times every day, and occasionally four times. He drew large crowds, and as he looked into the eyes of those bronzed heroes of many a battle, and realized that they might be summoned at any hour into another battle, and into eternity, his very soul was stirred within him, and I never heard him preach with such beautiful simplicity and thrilling power the old gospel which he loved so well. I have frequently told him that he never preached as well as he did in the army, and I think that he agreed with me. We had four series of meetings running at the same time—one in my brigade (Smith's Va.), one in Gordon's (Ga.) brigade, one in Hay's (La.) brigade, and one in Hoke's (N. C.) brigade. There were two hundred and fifty professions of conversion in Smith's brigade, over two hundred in Hays', and large numbers in the other brigades. Again and again would the vast congregations be melted down under the power of the great preacher, and men "unused to the melting mood" would sob with uncontrollable emotion.

I especially recall a sermon I heard him preach at Gen. Gordon's headquarters about sunset on the evening of the Confederate Fast Day (he preached four times that day). Gen. Gordon had sent around by special couriers notice that Doctor Broadus would preach, and there was an immense crowd—probably five thousand—in attendance. Generals Lee, A. P. Hill (an old schoolmate and special friend of Doctor Broadus), Ewell, Early, and a number of other generals were there, while all through the crowd the wreaths and stars and bars of rank mingled with the rude garb of the private soldier, and the vast sea of upturned, eager faces as the men sat on the bare ground, made a scene not easily forgotten.

The songs, simple old hymns, containing the very marrow of the gospel, were sung "with the spirit and understanding," and stirred every heart. The reading of the Scriptures, and the appropriate, fervent, melting prayer, such as only John A. Broadus could make—

were all fit preparations for the sermon. The text was Prov. 3 : 17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I have heard him preach from that text several times, but never with the pathos and power that he had that day. He caught the vast crowd with his first sentence, and held, and thrilled, and moved them to the close of the sermon. There were times when there was scarcely a dry eye among those gathered thousands, and all through the sermon "Something on the soldier's cheek washed off the stain of powder." It was touching to see the commander-in-chief and his great lieutenants and other officers, the very flower of our Confederate chivalry, mingling their tears with those of "the unknown heroes" of the rank and file—men who never quailed in battle, trembling and not ashamed to weep under the power of the simple preaching of the glorious gospel of our Lord Jesus. At the close of the service they came by the hundreds to ask an interest in the prayers of God's people, or profess a new-found faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I doubt not that our beloved brother has greeted on the other shore not a few who heard him that day or at other points in the army.

Before the end of September, Doctor Broadus was back in Greenville. He now became pastor of the Clear Spring Church besides Cedar Grove and Williamston, and he took Siloam Church in the fall of 1864. From 1863 to 1866 Doctor Broadus was Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-school Board at Greenville. This Board was chiefly established by the aid of Doctor Broadus and Doctor Manly. It grew out of the necessities of the war to supply the wants of the children. The Board published "The Child's Index," question books by Manly, "Catechism" by Boyce, "Little Lessons for Little People" by Manly, etc. Though the publications were on the poorest kind of Confederate paper, the quality of the contributions was excellent, and about a hundred thousand copies of the little books were sold. In January, 1866, the Board established "Kind Words." The chief contributors were John A. Broadus, Doctor Manly, Doctor Williams, Dr. Wm. F. Broaddus, Dr. W.

D. Thomas, Colonel Elford, and Dr. Geo. B. Taylor. Doctor Broadus wrote as "J. A. B.," "J. Lovechild," "J. L.," "Theophilus," "A. B.," "A.," "Zerubbabel," "Z.," "R." Other familiar pseudonyms were "Henry Hinter" and "Junior" for Doctor Manly, "Cousin Will" for Wm. F. Broaddus, "Cousin Guy" for G. B. Taylor, "Grandfather Grey" for Col. Elford, "William Wrinkled" for Dr. William Williams, "Didymus" for Doctor Thomas. Dr. Wm. F. Broaddus wrote also a famous series entitled "Sermons for my Little Cousins," all from the text "A Habit is a Habit." Some of Doctor Broadus's noteworthy articles were "Old Mr. Experience," "Leg over Leg as the Dog went to Dover," and the "Letter R."

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

GREENVILLE, April 15, 1864: Have just written to Williams, urging him to go with me to Atlanta, according to your suggestion, which Elford, Boyce, and Thomas approve. Expect to go down on Tuesday with Boyce, who has to go to Graniteville, and have asked Williams to go with us that day. Meet us at Ninety-six if you can, and we can talk matters over. I'll carry (if nothing happens) Tholuck and some other things on Sermon on the Mount, and if you don't meet us will leave them at Ninety-six. Wish I could spare you Alexander, or the remarkable unpublished work you wot of. Thank you for encouraging me to keep at it, for it is hard for me to work cheerily amid so many interruptions and drawbacks. I think I am now making the "Notes" a good deal better than when you last examined, but I get on very, very slowly. I am now in the 8th chapter.

GREENVILLE, S. C., May 28, 1864: Glad you are getting on so well with your continuation of the "Child's Question Book." The notices of it, private as well as public, are all full of commendation. The "Primer" will be ready next week, and Boyce's "Catechism" is in the printer's hands. I advertise "S. S. Tickets" and "Teacher's Class Books," to be ready by 1st July. What do you think about the tickets—what to put on them? Do you think it important to have texts of sermons? If so, don't you want to send me some

of your favorites—just referring to them, or catchwords, by which I can find them?

During the last year of the war Doctor Boyce was aid-de-camp to Governor McGrath. Doctors Broadus, Manly, and Williams were preaching to country churches. The bare necessities of life were hard to get. The Seminary seemed dead. The end of the war no one could see even just before the surrender of General Lee.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

GREENVILLE, S. C., April 11, 1865: I take it there will now be war in this country fully as long as you or I will live. All thought of doing this or that "after the war," must, I fear, be abandoned. I still have strong hope that our children may live to see independence, and maybe our grandchildren, happiness. But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." As wonderful things have happened in history as that our cause should now begin to rise and prosper.

CHAPTER XI

MAKING A NEW START

Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath.

—*Wordsworth.*

AT last the war was over and the South was prostrate. Could the Seminary reopen? The professors had been living on their small salaries from their country churches, paid chiefly "in kind." Doctor Boyce at first proposed to leave the Seminary so as to make money for it by his business talents.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

GREENVILLE, July 3, 1865: Boyce makes a definite proposition. He has determined to leave the Seminary and engage in business. He proposes to lend to each of us three a thousand dollars for the next session, on the faith of our salary of $1800, which the Seminary will owe us, to be paid when it can get the means. I add the following suggestions. You and Williams might arrange with your churches to preach once a month to each during the session, and twice a month in vacation. We could, for the present, cease to have lectures on Saturday, and this would take each of us away two Mondays of the month, or perhaps I might go only one Monday. . .

C. J. Elford, with whom I have been talking, thinks the plan entirely feasible. He says, as do others, that unless there is a great drought, corn will be much cheaper next winter than ever before since we came here. . .

Boyce expects to leave next Tuesday for New York, and wants us to decide this week if possible. I am about to write a similar letter to Williams, but greatly fear he will not get it. If possible ride up and see him, and let me have answer from both immediately, certainly not later than Monday's mail. Give the letter to the mail agent in person. I say agree to it, by all means. Boyce will lose the use of capital, but will have no risk, as we shall be personally

responsible to him, and the Seminary, with its whole subscribed[1] endowment of at least $140,000, responsible to us.

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

NINETY-SIX, S. C., July 6, 1865: Yours of 3d reached me yesterday at dinner, and I went immediately to Williams. . .

Williams will write you his views. . . Meanwhile, here are my ideas—for him and you to consider—as far as I have been able to think through the case. [We give a few extracts].

It is desirable to return to the Seminary, if possible to reorganize it. That work is the most agreeable to my feelings. Its prompt re-establishment secures the institution for the churches of the country with all its boundless possibilities for good. And we are committed and pledged to it, not only by being its representatives before the public, its active officers, but also by having received our salaries during the war. . .

There is hazard to ourselves in incurring a personal debt which neither of us has funds to pay if it finally falls on us. . .

Will there be any students? Where from? How supported?

Calculations on pay from churches must be extremely moderate. Three hundred dollars, I think, is as much as could be counted on with safety. The people are both impoverished and utterly discouraged.

Can collections be pushed for the Seminary either of old or new subscriptions, for a number of years? Will not the local institutions, the denominational State colleges, claim with more power and success than we the sympathies and slender contributions of the people, so that we should be postponed to a more convenient season? Most of the existing bonds were given by men who, I suppose, are now unable, even if willing, to pay, and who would almost feel it as an insult, if collections were pressed with decided earnestness.

The whole question turns, it appears to me, on the other questions: Shall we have quiet soon? Will the labor system settle down to a stable equilibrium? . .

In short, if there is a reasonable probability that Boyce's generous advance can be refunded by the Seminary, in a reasonable time, we ought to try it, otherwise not. . .

I would like to help you at Siloam. The difficulty is I ought to go up about that time for my wife, and having no money to go by cars, must take the dirt road, and that takes time. I'll see about it. This letter, of course, is for Boyce as well as you. I exceedingly regret

[1] This subscribed endowment became of little value because of the war.

the idea of his withdrawing from us, but suppose he feels it his duty as well as interest. He was the founder of the Seminary, and its representative man more than any of us.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY :

GREENVILLE, S. C., July 12, 1865 : Very low spirited letter from Williams. Am going to urge him to go to Siloam, Monday, and be with us at least that day and the next, and let us talk again about the matter. . .

GREENVILLE, S. C., August 25, 1865 : Boyce home this evening. Hopeful about his affairs. Desires to stand up to his proposition. But says the Seminary must not fall below three professors. If Williams can't possibly take hold, he will feel bound to do it himself, though with the certainty of considerable, and the danger of enormous, losses from inability to move about as his affairs may require, and with a very poor chance to teach satisfactorily. It will, therefore, be a favor to him personally, if Williams can join us.

The end of the Seminary seemed at hand. When they all came together, Broadus said: "Suppose we quietly agree that the Seminary may die, but we'll die first."[1] So the four professors held together. There was no chance to advertise the Seminary so as to get students. Col. Elford proposed to start a paper with the professors as editors. It was favorably considered, in fact, decided on at first, but seems never to have gotten really started. Everything was paralyzed by the effect of the war. When the Seminary did reopen on Nov. 1st, it was with only seven students. In homiletics Doctor Broadus had only one student, and he was blind. But it was like Doctor Broadus to give this one blind student the best he had. The careful preparation of full lectures for the blind brother led to the writing of "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons."[2]

At this time he was also teaching a large Bible class of ladies which had begun in the Sunday-school ; but when

[1] Broadus's "Memoir of Boyce," p. 200. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 201.

he was absent, preaching every Sunday, they requested him to meet them on Wednesday afternoons, in the lecture room of the church.

J. A. B. to MISS C. F. D. :

Is it any harm for me to express the earnest desire that you should become a Christian, and *now?* We are friends, and I delight in it—I have been your teacher in the Scriptures, and you have listened to me often as I preached the gospel—and I pray you, be reconciled to God. Seek the Lord while he may be found. Some people deceive themselves, but religion is not deception. Oh, be a Christian, and try to bring all you love to be Christians too. Begin to pray, that you may pray for others as well as yourself. I am going to make daily prayer for you. Oh, pray yourself—have mercy on yourself.

C. A. BUCKBEE to J. A. B. :

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1865 : Yours of Oct. 24 is just received. It gives us joy to hear from you once more. Your letter breathes a generous Christian spirit in reference to our country and the feelings of the people. Your sentiments are in perfect harmony with those of the great majority of the people at the North. We have had conversation with a number of brethren from Alabama, Georgia, and other States, and find that all are disposed to cultivate a truly Christian and generous disposition, in a spirit of cordiality and confidence. This we must do, for each other's sake, the country, the colored people, and the cause of our Redeemer.

Since 1861 we have gone on in our work, though we missed the aid of our brethren in the South.

J. A. B. to " THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER " :

As to Governor Perry. . . I believe him to be an honest man, an article more scarce in the world, even among politicians, than could be desired. He was always a Union man, and opposed secession with all his might to the last, . . but afterward supported the war, as any other decent man born and bred here, and rooted in the soil, would have done.

The pathos of the reconstruction period was relieved by some humor. Some of the new advisers of the Negroes counseled them not to take their hats off when speaking to white people. One morning a Greenville

Negro met Doctor Broadus on the street and said: "Good morning, Mr. Broadus," with a stiff air. But he soon caught himself and doffed his hat with a hearty "Howdy, Marse Jeems" as he was wont to call Doctor Broadus.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:[1]

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 27, 1866: The political prospect now is very dark. God have mercy on this troubled land. I conclude not to order any more books, nor to buy anything I can do without, until I get more money, or see a brighter prospect for the country. . .

Mr. Getsinger's departure leaves me with nobody in homiletics but Mr. Lunn. As it happens, nearly all the remainder of my course is lectures, and he is a good listener. The Presbyterian Seminary at Columbia has five students, though they offer to pay the students' board. Before the war they reached sixty odd.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Feb. 1, 1866: Really it is right dull to deliver my most elaborate lectures in homiletics to one man, and that a blind man. Of course I whittle it all down to a simple talk.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Feb. 6, 1866: . . I was much interested in your graphic description of experiences in Richmond. Such details are the life of letter writing. I deeply sympathize with your mother in the loss of her sister. I have known what it means to watch long beside one suffering and sinking, and at last see her pass away, a dear, dear sister. I am very sorry I never knew your aunt. It is a trial about the life we are living here, that we cannot get acquainted with each other's kindred, and can so seldom see those we know best. But anything personal must be sacrificed to usefulness.

NEAR NINETY-SIX, S. C., Feb. 19, 1866: I came down on Saturday as usual. Left the family as well as usual. Cars start at 4.30 o'clock now, and it was the coldest weather we have had this winter. Bro. Williams came down also to an appointment, and we chatted and read. So cold at the church that we built a fire out of doors, sheltered by the house from the wind, brought out some benches, and I believe the little group of twelve or fifteen enjoyed the services

[1] Mrs. Broadus had returned to Charlottesville for her first visit since before the war. She remained some months and was much benefited in health. At Columbia, on the way home, she was met with the grievous tidings of the death of her little Nellie, a radiant, delightful child; she had been ill but a few days.

uncommonly. I sat on one of the benches and preached, with the Bible lying on my knees.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Mar. 2, 1866: There was an examination in systematic theology to-day, so that I had no lectures, and I have reveled all day in the new books. Some valuable German works on homiletics—if I just had somebody to teach. Origen on Matthew, in the Greek, and Grote's "Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates," 3 volumes, 8vo, $21.—*Outch!* It is a noble work, and we must both read it very diligently to get the worth of the money.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Mar. 8, 1866: I have had some long talks with Thomas. He thinks, from the way folks in Virginia talked, that the brethren will keep the Seminary going in some way, and I feel a little less discouraged about it than of late. .

GREENVILLE, S. C., April 10, 1866: It is settled that I am to go to the Southern Baptist Convention which meets Tuesday, May 22, at Russellville, Ky., not far from Nashville. . . See Uncle William and say that I earnestly hope he will find it practicable to go. The fate of the Seminary must be decided there, by a consultation among its friends, and he could give us important help. Tell him the enterprise must fail unless there is a vigorous effort on the part of its special friends.

GREENVILLE, S. C., April 17, 1866: Made my last lecture in homiletics to-day. Quite possible that it will be the *last* indeed.

I must work now over the affairs of the S. S. Board, especially its report to the Convention, which it will take me many days to prepare. With the session of the Convention, I shall lay down that work, positively and altogether.

GREENVILLE, S. C., April 24, 1866: This afternoon the horse came from Cedar Grove, with a top buggy lent by a Bethel man, till they can procure one. The horse is not handsome, but seems to be of solid qualities, gentle and able to go along quite well. He is seven or eight years old. They paid a hundred and forty-five dollars in gold for him. So if nothing happens you can continue your buggy rides after your return home.

J. A. B. to MISS ELIZA S. BROADUS:

RUSSELLVILLE, Ky., May 24, 1866: Keep account of the postage as usual, and preserve this list until my return. This will be a trou-

blesome job to you, but it is a comfort to me that I have a daughter sufficiently intelligent and careful to be trusted with such things. We have got a secretary now (Mr. Bitting) and you and I both may hope soon to be relieved.

Extract from J. A. B.'s report as corresponding secretary of the Sunday-school Board:

In looking back now (May, 1866) upon their labors during the war, the Board feels glad that the Baptist denomination did at least attempt some general effort towards the advancement of the Sunday-school work at that period—a thing which, so far as they are informed, was not attempted by any corresponding organization in other denominations. And though what we did was sadly little, compared to the need and with our wishes, the Board are thankful that we are enabled, amid the surpassing difficulties, to accomplish so much. . .

Sunday-schools for the colored people have, for many years past, been conducted in different sections of the South, particularly in the cities and towns. The recent emancipation furnishes increased motives for seeking to establish such schools, and there can be no longer any disposition to restrict them to oral instruction. On every account it is more important that the colored people should be brought under the influence of morality and religion, and that they should be able to read for themselves the blessed word of salvation. And this work must of necessity be done mainly by ourselves. No other persons can possibly reach them on so large a scale as the whites among whom they live, and no others are likely to have so much influence with them, especially in the wide country districts where they are mainly found. We are solemnly bound to use this influence for their highest good, and we may increase it by kindly and judicious efforts to promote their educational and religious welfare. The Board are therefore impressed with the conviction, that both organized and individual exertions ought at once to be made, all over the country, to establish colored Sunday-schools, and they hope the Convention will give to this idea their special recommendation.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

WASHINGTON CITY, May 30, 1866: The meeting at Russellville for the Seminary gave us great encouragement, and is thought to have insured the success of the institution. Over ten thousand dollars were subscribed on the spot, to be paid in five annual instal-

ments, and agents were heartily invited to Kentucky and Missouri. We are in good spirits.

J. A. B. to DR. B. GRIFFITH:

GREENVILLE, S. C., June 21, 1866: I earnestly hope that the contemplated Review may succeed in obtaining a national circulation. But I cannot undertake to occupy the position of associate editor, nor do I think the plan of having associate editors is really best for the enterprise. . .

I need not apologize for the freedom with which I make these suggestions. They will be regarded as showing my sincere desire to see the Review do well. I shall be very glad if you can give it such a truly religious character, and succeed in keeping it so free from all that ought to give offense, that we of the South may find no difficulty in yielding it a hearty support. It has been one of our plans at this place to establish a Review here some day; but the crippled state of our finances would make that impossible now, and the future must decide whether it shall hereafter be considered desirable.

J. A. B. to C. E. TAYLOR:

GREENVILLE, S. C., July 20, 1866: I sympathize with the feelings you express. But we have so few Baptist ministers who are thoroughly educated and are going to have so very few of that class from among those who were in the army, that I feel an exceeding desire to see any young brother who has ability, preparation, and sufficient means, passing on through the most thorough and patient preparation. Four years from now you would be twenty-seven and Jesus began his ministry at thirty and Paul at near forty.

The years lost in the war ought to be treated with reference to mental culture, as a sort of resection—just consent to lose the piece and join the two extremities. After graduating at the University of Virginia, if you cannot restrain your impatience so far as to take two more years here, one session would give you our most indispensably important studies, Hebrew, Greek, Systematic Theology, and Homiletics.

Meantime, if you can do half as much good among the students as your brother George did, your college years will be by no means a blank in the record of your life-time usefulness.

From intimations received, I expect if we live, to see you attain usefulness of a high order. God bless you, in heart and in life, in your current efforts to do good and in your plans for the future. In patience possess your soul.

R. H. GRIFFITH to J. A. B.:

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug. 20, 1866: It is not so much that I suppose that my views of the matter are of any moment with you, as for the satisfaction it will furnish myself in giving expression to my feelings, that I write to say to you that I am very, very glad that you have decided to remain in your present position in the Seminary.[1] I really believe that such is the sentiment of the great body of our brethren throughout the South, and I trust that you will receive from those whose views should have weight, such assurances of their gratification at your decision, as will go far towards furnishing heart-compensation for the self-denial you make in remaining. And yet, far more than this, I pray that the Master may so bless your labors and so furnish your heart with delight in the work of your position that you may have the self-satisfaction of feeling that he has directed your decision. May our heavenly Father not only bless your labors and accept your sacrifices there, but graciously fill your heart with the delights of his presence.

You will excuse me for saying this much. It was in my heart, and I feel better now I've said it.

JACKSON BLACKWOOD to J. A. B.:

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Sept. 17, 1866: Tell the young brethren to learn to sing a few tunes, for I have seen some good meetings spoiled for want of some person to raise the tune.

Doctor Broadus from the start took great interest in the students learning how to sing.

J. A. B. to H. P. GRIFFITH [member of the Cedar Grove Church]:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Oct. 5, 1866: I am quite sick, and utterly broken in spirits—intermittent fever—very weak. Doctor Earle says it will take several weeks before I can do anything.

I am specially dispirited at being utterly unable to obtain any money in my present condition. It is impossible for an honest man to live in town without money all the time. How much more when he is prostrate on his bed. . .

If any of those who owe me and who, I know, find it exceedingly hard to pay anything, could understand my present state of need and mortification, they would feel like making a most earnest effort to pay me something.

[1] He had been asked to be President of Richmond College.

I should not have been willing to speak thus, if in my usual health, for I should have been more hopeful and there would have been some chance that I might find out some way of getting something. . .

Keep on the old way; that if any prefer giving provisions instead of money, let them do so.

J. M. BROADUS to J. A. B.:

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Nov. 1, 1866: I told Bro. Bitting to tell you that if you wanted to hear from me you could take the usual course for getting a letter; but upon reflection, I think I am now your debtor, not having written you since your letter explaining the Richmond College affair. Well, just a word about that: I approved your course in that matter and surely everybody else approves it excepting such as cannot see how a man is justified in "refusing a good offer"—good in the sense of promising a handsome yield of money. Martha and I were talking of it when I saw her last week. The four or five thousand dollars shocked her sensibilities, but she accepted the explanation and agreed you had done right. What is the matter that you do not write for the "Herald" any more? I need not say that your articles afforded a large proportion of my pleasure in the paper. Are you busy with your twelve pupils? Maybe your commentary has been resumed. And are you still serving three churches?

Some reminiscences of Doctor Broadus's work at Cedar Grove Church have been furnished by Prof. H. P. Griffith:

I noted a little exhibition of delicate feeling and of fine perception on his part which I was fully prepared to appreciate. He asked me to open the Bible and read a passage from one of the minor books. There were young ladies present and he must have noticed my blank look, and so he with hardly any pause, went on to enumerate in order the names of the books, so that to my great relief I had no difficulty in finding the places. . .

Just after the war when the Ku Klux were committing great atrocities and terrorizing the upper part of South Carolina, I was with Doctor Broadus at a place where a small party of six or eight young men were present. They were all strangers to him and some of them were to me. One of the young men introduced the subject of the Ku Klux and several of them put verbal endorsement on the organization, or expressed their approval of it, as many good men

did. Doctor Broadus was silent for some time, but finally he spoke, and I never heard a more scathing rebuke administered than he gave the young men and the Ku Klux. He grew eloquent over the woes already inflicted by the organization, and spoke with withering power of the criminality of lawlessness and of the just retribution that was sure to come. After we had left, I said, "Doctor you were pretty hard on those young men." He replied, "Yes, I saw that two or three of them were Ku Klux, and I felt it my duty to reprimand them in strong terms."

There was a member of our church who would never contribute anything to the pastor's salary, though he was a man of some means. He pretended to believe that it was wrong to pay a man for preaching, and he could at any time quote Scripture in defense of his position. His position was a great hobby with him, and he was always eager for a wrangle with some one who would take the other side. Doctor Broadus skillfully avoided all contact with him on his hobby for several years. But by and by the man quit attending church. After he had stayed away many months, Doctor Broadus went to see him at his home. He began to talk with him kindly and lovingly about his staying away from church, told him that he was neglecting a duty and a privilege, and besides was setting an example that would do harm to others. He told him furthermore that he (Doctor B——) had just come from the bedside of an old man in a dying condition who had for years done just what he was doing, and now it was the source of bitter regret to the old man that he had so acted; and that the time was coming when he too would bitterly regret the way he was doing. At about this stage the man sprang his hobby, and said, "Well, what do you want money for preaching for?" Doctor Broadus's reply was like the lightning's flash. He rose to his feet in towering indignation, and said; "Thy money perish with thee! I have not asked you for money. Wait till I ask you for it, before you insult me with such an insinuation." And he turned and left the man literally writhing under his indignant scorn.

In those days he made it a point to learn something from everybody he met. I saw him once stand by a blacksmith and watch him intently while he shod a horse. He not only watched, but asked many pertinent questions about the process. The blacksmith was greatly flattered by the interest manifested, and a casual observer would have thought that Doctor Broadus was trying to learn the trade of shoeing horses. At another time I was traveling with him on a railroad. By some means he found that a certain portly-

looking gentleman who sat far from us was a big railroad official. On learning this, Doctor B—— went to him, introduced himself and was soon seated by him and apparently engaged in a very interesting conversation. He remained with him for perhaps an hour, and when he came to me, he said: "That is Mr. ——, one of the railroad magnates. I do love to meet a man who can tell me a whole heap of things that I know nothing about."

In July, 1864, I was brought home, badly wounded. Somewhere in North Carolina I was surprised and delighted to see Doctor Broadus step into the train. He was homeward bound and stayed with me through the rest of the journey, showing me every possible kindness and attention. I was unable to walk, and was physically prostrate. I remember that an officer poured out some whisky from a canteen for me and told me to drink it. Before I had done so, however, he added, "Stop, I'll get some sugar and sweeten it." Doctor Broadus answered quickly, "No, don't do that. If he is going to take the whisky as a medicine, let him do it and don't try to make a beverage of it." The sugar was not brought. During the day on which we arrived at home he sat down by me in the car and talked to me long and affectionately. He gave me a good deal of advice in regard to building up my health and thereby improving my wounds, and he added: "Harrison, you will now be the head of a family when you get home (I was married and had one child) and it will be a good time for you to begin to have family prayer. Kneel down with your wife every night, and teach your little girl to be still while you lift up your heart to God." He then went on to mention many things to be prayed for, and indeed outlined the kind of prayer that I should use, so that it would be easy for me to make it. He did all this with such charming tact, and yet he was so simple and earnest and affectionate, that I was impressed for a lifetime.

J. A. B. to MRS. B. [*en route* to Southern Baptist Convention]:

ATLANTA, GA., May 6, 1867: In the afternoon there was a union celebration of all the Protestant Sunday-schools. It was a grand procession, the schools amounting to actually two thousand present. An immense hall was crowded, and a multitude found it impossible to enter. Probably twenty-five hundred were kept forty-five minutes listening to a most inappropriate address from a distinguished preacher, Doctor M——. It was full of spread eagle, geology and infidelity, cyclopedia and dictionary, and the poor children sat trying to listen.

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 8, 1867: Mr. Keen and I went before dinner to see the "R. E. Lee," a new and marvelously splendid Mississippi River steamer. I then got my first sight of the Mississippi. A mighty river moving in its majesty always strongly affects me. I must try to go alone some day, and sit and gaze an hour upon the grandest of earth's rivers. At such a moment there is but one person whose presence would not disturb me. The "R. E. Lee" is a magnificent affair, the saloon as splendidly gilt as the halls of Congress, and beautifully furnished. Oh, how much I should like to take passage in it next week for New Orleans. When we get rich we must take a trip on the Mississippi.

J. H. THAYER to J. A. B.:

ANDOVER, MASS., May 13, 1867: Please accept my thanks for your very kind note of the 23d ult. The suggestions you make respecting "Winer's Grammar" seem to me to be well founded. My experience in the use of it as a text-book, though brief, has been similar to your own. The first and gravest difficulty I encountered, however, on making daily use of Masson's translation arose from its untrustworthiness. With all its ease as a translation, I found it could not be relied upon as a faithful reproduction of the original.

Doctor Broadus was asked to preach the baccalaureate sermon at Washington College. When he demurred at the distance and expense, Gen. R. E. Lee sent back this message through the Baptist pastor, Rev. J. Wm. Jones:

LEXINGTON, VA., May 18, 1867: General Lee says: "Tell him we are as poor as church mice, but would most gladly pay four times the amount in order to have one of his gospel sermons and have the pleasure of his society."

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

DANVILLE, VA., June 5, 1867: Parted from Misses P—— and W—— this morning at Greensboro. They are going to a Catholic convent school, and as I looked at them in their girlish simplicity, I felt like I was leading maidens to a sacrifice. I tried to say some things before parting, as much as delicacy would allow, and trust it may do them a little good, as we had become attached to each other, and they wept at my words. I merely urged that they should love Christ, and must lodge fast in their minds the idea that Jesus is as

truly human, with as tender human sympathy as his mother or any one, and that no one must ever come between the soul and him.

Between Columbia and Charlotte I had much pleasant talk with Rev. Dr. Woodrow, of the Presbyterian Seminary at Columbia, to whom I was introduced, and who is a very agreeable man.

LOCUST GROVE, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., June 6, 1867 : At Gordonsville the others took the O. and Alexandria train by a new arrangement and went ahead. I was on the platform and waited for the Central train, which had backed some distance, to come up, taking for granted it would stop. Finding that it was passing without stopping, bewildered at the idea of being left, and imagining that the train was not yet moving rapidly, I committed a great folly by trying to get on while it was in motion. I seized the iron rods with my two hands, was immediately dragged from my feet, and found myself between the platform and the swiftly moving car, holding by my hands, and dragged over the crossties, sadly near the terrible wheels. By a great effort I lifted myself so as to get one knee on the bottom step, and thus got on, fiercely scolded by an unknown passenger, and feeling, I trust, thankful that my grievous imprudence had produced no worse consequences, and that I myself, and not another, would tell you the story. One ankle was a little bruised by striking a crosstie, and the jar and fright made me nervous for some hours. I shiver still when I think of it. If my life is spared long, it is greatly to be feared that I shall do a variety of foolish things, but I feel at present a strong confidence that I shall never again try to get on a train in motion. . .

The first thing I did upon entering the yard was to pluck a rose from the "Giant of Battles," and some leaves of it shall be enclosed in this. . .

I throw open the blinds, and yonder lie the green fields, smiling under the level rays of the declining sun, and farther the long line of the Blue Ridge, which bears my thoughts southward to that far-off home where the sweet wife sits who left this beautiful landscape for love of me. God be thanked that she will not have a telegraphic dispatch to-morrow night telling her that her husband's crushed body lies still at Gordonsville. And God grant that we may meet again at the appointed time, both improved in health, and that I may be enabled to be to you somewhat such a husband as I wish and mean this evening.

LYNCHBURG, June 8, 1867 : Boyce is somewhat sick this evening. He is much distressed and depressed by the death of Elford. He has

about determined to stay and teach his classes next session, and decide a year hence about his future.

You may know what a crowd [1] there is, from the fact that I did not speak to Uncle William till noon to-day, nor to John Hart till just now, five o'clock.

LOCUST GROVE, CHARLOTTESVILLE, June 13, 1867 : Went up to the University and dined at Mr. Smith's. I heard part of a lecture from Mr. Smith on "Electricity," and was very much interested. Went into Mr. Peters' examination in Latin, and met Mr. Holmes there also. Mary Smith has been much interested of late in translating from the German, prose and poetry ; among other things, a complete translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," which was mislaid, and I could not see it. If Annie receives two numbers of a Philadelphia weekly, "The Age," she will find in it a story, "The Broken Pitcher," which Mrs. Smith translated. . . I mean to write for them. In the evening before coming back, I rode on horseback to the country. Everywhere I go I want you with me —every feature of the landscape makes me think of you, every memento of the past is somehow associated with you.

GOSHEN DEPOT, VA., June 16, 1867 : I left Lexington last night. . . . I was treated with great respect and kindness, of course, and my sermon, though imperfect, succeeded better than I had feared, and I trust did some good.

I wrote Saturday morning. That afternoon General Lee and several professors called. There was a concert at night, but I stayed at home, hoarse, and feeling badly. Sunday morning it rained considerably, which prevented my going to Sunday-school, and prevented the huge Presbyterian church from running over. It was full, including some four hundred college students and cadets. I did greatly long to make them think of Jesus.[2] Oh, that I could once speak of him somewhat as a man ought to speak. I dined at Colonel Reid's, whose only son died at the University while I was chaplain, and I preached his funeral sermon one Sunday afternoon in the public hall. (I think you were present.) One of his daughters married James White. I spoke to old Doctor White of you as his pupil, and he said some kind and handsome things, speaking also of your father, as having given him a very kind and valuable support in his early years of teaching and preaching at Charlottesville. In the after-

[1] June meetings of Virginia Baptists.
[2] He preached on "One Jesus," from Acts 25 : 19.

noon I attended a prayer meeting at the Baptist church, and talked to them, having steadily declined to preach. Took tea with a Baptist brother and at night heard Dr. B. M. Smith, formerly of Staunton, before the Christian Association. General Lee invited me to dine with him, and then to take tea on Monday, but I was already engaged for both. Monday I saw the town—called on Mrs. Lee, who is an invalid in a wheeled chair, but exceedingly agreeable. . . In the afternoon visited Jackson's grave. Took tea with Professor Harris,[1] who was my classmate at the University, and met there most of the new professors, some half-dozen very pleasing gentlemen. At nine o'clock went to the celebration of the Ugly Club, which was quite entertaining.

J. M. GREEN to J. A. B. :

MACON, GA., May 6, 1868 : Some two months since I wrote to my friend, Doctor Davidson, of Lexington, requesting to know if I could obtain a biography of that distinguished scholar, Gessner Harrison, whose name, although perhaps the greatest scholar that America has produced, is almost unknown to his Southern countrymen. I desire to procure such a notice of his life and character as would be appropriate for insertion in the papers and in a biographical dictionary. I felt that a man who had conferred so much honor on his country should not be allowed to pass away without the slightest attempt to perpetuate his name and fame. I have, therefore, at the suggestion of Doctor Davidson, taken the liberty to ask of you if you would not undertake to prepare and have published such a sketch of Doctor Harrison's life, and also send me a copy of the same for republication here. My reason for applying to you, is that I have learned from Doctor D—— that you have been appointed to prepare and deliver a eulogy on the life and character of your distinguished relative before the alumni of the University of Virginia.

In May, 1868, the Southern Baptist Convention met in Baltimore. Many visiting ministers attended from the adjacent Northern States.

J. A. B. to MRS. B. :

BALTIMORE, MD., May 8, 1868 : Just adjourned—great hurry. I am quite hoarse, but general health improving. Have declined preaching and been excused. Meeting for Seminary this evening—

[1] Carter Johns Harris.

new plan—much feeling. Don't know yet what the result will be. The Lord direct. I said that reliable arrangements must be made or I must resign this very summer.

All straight and smooth about the Northerners.

BALTIMORE, Saturday, May 9, 1868: Session for the day nearly over. Morning spent on the Seminary. Remarkable interest. I suppose we shall be sustained, but it is not absolutely certain. It is certain that we shall not, for some years to come, remove the Seminary from Greenville.

Fuss this afternoon about the North and the South. Poindexter grew heated and Doctor Welch, from New York, is now making an injudicious reply. These old men are rather hotheaded and I fear some of the young men may catch the contagion. Things look a little black in that direction.

BALTIMORE, May 12, 1868: We are still engaged—some sense, and some nonsense. Sunday-school Board moved to Memphis, after somewhat hot debate, Boyce and Graves. I took tea yesterday with Miss Cornelia Taliaferro. . .

There is to be a meeting Thursday at twelve o'clock of a society for the education of Southern girls. I gave notice of it last Sunday with some remarks which pleased the ladies, and some of them besieged me last night to stay and speak on Thursday. The very existence of the Seminary depends on the support of Baltimore, and I agreed to remain. . . Have just refused to change back to biennial sessions, with less discussion than I had feared. . . It is settled that I am to resign my churches, and spend the summer collecting in Virginia.

J. A. B. to A. B. WOODRUFF:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., May 18, 1868: What can I say? I can hardly bear the thought, but it must be so.

There was talk of sending me to England, but I objected; I am to spend the summer in Virginia, partly perhaps at the Springs, and hope that I shall be strong next fall for my duties in the Seminary. Brethren seem determined that I shall live. I can no longer do both a professor's and a pastor's work, and everything must bend to the Seminary. For it I left my position here, which was to me the most attractive pastorate in the country. Brilliant proposals are made in different directions, but I have no thought of anything else than adhering to the Seminary, though the salary is not increased, and I shall have hard work to live.

My best love to your dear wife. I have formed many friendships at Bethel which will be cherished as long as I live.

REMINISCENCES OF J. A. B. BY A. B. WOODRUFF.

The first year of Doctor Broadus's pastorate was for only one Sunday in the month. He came down from Greenville, a distance of twenty-four miles, on every Saturday before the second Sunday, preached that day and the day following, and returned to his home on Sunday, and for that service we paid him $200. . . During this second year he prepared and presented to the members of the church a scheme for reading the Bible through in a year. Many of the members adopted his scheme and found pleasure and profit too, in carrying out his plan. . .

He had a most affectionate way of drawing out the members to lead in public prayer. And it was wonderful to see the extent of success in this line of work. Men who had always been considered immovable as to this order of Christian duty would melt down under the influence of his affectionate loving spirit and draw us all nearer to a throne of grace. . .

When he left us, in June, 1868, it was one of the saddest days our church had ever experienced. He was beloved by all, and in fact we could hardly exist without him. The church had just voted him a vacation of some weeks and he was then absent on that vacation. His letter of resignation came and was accepted under a sense of the saddest duty.

He was always prompt to fill his appointments when it was possible for him to do so and he was just as prompt to return to his home, although he would very often have to use a part of the night to reach his home. Some of the brethren of our church prepared and furnished him a buggy and umbrella, while the brethren of the Cedar Grove Church, near-by, and which he also supplied, furnished him a horse, and this supplied him with the means of transportation for his work. The women of the congregation wove and made him a full suit of jeans which he wore for a long time and enjoyed very much. It was a work of love on the part of these Christian women.

After the Convention, Doctor and Mrs. Broadus were invited to visit Miss Cornelia Taliaferro in Baltimore. They greatly enjoyed their stay of ten days, meeting Dr. Richard Fuller, who was Miss T——'s pastor, and a number of other friends. Meanwhile Doctor Broadus

went over to New York with Doctor Manly to attend the May Anniversaries. He had been formally asked to address the Home Mission Society upon "The Religious Condition and Wants of the South."

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

NEW YORK, May 26, 1868: This afternoon we were formally received, with two or three hours of grand glorification speeches, great crowd, and prodigious enthusiasm. I feel worn with excitement, and to-night have to make my address. I am ashamed to predict a failure—you laugh at me for doing so; but the circumstances are very trying, and I shall speak under many disadvantages. I fear and tremble, for I should like to do good, and there is a chance for doing good.

DR. NATHAN BISHOP to J. A. B..

NEW YORK, May 28, 1868: Remembering that the faithful laborer is worthy of his hire and believing that your views and conduct are aiding in restoring good will between Northern and Southern Baptists, I enclose one hundred dollars for you personally to encourage you in your efforts as a peacemaker.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

ALEXANDRIA, VA., June 5, 1868: I have had an exciting day. Seminary up this morning at eleven o'clock. Manly and R. Furman made admirable speeches, and I tried collecting. Got more than I expected, viz, eight men to give one hundred dollars a year for five years, making four thousand dollars in all. There will probably be two or three others. Also got over one hundred dollars cash collection, and two or three hundred has been paid on bonds. The interest for the Seminary is strong, and I feel encouraged. I have to make a short speech to-night for Richmond College.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., June 15, 1868: Encouraged by Bro. Jeter, I have just written to Gould & Lincoln about publishing my "Notes on Matthew." I am a stranger to them, and beg you will write them a note on my behalf.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., June 24, 1868: Gould & Lincoln write very kindly, etc.—need not wait for letters referred to, for could

not undertake to issue so costly a work now, which could not have a rapid sale, when business is so depressed, etc. Would publish with pleasure if the plates were furnished, which of course I can't do. A final disappointment to me for the present. Perhaps it will turn out for the best. I must try now and learn something instead of producing.

My health is improving. I am trying very hard to rest and behave myself.

S. S. CUTTING to J. A. B.:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, June 27, 1868: How deeply I am myself interested in your work you already know. The education of ministers is not a question of the passing hour only. There is a great future before our country, fraught with mingled good and evil, and the good will be much in proportion as the churches of our blessed Lord are taught and guided by a consecrated and able ministry. That this question so looms up at the South at the present time, is to me among the happiest of auguries, and whether for the cause of reunion in our Baptist family, or of happily restored civil relations, or of our country's evangelization and its permanent well-being, I know of no way in which a Northern Baptist can use his means more effectually for good than in aiding in the support of young men at Greenville.

B. GRIFFITH to J. A. B.:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31, 1868: Your package of MS. Commentary has arrived safely, and will be submitted to the Publishing Committee at their first meeting, after which I shall be glad to report their action.

I greatly hope that this work may prove to be just what is needed.

Doctor Weston, a few days after the reception of your first letter, informed me that he was maturing a plan for having a commentary[1] prepared on the Gospels and other books of the New Testament by different parties; each person writing on one separate and distinct book. Doctor Hovey was to be asked to write on John. Doctor Kendrick on Luke, I think. He proposed writing on Matthew himself; but he will now probably desire you to take Matthew. He purposed asking you to unite in the plan and to be one of the writers. I presume he will confer with you before long.

The idea is a good one, provided the right men are selected to write on the books on which they can do best.

[1] This plan resulted in the excellent "American Commentary."

By May, 1869, Doctor Broadus's health was still much impaired. A new professor, Dr. C. H. Toy, was added at this meeting by the trustees, so that Doctor Broadus could be relieved of homiletics, Doctor Manly taking homiletics and Doctor Toy Old Testament interpretation. Doctor Broadus took some interest in the discussion of the translation given to 1 Tim. 1 : 10, by the Bible Union Revision of Doctor Conant, where "menstealers" is rendered "slavedealers." He strongly insisted that "menstealers" was correct. In July Doctor Broadus wrote a very remarkable article in the "Baptist Quarterly" on the closing verses of Mark, strongly advocating their genuineness.[1] The article was entitled "Exegetical Notes" and dealt with the style of these verses compared with the rest of Mark.

Dean Burgon in his book on the authenticity of this part of Mark quotes freely from Doctor Broadus's article.[2]

B. F. WESTCOTT to J. A. B. :

HARROW, LONDON, N. W., Sept. 3, 1868: Allow me to thank you most sincerely for your obliging note and the journal which accompanied it. I have read with interest the careful and sound criticism to which you kindly called my attention. The limitations which you fix to the application of simply mechanical rules in estimating the real character and style are, I believe, most true and necessary. Style, indeed, is the result of the relation between the individual nature and the subject, and when the subject is varied it must, if it is to be spontaneous, vary in like manner with the same writer. The neglect of this obvious principle has led to the most irrational conclusions in reference to the Epistles of St. Paul's captivity, and to the Pastoral Epistles. As soon as we really apprehend that style is a function of the circumstances as well as of the man, difficulties vanish which are otherwise grave and perplexing.

With regard to the passage of St. Mark, which you most ably analyze, external evidence leaves no doubt, in my opinion, that it was

[1] See Prolegomena to Tischendorf's "*Novum Testamentum*," by Caspar René Gregory, p. 1260, where he speaks of Doctor Broadus as "*vir doctissimus*."

[2] Doctor Broadus afterward felt more uncertain about these last verses of Mark.

a very early addition to the Gospel and not, I think, by St. Mark. The writer of ver. 5 could not—to express a feeling which hardly can be reduced into an argument—have continued his narrative in ver. 9. My experience too, in dealing very minutely with the Greek text leads me to think that such a combination as ℵ B k Arm (pp.) is *never* wrong. We are under engagement now to complete our text of the New Testament next year; the work, which will appear very simple, has cost immense labor, but I hope it may issue in the substantial ancient text. It is an advantage that every reading has had the advantage of a two-fold judgment.

The prospectus which you enclosed interests me extremely, and I should gladly know more of the remarkable Seminary which it describes. Indeed, there is nothing to which I look forward with more interest than a visit to America. At present my work renders this impossible, but it is not past hope.

As a very slight indication of what we try to do in guiding the reading of candidates for Holy Orders, I send a little paper of hints which is asked in our own examinations.

J. A. B. to J. L. M. CURRY:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 11, 1870: I was very much obliged to you for the copy of "Protestantism—how far a failure." It is very timely and admirably done. I opine that "Clippings with Comments" in the "Herald" are from you, and should be glad to see more of them.

I could not fail to heed your suggestion last fall that I should work towards the task of preparing a life of Christ. For some years, in fact, I have felt that if I could do several things preparatory, and then write, deliberately and with ample labor, a life of our Lord, it would be the goal of my literary aspirations; and that one of my wisest and most cherished friends should have suggested the same thing, is a matter of much interest to me. But the way is long, and I am weak, and elaborate composition is very wearing to me. Last summer I went to work at a treatise on the "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons," hoping to make a text-book for Manly, and at the same time meet the wants of young ministers who have no course of instruction in homiletics, and give some useful hints to older ministers. I worked at it all summer, but have not yet completed it. Such books do not get a wide sale, and no publisher is willing to take one from an unknown Southern author. So I am arranging to publish at my own expense, through Smith & English. A generous contribution from unknown persons in Richmond, lately received

through Wm. B. Isaacs & Co., came when I was quite despondent about the prospect of commanding the means to publish, and will be a very important help to me.

I don't want my intention to issue the book publicly known till I am prepared to announce it. I hope to get it out by the end of this session. W. D. T——[1] has with exemplary patience, nay, with characteristic kindness, encouraged me to read my successive chapters to him, and has made useful criticisms and suggestions.

If I can get this out, and mend my health next summer, then I want to finish the long-delayed "Notes on Matthew," which the Publication Society will publish.

Your kind suggestion has led me to this long account of my occupations and plans. You will pardon it.

We are having a good session (fifty-eight students in all), except that the bonds are not promptly paid, and our finances are low. I have been exceedingly gratified at the prosperity of Richmond College, which in the present state of affairs in Virginia seems to me very marked and encouraging. We have a fine young man here from Berryville, Kerfoot (graduate of Columbian), who heard you two or three times on your tours, and speaks with unbounded enthusiasm of the addresses.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 24, 1870: If I could for a moment think of leaving here, I should look with pleasure upon the idea of joining you at Richmond College. But I am satisfied that I have "found my work." Oh, for strength of body and of character to perform it.

DR. HOWARD OSGOOD to J. A. B.:

CHESTER, PA., April 7, 1870: Doctor Weston tells me that you expect to pass by here on your way to New York. It will give me a great deal of pleasure to have you stop at Chester and make my house your resting-place. Though I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, that is just the benefit I seek, and if you will come under my roof I will do all in my power to make your stay agreeable.

I have been requested to write a paper on "The Necessity of an Abridged Course of Studies in our Theological Seminaries." My own views of the necessity of such a course are decided—but I should like to have a statement of your experience at Greenville.

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[1] W. D. Thomas.

W. D. THOMAS to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., May 21, 1870:[1] By this time you have heard from Boyce. I can't decide for you in the case, but, if you can see your way to do so, will be glad for you to enjoy the trip to Europe. If you go, you had better get such guide books from Curry and myself as we have on hand. As we have talked the matter over I need say nothing more. . .

As to the Convention at Louisville I wish to say a few things. I did not say all on the subject of co-operation which I could say, nor all which I would have said had it been necessary. I certainly said nothing which ought to offend any man North. My convictions on the whole subject are clear and strong. I am in favor of cultivating kindly feeling, in favor of fraternal intercourse, in favor of corresponding in a brotherly way through messages with Northern societies, but utterly opposed to having our Boards in any way complicated or associated with theirs.

As a result of the visit to New York, where he went to speak at the Educational Convention, Doctor Broadus was urged by telegraph to become pastor of the Calvary Church, New York City. On April 24 he preached for the first time in North Orange, which led to the many engagements in following years.

W. A. GELLATLY to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, May 30, 1870: A great many people in Orange were disappointed yesterday, but they will all be glad when you return. I am afraid you are taking so strong a hold on the hearts of the people that they will suffer severely when you get through; you must try and arrange to stay with us on through July and August. I wish it might be that the Lord would indicate it to be his will that you should remain with us for some years, at least long enough to enable you to recuperate, so that you could return to your work at Greenville with such an increase of health and strength as would enable you to continue your work for years to come. My fear is that you will return there and work yourself to death in a few years, whereas a change of labor and climate for a few years would lengthen the time of your usefulness in the work so dear to your

[1] Doctor Boyce had persuaded the trustees to send Doctor Broadus to Europe and Palestine for a year of rest and travel.

heart. But I fear I am on forbidden ground—nevertheless, "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

J. A. B. to MISS E. S. B.:

NEW YORK, June 14, 1870: After writing to your mother yesterday, at three P. M. I caught the steamer, and reached West Point (fifty odd miles) about six. It was a great delight to see the famous scenery of the Hudson. I have a map of description which I mean to carry home for Sam. At West Point, it happened to be the season of examinations. I got only an extemporized couch in the cupola of the hotel, with the music of the "hop" sounding four stories lower till nearly morning, and with the frequent whistle of steamers rounding the point, or the roar of trains passing up on the other side of the river, and waking the mighty echoes of the Highlands. You may imagine how much sleep I got, between eleven and five o'clock, for at five the reveille waked me, and I feared to sleep again, lest the tired servants should neglect to wake me. For these delightful accommodations I paid (supper, lodging and breakfast) three dollars and a half. However, the fare on the steamer is trifling (seventy-five cents for the fifty miles), and the ride was delightful. I saw the dress parade last evening and the drill of recruits before breakfast, and through the window saw the Secretary of War in a minuet (I suppose it was), and the cadets and young officers with the belles in the waltz. Very few were graceful, though some were. If they would keep dancing within bounds, I should make no ado about it. But they will not, never do for any long time. And now-a-days they begin at once with round dances, which makes everything else tame, to be thrown in, like a promenade, only for variety.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

NEW YORK, June 27, 1870: Upon conference with Bro. Boyce, I found that he would be willing to take the whole of New Testament English, so that there may be no hindrance to your taking the whole of your polemics.

I have sent to Fagan all of the book except Delivery as respects Voice and Action (two chapters) and Public Worship (one chapter). These I can finish this and the next week, if nothing happens. I have been taking it very easy. The hot weather last week prostrated me considerably. To-day I feel much better.

Next week I design returning to Charlottesville, and on 23d July I am to sail from here to Glasgow. The steamers are declared by

ladies and gentlemen who have tried both, to be fully as comfortable as the Cunarders—some of them say more so.

Doctor Broadus supplied at North Orange Church till July 3, and formed many delightful friendships that lasted through life. July 9 he writes to Manly: "Nearly done on Action. Profiting by your notes." It was difficult then for Southern authors to get a book on the market. But Smith, English & Co. pushed the "Preparation and Delivery," and Doctor Manly saw that it got good notices.

J. A. B. to MISS E. S. B.:

LYNCHBURG, VA., July 16, 1870: I took B—— L—— with me to hear a lecture by Doctor M——. Subject: "Man." The following is an humble attempt to report it:

A collection of heterogeneous and irreconcilably incongruous materials, conglomerated into an indescribable incomprehensibility, ornamented with fantastic creations of an insane imagination, and constituting the climacteric of sophomoric oratorization.

He has in several respects great powers, but uses them in the most deplorable taste, and to hear people call that eloquence is melancholy and disheartening.

CHAPTER XII

A YEAR ABROAD

The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

—*Byron.*

MANY good wishes were to go with Doctor Broadus in his search for health and greater knowledge.

ROBERT E. LEE to J. A. B.:

LEXINGTON, VA., June 21, 1870: I am glad to learn that you have decided to visit Europe, and trust complete relaxation from duty and the objects of interest that will at all points attract your attention, may entirely restore your health, and that you will return renovated in strength and vigor, to gladden the hearts of your many friends.

He had originally planned to sail July 21 on the Anchor Line steamer "Cambria," and he changed to the "Anglia"[1] for the 30th. But suddenly a suggestion was made that two daughters of a warm friend of his accompany him as far as Italy. So it was happily arranged and passage was taken on the "Scotia," a Cunarder. Among the passenger were Mrs. Horace Greeley, Gen'l Phil. Sheridan, and some German barons and Polish counts. "I am glad," he wrote before landing, "I am on the 'Scotia.' It is good to feel when you wake at night, tossed against the side of the berth and hear the waves break against the side of the rolling ship, that you are on one of the best and safest ships in existence."

[1] On Oct. 15, 1870, Dr. Warren Randolph sailed on the "Anglia," having changed from the "Cambria" of the week before. The "Cambria" went down with all on board.

J. A. B. to MISS E. S. B.:

CORK, IRELAND, Aug. 5, 1870: At Queenstown we touched Ireland. The queer little donkeys, dragging huge baggage carts, and the queer little beggars, offering to sell matches, fiddling, dancing, jesting all around us, made a strange sight. One bright little girl I questioned, that the ladies might hear the rich Irish brogue at home, and then gave her a penny. She was jubilant, and told the young ladies she wished 'em a good husband, which they thought a fine wish. A woman led in a man who tried to seem blind, but clearly was not. The little girl looked up at him with the most comical look I ever saw in my life. No one in our circle has mentioned it all day but everybody laughs afresh. But it is impossible to give any idea of the rude Irish wit that played like summer lightning around us as we waited at the wharf for the steamer to Cork.

One gets out of Europe largely what he takes with him; and Doctor Broadus was well prepared for travel. He wrote copious and delightful letters to his family, enough to make a large volume. From Feb. 5, 1871 to May 13, 1871, a diary was kept of the tour in Egypt, Asia, and Greece, while full and charming letters describe the entire trip abroad. From these notes a notable series of articles, entitled "Recollections of Travel," was written for the "Religious Herald." The material for this chapter is so abundant that only cullings of a more personal nature can be attempted.

Of course Blarney Castle was visited and the Lakes of Killarney. Here the driver played a trick and drove the party seventeen miles out of the way in a pouring rain, in order to get more pay. As a result, Doctor Broadus was thrown into a bilious fever and was detained at Dublin for ten days in a hotel which did not have too many modern conveniences. He was glad not to be alone. He writes: "The young ladies are not only contented, but thoroughly kind, and quite skillful in nursing. . . have done all they could to help me." A stay at Harrogate became necessary.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

HARROGATE, Aug. 30, 1870: Here are four kinds of water. . Imagine yourself drinking White Sulphur water with almost as much salt as it would hold in solution, and quite warm, and you have my fix in the morning before breakfast. It is cold here, like the mountains of Virginia. Yesterday and to-day have been fair and magnificent autumn days. Yesterday we made an excursion to York, nineteen miles. . . We saw the old walls, very curious—a jail, part of whose wall belonged to a castle built by William the Conqueror—and the Cathedral, which was our special object. It is the second largest in the kingdom. Its grandeur, beauty, sublimity, thrilled and awed me. Nothing else I have seen made half such an impression, except the ocean during a gale. Some of the windows are wonderful in their immense size and resplendent beauty.

HARROGATE, Sept. 1, 1870: To-day the session of the Seminary begins. I have thought much about it for some days past, and it has been always present in my prayers. God be merciful to them and bless them, and cause his face to shine upon them—those noble men, my colleagues, and the dear young brethren. May there be many more than last year, and may all be prosperous.

FORT WILLIAM, HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, Sept. 5, 1870: On Saturday we went to Loch Lomond, which is beautiful beyond all description, beyond anything I have ever imagined. We saw more to-day of the same kind of scenery, for which Scotland surpasses all countries—the mingling of lakes and mountains. The long slender loch runs for miles and miles, winding among the numerous, various, and wild-looking mountains, separated by every species of glen, ravine, and chasm, clad in evergreens or in mosses, with sometimes a little stream running from the immense height like a thread of silver down to the lake. . .

We have had beautiful scenery till I was overwhelmed, and could not look at it. Made acquaintance with a couple of Highland gentlemen, named Ross, who are highly educated and exceedingly agreeable, real English people.

STIRLING, Sept. 8, 1870: The gentlemen I mentioned, Mr. Ross, with his wife and little boy and his brother, were much with us on Tuesday. He is a leading man in the great family of Ross, and a large landholder in Rosshire, but spends most of the year in England. He is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and being educated, traveled, and singularly pleasing in manner and disposi-

tion, he is attractive in the highest degree. His wife told me that at home in England she often walks ten miles for exercise, and in the Highlands has walked twenty miles among the mountains with her husband, deer-stalking. . . Our friend, Mr. Ross, expecting on Tuesday to get to his Highland estate, arrayed himself that morning in full Highland costume, to please his dependents. As a chieftain, he wore at his belt a silver-mounted knife, almost equal to a bowie-knife, and on the outer portion of its sheath were stuck in a knife and fork for eating. In the right stocking was stuck a deer-knife. . . Have gained two pounds since leaving Harrogate, a week ago, and gained greatly in strength. I enclose "blue bells of Scotland" from the field of Bannockburn, near where Bruce planted his banner. They were beautiful when gathered.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 13, 1870: I sent Charlie some photographs of Edinburgh. Our hotel is on Princes Street. The Scott monument is fifty yards from our door and is the most beautiful thing of the kind I know of, two hundred feet high, with a statue of Sir Walter that one never wearies of surveying. The photographs of the High Street and of the Castle give precisely the views that we get every time we go out. But I sent the collection mainly because it is published and sold by C. Sinclair. He says that Caithness (in the North) is the great place for Sinclairs, the Earl of C—— being of that name. In Edinburgh I see from the directory there are but seventy-seven Sinclairs mentioned, that is, separate concerns. Of these, five are named George, and seven named John. St. Clair, Earl of Caithness, and several of his family are buried at Holyrood, in the beautiful old Abbey, and a son of Sir George Sinclair in Melrose Abbey. I wanted to go to-morrow to Rosslyn Castle, seven miles from here, which belongs to the Earls of Caithness and is very beautiful.

J. A. B. to THOMAS A. BROADUS (son of J. M. Broadus):

BIRMINGHAM, Sept. 16, 1870: Reached Keswick (pronounced Kezzick) at eleven. Saw, but could not enter, the late residence of Southey. Derwentwater, a river hard-by, is a beautiful stream. Skiddaw, the mountain so eulogized, is tame beside the Scotch mountains. Southey was poet-laureate, a voracious reader and voluminous writer, and very famous in his day—and in thirty years the world has forgotten him. Some of his minor poems will keep their place in collections, and his "Life of Wesley" is a classic—that is all. . .

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I found it hard to refrain from buying Wordsworth this morning and plunging into his poems, but I knew it would do me hurt. He is in some respects the great poet of the age, yet one that the crowd will never appreciate. Two railway bookstalls, at Penwith and Keswick, amid hundreds of volumes, offered but two copies of Wordsworth, and nothing of Southey's.

J. A. B. to MISS ANNIE H. BROADUS:

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Sept. 16, 1870: Wednesday afternoon we left Edinburgh. That morning I called on Doctor Hanna, but he was out. . .

We got here at seven, and are at the Shakespeare Hotel—quite nice. Portraits of Shakespeare all about the house. Rooms named after some play, the name of which is over the door. The girls are in "Love's Labour's Lost," and I in "All's Well that Ends Well."

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

WARWICK, Sept. 19, 1870: I feel quite powerless to describe the Shakespeare localities, or to tell aught of the feelings awakened by seeing them. I have never seen so good a description as that of Hugh Miller, in "First Impressions of England." . .

To-day, a beautiful day since eleven o'clock, we have seen Kenilworth and Warwick Castles. Kenilworth is a magnificent ruin, but after all, its real interest is in the historical and imaginative associations. Warwick Castle surpasses my wildest fancy. The grounds are a succession of varied beauties. The castle is truly grand and imposing. The furniture has given me a new conception of splendor. One table (the Venetian table) is valued at ten thousand pounds. It is inlaid with costly stones, many of them rare jewels. The Cedars of Lebanon are far grander than are now to be found in Lebanon itself. There are three, seen from the windows of the boudoir, that were brought from the Holy Land during the Crusades and planted here seven hundred years ago. They are magnificent.

My health improves very slowly. I have been traveling too fast, seeing and doing too much. I have determined to take it more quietly.

LANGHAM HOTEL, LONDON, Sept. 20, 1870: We had four and a half hours at Oxford, and spent it with exceeding great pleasure, and most respectably heavy expense. . -

At University College we saw a memorial of Sir Wm. Jones, by Flaxman, which I am sure I shall never forget—worthy of Sir Wm.

and worthy of Flaxman. At Magdalen College we saw the varied and beautiful grounds, with the Poet's Walk, where Addison loved to stroll. At New College we visited the famous and beautiful chapel. (New College is now five hundred years old). These are the most remarkable of the nineteen colleges. You know they are entirely distinct establishments, as much as if a hundred miles apart, and that the University of Oxford is simply a general organization which gives degrees to the men prepared by the different colleges. Then we spent one and a half hours at the famous Bodleian Library, the most valuable (British Museum has the largest number of books) in the world. Oh, the books, the books—the early and rare editions, the illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages, the autographs of famous persons, and the portraits, the portraits of hundreds of the earth's greatest ones. Happy students, fellows, professors, who have constant access to the Bodleian Library.

LONDON, Sept. 26, 1870: I was greatly delighted with Spurgeon, especially with his conduct of public worship. The congregational singing has often been described, and is as good as can well be conceived. Spurgeon is an excellent reader of Scripture, and remarkably impressive in reading hymns, and the prayers were quite what they ought to have been. The sermon was hardly up to his average in freshness, but was exceedingly well delivered, without affectation or apparent effort, but with singular earnestness, and directness. The whole thing—house, congregation, order, worship, preaching, was as nearly up to my ideal as I ever expect to see in this life. Of course Spurgeon has his faults and deficiencies, but he is a wonderful man. Then he preaches the real gospel, and God blesses him. After the services concluded, I went to a room in the rear to present my letter, and was cordially received. Somebody must tell Mrs. V—— that I "thought of her" repeatedly during the sermon, and "gave her love" to Spurgeon, and he said such a message encouraged him. (I made quite a little story of it, and the gentlemen in the room were apparently much interested, not to say amused.)

We went straight toward St. Paul's, where Liddon has been preaching every Sunday afternoon in September, and there would be difficulty in getting a good seat. We lunched at the Cathedral Hotel, hard by, and then stood three-quarters of an hour at the door of St. Paul's, waiting for it to open. Meantime a good crowd had collected behind us, and there was a tremendous rush when the door opened, to get chairs near the preaching stand. The crowd looked

immense in the vast cathedral, and yet there were not half as many as were quietly seated in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. There everybody could hear, and here, in the grand and beautiful show-place, Mr. Liddon was tearing his throat in the vain attempt to be heard by all. The grand choral service was all Chinese to me. . .

This morning I received the "Herald" of the eighth, with Bro. Long's[1] review of my book, the first information I have had of its appearance. I am exceedingly indebted to Bro. Long for a notice so very carefully prepared, so very kind, and calculated materially to promote the acceptance of the book. I mean to write to him.

LONDON. Sept. 29, 1870: Wednesday morning we went to Mr. Gilliat's, Mr. Thomas's correspondent and friend. Delightful weather, beautiful country, seventeen miles in train, five in open carriage. Exceedingly handsome country mansion, built by himself, with a surprisingly beautiful situation, and a wide view of hill and dale, of stream and park and dwelling. Some magnificent oaks, elms, and beeches, and some great Cedars of Lebanon, next oldest in the kingdom to those we saw at Warwick Castle. I got him to show me over the house, from wine cellar (thousands of bottles, besides some barrels, etc.) to roof of tower—a fine specimen, no doubt, of a new and elegant country residence. The grounds too, gardens, green houses, hot houses, grapery, stables, all very handsome. . . Mr. G—— is a graduate of Oxford, and once traveled a year in America; a good business man, intelligent, very friendly and sufficiently agreeable. He is a thorough-going high churchman, never before met a Baptist preacher, except a stone-mason somewhere in the neighborhood there, believes that Christian life is produced by baptism and sustained by the Lord's Supper, and was very anxious to talk with me about church questions. He warmly sympathized with the South, and is acquainted with Jeff. Davis, Senator Mason, etc.

J. A. B. to MISS E. S. B.:

LONDON, Oct. 5, 1870: Saturday afternoon, Oct. 1, I went to Gloucester to visit the bishop,[2] arriving at 6.30. He received me very cordially and treated me with real kindness and true courtesy. He is a man of about my size, but erect, a little bald, with a thin face, and a profile resembling General Capers. He walks a little lame, having had his leg broken by a railway accident a dozen years ago, but is a great walker. His father and mother live with him at the pal-

[1] Rev. J. C. Long, then pastor at Charlottesville, Va. [2] Bishop Ellicott.

ace, the father being a clergyman of seventy-seven years, and a very sprightly, pleasant old gentleman. The bishop's wife is a tall, quite grand-looking lady. . . He has three children. Arthur is soon to graduate at Cambridge, and is preparing for holy orders. Miss Florence is a tall, fair, quite English-looking girl—very modest, but readily talking when spoken to. . . Mrs. Ellicott (she is not lady, though the bishop is a lord) wore splendid silks, and much jewelry, and Miss Florence had white muslin for dinner, and some plain linen fabric at church. Miss Rose is twelve years old. Mrs. Ellicott seemed reserved to me at first, but before I left we were somewhat cronies. . .

We had tea in the drawing room, and the ladies retiring early, his lordship and I had a long talk. I told him the history of revision in America, and then we talked about his present scheme. I inquired his view about the rendering "slavedealers" in 1 Tim. 1 : 10 (you remember my paper about it), and found him all right, and before I left, was satisfied he would prevent any change of the Common Version there. I mentioned A——'s having adopted "slavedealers," and he said, "Oh, but A——'s no authority on such a question." "I know that, my lord, but the people generally think he is." "Oh, well, we'll see about that." (Monday morning without my mentioning it, he hunted up the word in the best Greek Lexicons—the same that I have—and quite satisfied himself). Then he asked me about Baptist views. First he attacked election, and I defended till he agreed that that wasn't so bad, if that was what we meant. Then he asked about infant baptism, and we argued over it for an hour—very courteous, of course, and perfectly friendly. . .

My room was exceedingly pleasant. There were prayers at ten P. M. and nine A. M., in the chapel of the palace, conducted by the bishop in a surplice, with chanting, etc., but brief. The servants attending were six women and two men. . . They talk English precisely as educated people do with us, except the broad "a"—that is, they talk exactly as your Grandma Harrison does. In all the forty-eight hours, I did not hear a pronunciation that sounded strange, except the "a," and a fancy the bishop has for saying knŏw-ledge. They do not roll the "r" at all, but they always sound it.

LONDON, Oct. 8, 1870: I was speaking of the visit to Gloster. Sunday I went to the cathedral, morning and afternoon. . . The bishop preached offhand. A very fair sermon of twenty minutes,

spoken with quiet earnestness and no affectation, but without showing power as a speaker. Madame and madame *mère*, scolded him at luncheon—he had been sick, and really oughtn't, etc. He said yes, but he must teach the new canon a lesson, who had neglected his duty, who got seven hundred and fifty pounds ($3,700) a year for preaching twelve sermons, and now was failing. He was vexed, and said while he had breath in his body he must preach when there seemed occasion, especially when others were improperly standing back. At the close of the afternoon service, he took me to walk, son and daughter following. Didn't bring me back short of five miles, and I was tired. He talked a great deal about all sorts of matters, for one thing about the oddness of his position as a peer and a priest; said he understood some of the American bishops who were over last year were much pleased with the episcopal dress, and that the bishop of New York had taken to shoe buckles—this belonging to the peer, and not to the bishop. He didn't explain or remark, but laughed. Towards the close he said (we had passed a dissenting chapel) that other bishops shared his desire to conciliate the Nonconformists, without making or asking any concessions, and thought that "we can be friendly, and where they are scholars can give them the hand of fellowship, without losing anything, even in the lowest sense." . .

Sunday evening, the bishop showed me, in strict confidence three chapters of Matthew, as printed from their first revision—nobody to see it. . .

Monday morning I was away at twelve (breakfast over at 10.30), but after I had duly declined Mrs. E——'s very pressing invitation to stay another day, the bishop suggested staying till after lunch, and thus catching a faster train (brought me over one hundred miles in three and a quarter hours), which I did. Spent the hours in the study. Good library for an exegetical scholar, though not nearly equal to Doctor Boyce's. Some recent German commentaries. I begged him not to spend time further on me, but he stayed all the time, except when called out by callers. Very free and easy. "There is a country squire, now, who has had a quarrel with his rector, and I have to hear his story over again, and see if I can settle it. Here, let me show you this before I go." And pretty soon, he was back again. Offered to send me, whenever I should apply, letters to university professors and other scholars, any I wished to see. . . Mrs. E—— at parting hoped to meet me in London next week, and was sure she would see me at J. L. I didn't know what that was, and she said that my young ladies would tell me when I

returned, and so they did: Jenny Lind is to sing here next week. I had a great time Monday at breakfast trying to teach Mrs. E—— to eat raw tomatoes. Nobody had ever heard of such a thing, but I spoke of it Sunday evening at dinner, as good for health, and so she had some, and we had quite a fuss. The bishop came in presently, and got one too, and made faces over it, and so on. . .

Went yesterday to the British Museum again, and last night B—— and I went to spend the evening with Doctor Manning, a Baptist literary man, who will review my book. Mrs. M—— had never before seen a slaveholder, and talked quite innocently about having thought they were all fierce-looking, and I had much fun joking her. Their son, and their pastor, who was invited, were great Southerners in sympathy (as Bishop Ellicott said he was). Mrs. Sheppard, staying there, is the wife of "Keynote," who is now shut up in Paris—purposely—"takin' notes, and faith he'll prent it." She showed me a card received from him the night before, sent by balloon. . .

LONDON, Oct. 11, 1870: Sunday I heard Spurgeon again in the morning, and in the afternoon Dean Stanley, at Westminster Abbey. I sat in the Poet's Corner, amid the famous tombs. At night went to hear Archbishop Manning, the famous Romanist. He officiated in the grand (and to me mournful) cathedral service. . .

Yesterday (Monday afternoon), I went again to Regent's Park College. . . Doctor Davies, famous Hebraist, to whom I brought letter from Doctor Cutting, received me very pleasantly, and introduced me to Doctor Angus, the author, who is president, and who has just returned from America. Mr. Gilliat gave him my book, and having examined it coming over, he proposes to use it as text-book in the college, which will probably help me.

Doctor Davies invited me to attend to-day a quarterly meeting of the London Baptist Association, which I did. They received me most cordially, introducing me to the body. An excellent essay was read, followed by a capital address from Mr. Spurgeon, and then I was invited to speak. I was in the mood and succeeded pretty well.

LONDON, Oct. 15, 1870: On Wednesday at two o'clock I went to Westminster Abbey, at the suggestion of Bishop Ellicott. Before I left Gloster he offered me letters to any scholars, asked if I was not going to Cambridge, where I might see Lightfoot, and finally said, if I would go one day when the Revision Committee stopped for lunch, to send him in my card, and he would bring out Lightfoot and I could have ten minutes chat with him—also any

other I might wish to see. . . I went to the Deanery (A. P. Stanley is dean), sent in my card with the luncheon, and his lordship came out saying that he had asked leave of the committee just to bring me in for the half-hour of luncheon. He introduced me in general at the door, and then various gentlemen came up and shook hands, giving their names. Several deans, canons, and prolocutors were unknown to me by title, and I don't remember. Some of them invited me to visit their cathedrals, others asked about the South. Doctor Eadie, of Glasgow, Presbyterian commentator, a very tall and stout man (equal to Colonel Randolph), was very civil. Professor Lightfoot (author of the Commentaries on Galatians and Philippians) is about forty-five, short and thickset, rather bald, with a fine, open, and intellectual face. He invited me to Cambridge quite cordially. Doctor Alford has a sort of careless cordiality of manner, which didn't please me. Mr. Westcott (you know how I like his books) is a gentle, lovable-looking man, with a mild, sweet tone, and with devotional feeling predominating in all his talk. I talked principally with him and Mr. Hort about their forthcoming *text* of the New Testament, in which I am much interested. Mr. W—— invited me warmly to Peterborough, where he is canon. Presently I heard the bishop's rap, calling to order, and of course retired rapidly. His lordship followed me out, insisted that I was looking better in health (true), was glad I had seen their gathering in the Jerusalem Chamber and their work-table as a committee.

Bishop Ellicott was all courtesy and kindness to Doctor Broadus and left nothing undone that he could do for his enjoyment. Nisbet & Co., of London, issued a reprint of "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons," with introduction by Doctor Angus.

DAVID BROWN to J. A. B.:

ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, Oct. 29, 1870: I only received yours of the 20th, and some days thereafter your handsome volume on "Sermon Preparation and Delivery." I opened it merely to run over the Preface and Contents, but ere I shut it I had gone through it all. You have collected a large amount of the best matter from the best writers on homiletics and writers on kindred topics, and besides this have contributed much that is weighty and well worth attending to of your own. So that your volume seems everything that one requires as a manual on the important subject it treats of.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

ANTWERP, Oct. 28, 1870: But a long letter from Antwerp, and nothing about Rubens and Van Dyck. It is to see their paintings (and others, of course) that people come to Antwerp. I have seen all the principal ones, most of them twice, and can never lose the impression made, nor wholly forget the pictures; but it is impossible to describe them, at least without a vast amount of detail. Rubens' Elevation of the Cross, Crucifixion, and Taking Down from the Cross, are the grandest pictures I have ever yet seen. . . Of the Crucifixion I saw a copy in Edinburgh which I mentioned then as greatly impressing me. Oh, that I might have life and health to describe in words, even in my poor fashion, the many moving scenes in the life of the Saviour; the study of these great paintings, even for a short time, as now, would in such a case help me.

AMSTERDAM, Nov. 1, 1870: I find that in my ignorance I came to the Low Countries just at the time (1st Nov.) when they acknowledge that people right often have chills and fever here. I did not dream of such a thing. No book, and no traveler sagely telling me what was before me, has ever mentioned it. Sensitive to malaria as tinder to a spark, it is manifest that I must go away from here, and if I feel pretty sharp to-morrow, we are to start at 2.30 for Berlin. . .

DR. W. D. THOMAS to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Nov. 2, 1870: Doctor Boyce is working like a hero and the Seminary is going well, though you are sorely missed. . . You have heard before this of the death of General Lee. . . . Your book is going like hot cakes. . . I hope you are taking notes for a book of travels. .

C. J. HARRIS to J. A. B.:

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, LEXINGTON, VA., Nov. 16, 1870: I write to enlist your interest for an enterprise, of which the enclosed paper will inform you. We are specially desirous to have for the "Memorial Volume" something from yourself, and some of the striking things that may be said of General Lee in the English papers and elsewhere, which you may be in the way of getting for us.

W. H. WHITSITT to J. A. B.:

BERLIN, Nov. 26, 1870: I have had occasion to be very sorry that you did not call on Doctor Dorner during your stay. I had

asked his permission beforehand to introduce you, which I did, you remember, one afternoon in the university. But that did not seem to have satisfied him; he expected, I have no doubt, a visit from you. . .

I have not enjoyed the weeks since you left nearly so well as that of your stay here.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

DRESDEN, Nov. 28, 1870: I went, as half Dresden did, to the court church (Catholic) where there was high mass, in thanksgiving for the recent birth of a royal prince, grandson of the devout old king. There was martial music added to the usual opera performers, and salvos of artillery without, that fairly thundered. Tell Sam I saw a king, and a queen, and a whole lot of duchesses and countesses, and so on. Some of the court folks were splendidly dressed, but the king and queen very plainly. I was passing the palace the other day and saw the king and queen in separate carriages, each with four handsome horses and various attendants, going to see the new-born prince. Yesterday I was just opposite, and saw both plainly and fully.

MUNICH, Dec. 6, 1870: . . The weather is magnificently cold. The snow cracks under one's feet in the old way it did when I was a boy, and which I haven't heard this ten years. I should like prodigiously to go rabbit hunting, and whoop and halloo through the white fields. This afternoon I saw them hauling ice along the street, and it looked beautiful. . .

Yesterday and to-day we have been at the gallery of sculpture and the picture gallery. Last night we heard Mozart's "Magic Flute," which contains a larger amount of exquisite music than I ever before heard in one evening. We tried a concert Saturday evening (eight cents), but the room was low pitched, and the smoke very dense, and we couldn't fully enjoy Herr Gungel's choice music. . .

And now to you, and each of the children, and all the family, and to the Harrisons and Smiths, I beg to send my hearty Christmas greeting. Never before, amid all the changes of my life, have I been absent from my home at Christmas. . . And this time I expect to be far away, at Rome. Across the continents, and across the stormy winter sea, I send my greeting, to each and all. The good Lord graciously bless you. May you have health and contentment, and good hope in God's providence and grace—so may you be happy.

J. A. B. to MISS ANNIE H. BROADUS:

MUNICH, Dec. 11, 1870: Twenty years ago your Grandpa Harrison had a beautiful edition (in German) of Goethe's "*Reineke Fuchs*," with wonderful illustrations by Kaulbach. I think that by lending out it got destroyed, like some of my books. In Dresden I found it where I boarded, read most of it, and delighted in the pictures. This new interest was due to my having seen in Berlin six magnificent wall paintings (fresco) by Kaulbach, of which I made at the time brief mention. They represent great events or epochs in the history of the race. (1) The Confusion of Tongues at Babel. (2) The Golden Age of Greece. (3) Destruction of Jerusalem. (4) Battle of the Huns. (5) Crusades. (6) The Reformation. Numbers three, four, and six are the best, and made a great impression on me, as grand historical representations, vividly recalling facts and symbolizing great truths. Well, here at Munich, Kaulbach is still living, as Director (President) of the Academy of Art, and a young American student of painting proposed to carry us to his studio and introduce us. He says the old gentleman is changeable, sometimes very friendly and gracious, and at other times as huffy as possible. . .

Presently he came in, and we were introduced and greeted with a smile. A man of medium size, with brown wig and grayish moustache, and face not particularly noticeable, who might pass for fifty and is sixty-five. We have seen some of his works and heard much of him, and were anxious, etc. He was much pleased to see us—always glad to see Americans, etc. I had admired his "*Reineke Fuchs*" twenty years ago in America. Ah! indeed, twenty years ago. By the way, he had the day before received a communication from America, but being in English he could not read it—perhaps we would look at it. He opened it, and presented certificate of election as honorary member of the American Academy of Science and Art, at Boston. The young painter broke down in translating the technical terms, and I fortunately could carry it through. He was greatly honored by such an election, etc. Young painter suggested that it was rather an honor to the American society to have him as a member. "Oh, no, much rather to me." And turning to me again, "Much more to me." . .

Yesterday morning (Monday) I called on Doctor Döllinger, a celebrated Roman Catholic professor of church history here, and during the present year world-famous for his opposition to the dogma of papal infallibility. I had understood that he rather likes visits from Protestants. I stayed half an hour, and by invitation, when I

left, went again at seven P. M. for a cup of tea and more conversasation. He speaks English pretty well. I must give an account of the visit to Doctor Williams, perhaps to the "Herald," if mamma won't get desperate at the latter.

To-day I failed a second time to get into the palace, to see some frescoes of the "*Nibelungen-Lied*," the great German poem of the olden time. . . I saw colored portraits of Luther and Melancthon, taken by L. Cranach, Jr., from life. Luther's picture is everywhere the same. Melancthon is here gray, wrinkled, and wasted, but has a magnificent forehead, and that sweet expression which suits his character, a scholar and a devout man, one who could love and suffer, but couldn't fight. He and Luther were complements of each other. . .

It is now 5.30 P. M. At ten we are to leave for Verona, in Italy, expecting to travel on until 1 P. M. to-morrow. The day train is much slower, and we can make no other arrangement so comfortable. It is not very cold, indeed it has been warm to-day, and the snow melting fast. My next letter then, must be from Italy.

VENICE, Dec. 17, 1870: Now what in the world shall I say about Venice? I am not disappointed, nor am I charmed. I have not been feeling bright, and the weather has been dull and dreary, and the Venice of to-day, is in fact, one great scene of faded splendors. . . The gondolas are extremely plain black boats, very long, narrow, and pointed, very skillfully rowed. It causes quite a thrill of novelty at first to get aboard, but we human beings have such an unhappy faculty of getting used to things.

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Dec. 17, 1870: Your letter to Curry (about Bishop Ellicott), to me, and last to Toy (Nov. 27), have all been received by us with pleasure and interest. Sorry to learn of your backsets, but we hope the general average result will be gain. You are often thought of, and mentioned not only in the family circle, and at family prayer, but in our Seminary devotions. It seems to come spontaneously often both to professors and to students to think at such times of our dear absent brother; and often, I doubt not, if there is not a prayer meeting, there is a meeting of prayers; for I am sure your thoughts often fly back to old scenes and remembered friends. Still more will this be the case when you get over to Palestine and roam over the regions we have so often talked about in the little awkward recitation rooms in Greenville. Blessed faculty,

by which we can people the present with relics from the past, and the future, and make visible scenes and faces fade before the brightness of the absent.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

FLORENCE, Dec. 22, 1870: An hour brought us to Padua again, and some distance this side of P—— we saw a small village which was the birthplace of Livy. I quite longed for some one to share my enthusiasm. A young Italian lieutenant talked French to me very affably, but my allusion to "*le celèbre auteur Romain ancien Tite-Live*" left his face quite blank, even after I had carefully explained who it was. Getting the officer to pronounce some Italian words for me, I found that he was also beginning to learn English, and so we had a great time over a newspaper, he teaching Italian and I teaching English. We amused ourselves so successfully that at Bologna at 3 o'clock, he said, "Ah! small travel," meaning that he had found the journey short. I guess much of my French and German is about as successful as that. I am not trying to speak Italian beyond the numerals as to prices, and a few needful words and phrases, but I hope to pick up enough knowledge to read it. This side of Bologna we were two or three hours crossing the Apennines, with much magnificent scenery. Reached Florence at 7.45 P. M. . . The streets were very bright and the air mild and sweet, like a November evening at Greenville. We had already noticed before sunset the deep blue of the Italian sky. After tea we walked to the Arno, and stood on one of the massive stone bridges which cross it. I was pleased to find it flowing rapidly. In fact, there are high mountains on several sides of Florence, some of them very beautiful. So we were greatly pleased with our first evening (Monday). . .

Here too, is the "Venus de Medici." I have seen so many copies of this that it was hardly a novel sensation to see it, and it is too perfect to make a sensation at first sight. People usually express disappointment at seeing it, as they do when first reading Sophocles or Demosthenes, because there is nothing salient in the harmonious completeness, the tranquil beauty. A thousand times I am wishing you were with me, that we might talk together now about these great works of art, and remember them together hereafter. . . I fear that the thoughts which sometimes throng my mind in beholding will for the most part never return.

Last summer Doctor Cutting insisted that I must seek the acquaintance of Geo. P. Marsh, U. S. Minister here, and his wife. Mr.

M—— is the author of the famous "Lectures on the English Language," and other valuable works. I went yesterday to his office. He invited me to come to his house this morning, and as I inquired for the location of Casa Guidi, where Mrs. Browning lived, he very kindly took me in his carriage to the place. It is across the river from our hotel, about three hundred yards from us. Here were the "Casa Guidi windows," from which she saw the revolution of 1848, and in the vision of her poem saw many a scene of the glorious old Florentine history. . .

This morning I went out of the city to Mr. Marsh's and saw him and his wife, with a good deal of pleasant talk. . . Mrs. M—— gave me information about several places where the ladies might board here. They want to remain till my return from the East, and then go to Paris (if open), to the Rhine and the Alps, and so home with me. . .

J. B. TAYLOR to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 24, 1870: I write now especially to request that while in Southern Europe you will make such inquiries as may aid us in the evangelistic labors of our Board. . . What portions of that field are most accessible? What are the facilities of preaching a pure gospel in Rome?

It is very desirable that you see our missionary, who is now in that city. Please find him (Rev. Wm. N. Cote) and confer with him on the whole work in which he is engaged. You will be able to make such suggestions as circumstances require. . .

J. L. M. CURRY to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 28, 1870: . . Your book has received more favorable commendations from the religious journals than any book of the kind ever did in America. I have seen notices in Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational journals. . .

L——'s last letter—the girls write charming letters—gave us the cheering news of your increased weight and restored health. Thank God for the blessing! I hope they will be able to keep you from study. I think Mr. T—— gave them permission to accompany you to Palestine. If so, what a jolly time you will have on camels and donkeys. A trip to the Holy Land ought to make an infidel a believer in Jesus! The work, just published, of the Palestine Exploration Association states, as a wonderful fact, that all the party are accumulating verification of the Scriptures. I wish you could read the book before you reach the land.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

ROME, Dec. 31, 1870: . . Going out after breakfast I found that the king, who arrived at four o'clock this morning, was riding about the streets, and all was hubbub to see him. . . This was no formal entry. He came merely to inquire into the sufferings and losses caused by the flood. This was good-natured, and also capital policy, as the pope could hardly take this occasion for repeating the excommunication and closing the churches, and yet now Victor Emmanuel has entered Rome. He left to-night, having to make a New Year's reception of the Diplomatic Corps to-morrow at Florence. . .

This morning I went with Doctor Cote to the house of an English Baptist minister, Mr. Wall, where in the front room, second story, we had, at eleven o'clock, a religious meeting. It reminded me very vividly of Paul, "in his own hired house," receiving them that came, and speaking to them. The flood broke up their meetings, as it did almost everything else, and so this morning both missionaries and their two colporters were together, about fifteen in all. I perceived that Mr. Wall, in his address, alluded several times to Paul, "in this very city." Afterward Doctor Cote and an Italian colporter spoke a little. Then a man, who turned out to be a stranger, spoke. He said (as they told me afterward) that he some time ago got a Bible from one of the colporters, had been reading it, found there that he had been taught many errors, and would like to read a paper he had written, showing the errors of the papal religion. . .

I saw, with much regret at having so little time, some of the numerous Greek and Latin inscriptions from all Southern Italy. Even the little I could examine gave me some useful points as to my New Testament Greek. By the way, a gentleman (American), diligent in study of Italian, tells me that in Southeastern Italy, indeed in all Southern Italy, the popular dialect partakes largely of the peculiarities of Greek. . . I wonder if this can possibly descend all the way from the early Greek settlements in Southern Italy, of which your friend Grote gives so full an account? . .

I had much pleasant talk with Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, son of the famous publisher, from whom I got ideas about modern languages, and information about Egypt, where he spent last winter. . .

ROME, Jan. 28, 1871: B. O. Duncan and his wife were extremely kind at Naples. I have no doubt he makes an excellent consul. Admiral Glisson, there with his flagship, treated us with marked courtesy, as did W. W. Story at his studio here to-day. We saw Pompeii two days, and the museum many times. Dun-

can went with us to Pozzuoli (Puteoli) and Baiae, a delightful excursion.

Last evening and this morning eight converts, men, mostly young men, were baptized by Doctor Cote and Mr. Wall (English Baptist), and this morning, these, with the two missionaries and their wives, and two other Italians previously baptized, were constituted a church, "the Apostolical Church" of Rome. Doctor Randolph[1] and I addressed them (through Mr. Wall) and gave them the right hand of fellowship, and we observed together the Lord's Supper. I must write to J. B. Taylor, by request, stating my impression as to the work and the workers here. This afternoon I heard Gavazzi preach in English, in the Scotch Free Church. Afterwards saw Prince Humbert and his wife. The latter has a bright face, and a caressing bow to the crowd that is quite charming. It is long since a Roman sovereign or ruling house presented them a *lady* for their admiration, and the Romans are wild.

J. A. B. to DR. JAS. P. BOYCE:

ROME, Jan. 28, 1871: I walked up the cone of Vesuvius, with snow six inches deep at starting, and a foot deep nearer the top. Many stout young men pull up by a mountaineer's strap, but I went by choice, unaided. I was three and a half hours on my feet in the snow, besides riding horseback five miles up the mountain, and then back again. Next day I was stiff, but walked twice to church. . . Fortunately, providentially, I met here, some days ago, Warren Randolph, D. D., of Philadelphia, traveling for his health, and thinking of going to the East, but with no definite plans. I had met him twice in America, and liked him, a thorough gentleman and a fine fellow. In brief, we are going together. I think we shall get along pleasantly, and our compact is loose enough to let either of us make other arrangements, if we find it necessary to our plans. Mrs. Randolph stays near Naples with some American friends. . . We spent ten days in Naples, and have been back here more than two weeks, making a month at Rome in all. Notwithstanding much rain, it has been to me a month of immense enjoyment, and I hope of some benefit. . . My ladies go back with me to Florence, two days hence. Mrs. Marsh mentioned two places, and would look for others, suitable for the ladies to stay, and improve their French till my return from the East. If Paris becomes accessible, we have

[1] Dr. Warren Randolph, of America, who became Doctor Broadus's companion in Oriental travel.

arranged with a family from St. Louis to take them from Florence to Paris, about first of April, and they will wait for me there.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

FLORENCE, Feb. 3, 1871: . . You must conceive of me henceforth in light-colored pants and drab hat, with low crown and broad brim, and with all my beard growing. I expect to spend a day in Alexandria, two weeks at Cairo and Pyramids, and then to go by the Suez Canal to Jaffa and Jerusalem. . .

I want in the East to keep something of a regular diary, which may be of use in my lectures and to my colleagues in some of theirs. So I shall not be able to write letters of description, even such meagre ones as I have been writing. The mail is but once a week, and pretty irregular. Bear this in mind and don't be uneasy if you sometimes get no letter for two weeks, or even three. Expect me to write every week, some account of my movements, and always the exact facts about my health when there is anything noteworthy. . .

There, I must go to bed. I took a notion to write to Uncle Albert from Rome in Latin—hope it will amuse him. My love to each and all. I am going farther away, and feel it deeply. But let us still trust and be thankful, and try to be prudent, and accept what is appointed us. God bless all I love and my far-off country.

BRINDISI, Feb. 6, 1871: . . Last evening was beautiful: the moon full, the sky clear, and just breeze enough to be pleasant. I walked on deck after tea, and sang hymns, and thought of home and the better world, and felt happy. . . Indeed, once I felt so lively that I skipped about the deck. To-day also I am feeling much better than for a week or two past. We reached Brindisi ahead of time, soon after eleven A. M., which was astonishing for Italy, but explained by the fact that we have English engineers, as well as an English-built steamer. . .

I asked a boy if he could show me the Casa di Virgilio. Virgil died here (though he was taken to Naples for burial) and they pretend of course to have the house he occupied. . . Octavius came once from Rome to Brindisi to have an interview with Antony. Mæcenas came with him, and was accompanied by Horace, who gives a humorous and very famous description of it in "Satires," I. 8. I think, though, that he says nothing about B—— itself.

It was several hours before I could find Doctor Randolph. . . But at last he found me, and we are all right—sitting now together in the cabin, each writing to his wife, as I hope we shall be spared to do

many times on two sides of the same table. There are very few passengers, and we have the pick of everything. So I feel pleased and hopeful.

ARRIVAL AT ALEXANDRIA, DIARY, Feb. 10: We left the steamer at eight, with a *commissionaire* of the Hotel Abbot. It was charming to sit on the boat, and pass among the ships of many lands that crowd the harbor, and the boats moving swiftly and slowly in every direction—the bright Oriental dresses, the flags flying, the brilliant sunshine, the steady dip of the oars, and the easy, floating motion—I was grieved when we got to land. In the afternoon we went to see Cleopatra's Needles. . . Quite near the obelisks is the station of the Alexandria and Ramle Railway—the fifteenth century B. C. and the nineteenth A. D., standing side by side. Very large hieroglyphics, and some distance above the base, quite distinct.

Dr. Warren Randolph tells the following:

It was at Alexandria. The post office was open for the delivery of letters only at given hours and then only for a little while at a time. All non-Arabic mail was given out at "The Frank Window" so called. A crowd being about it as soon as it was opened, it did not seem necessary for us both to press our way in, so he [Dr. Broadus] went and got our mail. As he came out and handed me a letter from my wife, the handwriting upon which I recognized, though he did not, I said, "Ah, that is from the person who sustains to me the most endearing relation in life!" His look was one of blank astonishment, I may say, it was a look of almost indescribable despair. After waiting as long as I thought it safe, I explained. "Some years before, while a student, I had heard, at an Association, an address on Sunday-school libraries, in which the speaker maintained that books for such purposes should be carefully read before being accepted, and 'in my school,' he added, 'this service is usually rendered by myself and the person who sustains to me the most endearing relation in life.' That gem of affectionate rhetoric I had never forgotten and the time had come to use it. Egypt seemed a most fitting place." And the look of relief which came over my friend's face as I explained was a study. It was as marked as his previous look of despair. "Well, I'm glad to hear *that*," he exclaimed, "for I said to myself, Is that the kind of a man I am to travel with?" And from that day on, the phrase was never forgotten. Upon occasion he often began the quotation while we were together, and again and again in after years as we met, when he wanted to inquire for my

wife, he would ask, "And how is the person who sustains," etc. His love of humor was as genuine as any part of his nature.

DIARY, Feb. 10: The goats about the city all have long, pendent ears like a hound. Saw one with its ears trimmed to the usual size. Wonder if it was a European who did it—good illustration as to many things, especially as to oratory. . .

Feb. 12: At five o'clock we walked to Jews' Quarter of ancient Alexandria. The Ramle Railway cuts right through it, and we saw a train come dashing through the midst of the mounds where Philo dreamed and Apollos grew mighty in the Scriptures; where the Septuagint was translated, and all the Greek-Jewish philosophy was written. I thought a good deal about the Jews of Alexandria, and then about Origen, Athanasius, etc., though they did not live in this quarter.

CAIRO, DIARY, Feb. 14, 15, 19: Often amused with living panorama before our windows. The Orientals passing in procession before our eyes, at any hour of the day, with their variety of bright costumes, people of every rank and every calling and age, and both sexes. Can't certainly tell woman, except when she is veiled. Some old ladies think their faces a sufficient protection against staring eyes, and need no veil. Officials whack the common people to make them clear the way, stand back, etc. . .

Fine day. Went a little while to the Coptic church, much larger and grander than the old one in old Cairo. Mass, intoning priests and boys. Pictures of the Virgin and Child, and God the Father, and numerous figures of a dove cut in the wood. The intoning shrill and harsh. Women above in latticed galleries. Men stood on matting, next the altar; many, but not all, took off shoes. At one point, they knelt and touched forehead to the floor, some of them three times, after crossing themselves.

Feb. 19: Sermon by a Scotch minister at the American Mission—United Presbyterian, Doctor Lansing and several others—chiefly among the Copts, and having very gratifying success. Learn that when Mrs. Lansing first visits women, and wishes to read Scripture to them, they frequently say no use, they are women, don't know anything, can't understand, nothing but donkeys; but when she persists, telling them they only need education, and she will explain, and presently gets them interested in some passages of Scripture, they frequently become very eager for her to come again; minds waked up for the first time.

J. A. B. to MISS E. S. B.:

CAIRO, Feb. 22, 1871: We went on Saturday (in a carriage four miles) to Heliopolis, the On of Genesis. It was the religious capital, and the university town. Its priest-prince was probably the highest in rank of all Egyptain subjects, and Pharaoh honored Joseph by giving him to wife Asenath, the daughter of this functionary. I showed a young lady (from Ohio) the place (?) where she lived before she mounted a camel and went up to Memphis to be Joseph's wife. A solitary obelisk is standing, in its original place, the oldest in the world. I doubt if Asenath saw it that morning, but she had often seen it in her childhood, and her fathers for many generations. . . Herodotus mentions this obelisk, and Plato was a student there for years. The site of the little town (in which few besides priests lived) can be determined, and the circuit of the walls. But the Arab drives his rude plowshare where the temple of the Sun used to stand, and looks up in idle wonder at the Franks who keep trooping to see nothing. Walking on the mounds where the town stood, one gets a wide and beautiful view, including Cairo and the great pyramids, which were already many hundreds of years old when Joseph used to walk there. There came a sharp little shower while we were looking at the mounds, and it was almost cold. Not true that they have no rain here, but it is rare. A beautiful rainbow was seen while we were returning, but our backs were towards it and we didn't see. That is said to be a very rare sight here. . .

Monday, the Pyramids, and a beautiful day. Only seven miles to the greatest, and a fine carriage road made by the viceroy for the Empress Eugenie, fall before last, with a bridge of boats over the Nile, made for a ball. The Pyramids—I clapped my hands and laughed and sang, and wished for my dear ones, and felt myself to see if it was I. Can't allow myself to describe. Whew! how it tired one to go up—stones two and three feet high. View from the summit wonderful; valley of the Nile, broad river, winding—near us, sand and green so that one could stand with one foot on the desert and the other in rich clover—far off eastward, beyond the river, the limestone hills from which the stone for the pyramids was brought, and Cairo—and westward the Libyan hills, and beyond them three thousand miles of sand. Coming down was frightfully fatiguing; not at all dangerous, just hard work. When I got to the ground I couldn't walk, my knees felt so weak. Doctor R—— was less used up, but the Arabs toted us both on their shoulders,

along one side of the pyramid, being two hundred and fifty yards. Then we went inside, which is most fatiguing of all, stooping and crawling, slipping down a slope, and climbing up where the rock is broken.

DIARY, Feb. 25 : By 7.30 o'clock we reached Jaffa. Many boats put out to meet us, over twenty of them, black looking, and men rowing eagerly, and striking from different directions towards the ship —it suggested the boats of savages, coming to attack a ship becalmed. As they got near, and before the steamer fairly stopped, they began screaming to us, and beckoning, and running against other boats—the grandest specimen of Oriental uproar I can well conceive. We got into a large boat, reaching it with difficulty. The sea unsually calm, and slight wind blowing off shore—yet even then the landing looked perilous—no harbor—reef of rocks a little way from shore (famous as the rocks of Andromeda, Stanley, Ch. VI., Note A), with two narrow passages, one being about ten feet wide. For two previous weeks the steamers had been quite unable to land their passengers, and had to take them on to Beyrout. Will there ever be a harbor made here? Or will there be a railway from Port Said to Jerusalem, or from Beyrout?

Doctor Broadus afterward wrote of an incident on the way to Jerusalem :

Oriental usages will die hard, and as long as they last, they will startle and thrill the traveler. One morning on the plain of Sharon we saw a shepherd ahead of us, leading his flock of mingled white sheep and black goats out to pasture. Presently he turned into a little bit of separate valley among slight hills, and, as the flock followed, he stopped and stood facing them. The goats are rude, and apt to push the sheep away from the best grass, so that they need to be separated. So, as they came up, he would with his rod tap a sheep on one side of its head, and it went off to his right ; tap a goat on the other side of its head, and it went off to his left. We sat on our horses, and gazed in silence.[1]

DIARY, Feb. 28 : " My feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Thank God, that the hopeless dream of many a year has become a reality. I am at Jerusalem.

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[1] "Convention Teacher," April, 1891. In the last years Doctor Broadus wrote frequently for this "Teacher."

DIARY, Mar. 3: Returning, in street of David stumbled upon a marriage procession, headed by noisy and discordant music. Girls covered with white, two of them leading the bride, going to bridegroom's house. At several houses, friends came out and offered some cheap drink, bright colored. Reaching bridegroom's, they entered small inner court, and painstakingly ascended narrow stone steps—bride's handsome dress (under the white covering) could be held high by her attendants, as she wore the Turkish trousers, very large and showy. We were allowed to go up and look into upper room. Bridegroom, a boy of fifteen or sixteen (said to be from London), looked very sheepish, much bored, as he sat by the bride —she and her attendants had all removed their white coverings. The room was full, the musicians made the biggest noise they could, and a girl came into a small space opened in the middle, and danced before the happy pair. . .

The diary is full of most interesting observations by Doctor Broadus, whose mind was rich in biblical lore, but these must nearly all be passed by. March 7–11 he and Doctor Randolph made an excursion to Hebron, Bethlehem, Mar Saba, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho. We must let Doctor Broadus tell of the sunrise at Jerusalem as they started.

DIARY, Mar. 7: It had been raining several days, and we were uneasy for our trip, which must of necessity be arranged beforehand, and could be postponed only with great difficulty.

This morning very clear, and we looked with joy from high upper window to the line of Olivet, beyond that to the mountains of Moab, distinct but dark. Presently a single ray of golden light touches the highest point of Moab (that ought to be Pisgah), and seems to run along the waving line of the mountain summits away towards the southern part of the Dead Sea, while Olivet grows clearer in the foreground. Soon, looking just to the right of the church of the Ascension, on the summit of Olivet, we see a bright speck behind Moab, enlarging, then the bright line towards the South becomes a broad band, a gilded phylactery on the frowning brow of the mountain, while a single dark cloud just south of the rising sun looks like a great mountain on fire. Now the bright light comes out over all the rounded summits of Olivet and in a moment half of the sun is visible above Moab, and flinging across to us such a brilliant,

dazzling glory as to swallow up the whole scene, and make us turn our blinded eyes away.

Doctor Randolph tells the following story of this jaunt:

Not a single mishap, I think, befell him while we were in the Holy Land, and but one came to me. Our journeyings were entirely on horseback. The roads were merely bridle paths. As a rule they were unfit for anything but a walk. Four miles an hour was the average rate of travel. I can scarcely remember more than one stretch of a mile where a smooth path invited to a canter. That was between Hebron and Bethlehem. There we tried the speed of our iron grays. But it had rained that morning, and the road was slippery. My horse slipped and fell and I fell with him, but fortunately he did not fall on me. I was badly stunned and for a few moments dazed. However, by the aid of my friend and our dragoman, I soon remounted, and we went along. But there was no more galloping that day.

Doctor Randolph likewise says of the visit to Mar Saba:

The convent belongs to the Greek Church and admission to it can only be obtained through the Greek patriarch at Jerusalem. Provided with this permit, we reached the rocky fastness a little before nightfall, drenched by the hardest rain to which we were exposed in Palestine. The heavy door of the convent was closed as usual. From a loophole in the wall, some distance above the door, a basket was lowered, into which our permit was put. It was then drawn up and examined, and being found correct a monk came down and admitted us. No sooner were we within, than the door was again closed and fastened, and as the heavy bolt creaked on being shoved back to its place, Doctor Broadus in an undertone said to me, "Now we are in the Middle Ages," a thought which was additionally impressed as in the night we heard the convent bell calling the monks to prayer.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 10, 1871: And now let me say peremptorily, "You must not hurry home." I have consulted the faculty and they are unanimously of the opinion that you must stay as late as possible, at least late enough to allow a trip to the Rhine and

Switzerland. Don't be troubled about the money. I shall be able to keep that all straight.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

JERUSALEM, March 19, 1871: Everything conspires to make me satisfied with the plan I devised as to travel here, and Doctor R—— frequently expresses himself strongly on the subject. We stay long at Jerusalem, returning again and again, visiting the principal places many times, and reading over the Scripture events and discourses on the spot. (Doctor R—— reads aloud, and we discuss and comment.) We want in some way to stay longer by the Sea of Galilee than most travelers do. And finally we return here for Easter, when the Orient gathers here its many thousands. The ladies who came up from Jaffa with us, and who intended to go across to Damascus, ten days' continuous riding, have given it up, and went back to Jaffa yesterday. No ladies ought to come here unless used to horseback riding, and not easy to take cold, and no persons of either sex ought to visit Palestine unless they either know much about it beforehand, or stay a good while at every important place. The first time or two they see one of these famous places, people are usually disappointed, astonished, disgusted, and often sorry they ever came. The wretched hovels in which most of the people live, the narrow, filthy, and disgusting streets which are universal—even the best streets in Jerusalem being not more than twelve or fourteen feet wide, and filthy beyond endurable description—and the bare and desolate hills on every side, fill their minds with painful emotions. . . If they would stay longer and study the excellent books accessible, and see places many times, and learn to distinguish what can be really ascertained, and by an effort of imagination sweep away these disagreeable actualities and reproduce what once was here, and then, resting from topographical discussion, would go over the Scripture narratives and discourses, they would find an exquisite delight, which might well make them clap their hands with joy.

DIARY, March 20: Our dragoman traveled a month last spring with Kiepert, the great map-maker, beyond Jordan, and said they went to Wady Zurka. I was delighted that Kiepert should have visited the site of Machærus, as nobody has shared my enthusiasm about it enough to join me in the risky and costly trip to see it. . .

A tour to Galilee was made March 21–April 4, the party returning to Jerusalem for Easter. Doctor Broadus

fairly reveled in the sights at Bethel, Nablous, the valley of Esdraelon, Nazareth, the Jordan, Tiberias, Capernaum, the Sea of Galilee, and all the rest.

DIARY, March 21: When we reached Tiberias, the trifling muleteers had pitched in the first place they reached, a bit of plowed ground. . . We put on our waterproofs and watched the lake. The cloud now black in the South—thunder more frequent, and its fainter sound rolling off mingled with the echoes from the hills behind—keen, fierce lines of lightning, strangely vivid in this wonderful atmosphere. Surface of lake ruffled, and raindrops falling heavily so as to make the water leap up. . . Dragomen and servants, with some Arabs from the town, are rushing about screaming Arabic at each other, amid the roar of wind and thunder trying to get the tent set up. Yonder around the town (we are just south of it) comes one of the few boats of this lake which once swarmed with them, coming back with a party of travelers who arrived yesterday, and whose tents are between us and the springs. . . The sail is set, the rowers are busy, they are hurrying to get the ladies ashore. There is no wharf, the bank slopes too gently, the boat grounds and the boatmen hurriedly tote the ladies ashore, who scamper towards their tents. We are safe, quiet, and happy, . . and delighted to see a storm gathering on the Sea of Galilee. Presently I look across—all the southern part of the lake is now clouded, with rain already heavy at the south end—but opposite I see the summits of the mountain range standing out very clear, indeed bright in the evening sun, which shines over the clouds upon them, and Oh, look, look at Hermon! Oh, look, look! Oh, look, friend, at Hermon! . . All words fail to tell how brilliant, how gloriously radiant. I gazed and gazed in a very agony of delight. And so, I was thinking, so sometimes with the dying, when all around is growing dark, they turn their eyes in a new direction and sudden, bright, transporting, rises the vision of another world, splendid with unearthly glories, blessed, rapturous, overwhelming. I could not see the wonderful mountain now, for the tears that came. But the rain increased, and the tent invited. . . New and loud bursts of thunder, and as I look forth, the water of the lake is leaping high from something more than raindrops; on the tombstones here just before me large hail-stones are rebounding. The tent, too hastily erected, shakes and leaks, and I arrange our beds so as to protect them, then sit down near the tent-door to gaze. White-caps now on the lake, and surf beating on the shore. . . Thunder very loud and abrupt, lightnings forked and

many-colored. . . The northern part of the lake now obscured, the vision of Hermon gone. As the hail subsides, there passes between me and the shore a great flock of black goats and some sheep, hurrying from the fields to shelter, but too late—the shepherd calls, the shepherd dogs bark loudly, urging the stragglers along. The storm rolls off north and northeast. Doctor R—— has stayed out through it all. We rejoice much at having seen it, having got here just in time.

Monday, March 27: We had engaged the boat Saturday evening, and though some danger of rain determined to go. . . Our dragoman afraid of the water, and got a substitute from Tiberias, an old Arab, formerly a distinguished dragoman, but utterly ruined by drink, which has thickened his speech and fuddled his brain, and driven his wife and child to leave him. It seemed sad to meet such a case here. Mohammed's prohibition law does not appear to be very efficacious.

We wanted to visit place where supposed that five thousand were fed, and then work around by mouth of Jordan to Tel Hum. Men unwilling to go across; would not be time, no travelers ever go there, etc. We insisted, and they went, but very slowly, taking three and three-quarter hours, till half past eleven o'clock. At eleven, one of them called my attention to appearance of wind rising in West, by Mejdel, and it was "mushtayib," bad, bad. When we landed, the waves were beginning to swell, and the wind freshening. We were at the south end of the plain of Bateiha, which extends southeast from the upper mouth of the river. This plain would naturally pertain to Bethsaida Julias. . . Into the plain itself came three main wadys, the middle one being the largest, and running away back into the mountain range. Our Lord may have gone up this middle wady to find a "desert place" for rest. . . Close to where we landed, is a singular creek, or inlet, with a narrow and shallow entrance, but deeper within. . . This creek makes a capital harbor for boats, and our boat at once upon our landing put in there, and was quiet through all the storm which followed. . . The disciples knew there was danger of sudden storms at this season (much better than we did), and they expected to leave their boat for some time. Is it not natural to suppose they would have made for this little inlet, and left their boat there? Up the hill (a half or three-quarters of a mile from the shore), on southern side of it, towards the wady, and thus near the edge of the territory which would naturally belong to Bethsaida Julias, we observed a slope towards

the southwest, quite large, sloping gently, full of herbage, on which the afternoon sun would shine pleasantly. . . (The five thousand were fed shortly before the Passover, and we are here at just the same season). This might well enough have been the very place—though there are many other places suitable, if not so strikingly. We should have been glad to observe more widely and carefully, the plain to north of us contained thirty or forty Bedouin tents, and our guard was the old interpreter and one boatman, instead of several that had been promised us. Besides we felt uneasy about the rising wind.

Regaining the boat at twelve o'clock or so, found wind high, waves breaking white all over the sea and in abundant surf on the gently sloping shore. . . "The wind was contrary" to our return across the lake. Fortunately it was midday rather than midnight, and we were still on shore. The boatmen composedly laid down and went to sleep, and we quietly ate our lunch. Then we read more of the Galilean ministry. Gathered many minute shells, and a good many flowers. Fine sunny afternoon, but wind still sharp, and quite unsafe to cross. So we waited many hours.

The ruder boats of the olden time were probably built much like this. At each end of this boat is a platform, near the top, extending some four feet towards the middle, and forming thus a bit of deck. On the hinder one we sat upon a piece of carpet, and on the other the owner coiled himself to sleep. In a larger boat there might well be here behind a cushion, good for passengers to sit on, and convenient for one person to sleep. Accordingly we find our Lord (in the first stormy voyage described) in the hinder part of the boat, asleep on a cushion. He cannot have been in the bottom of the boat, for it was filling with water and threatening to sink while he slept on.

Farther east to-day than ever before, or expect to be again, unless we go to Damascus.

At five o'clock, wind a good deal slackened, and we set out. . . Waves still quite high, and we had no work to do, and ample leisure to be uneasy. The prospect was alarming. A striking illustration of Scripture, and so far very gratifying. . . Boat savagely tossed at times, but shipped no water (though barely escaped), and no notion of capsizing. Presently they set the sail, and we worked northwest. . . We beat up into the mouth of the Jordan (thus having, notwithstanding the storm, some opportunity to see it), and waited awhile for the wind to sink more. Near dark we put out, keeping within a few hundred yards of the western shore, and relying on oars. . . Slowly we got on, passing Tel Hum, etc. Moon in first

quarter, stars here and there, lake shore very pleasing. Uneasiness diminishing, I sunk down, quite overcome with fatigue and the day's excitements, and slept an hour or two in a certain fitful fashion. . . Landed at half past ten, and felt heartily thankful. Gave the men liberal *bakshish*, and they probably wished for many storms with Frangi.

The diary has a graphic description of the frauds and impositions about the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the Greek footwashing, and the ceremony of the Holy Fire on April 6 and 8. About all the mockery Doctor Broadus says:

No devoutness, no seriousness—frolic for the crowd, ridiculous to the persons officiating. It is ceremony run in the ground, utterly defeating its own object. I have never in my life beheld a spectacle so humiliating. This is Oriental Christianity.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

BEYROUT, April 13, 1871: We had had a pleasant ride to Bethlehem that morning, and when at 6 o'clock I got so many letters, I was quite happy, especially as they all contained good news rather than otherwise. The next day, Tuesday, we left Jerusalem at 6 o'clock, and soon had our last look at the "Holy City." The ride was pleasant. Palestine looks its prettiest at just this season. Even the rockiest mountainsides have many wild flowers among the rocks, and the valleys and plains, where not cultivated, are completely covered with the little flowers, most bright and rich in their colors, and often very sweet in their perfume. Throughout our journey north, the wild flowers were our constant delight. Some great mountain might look very bleak in the distance, with its vast ledges of rock, but when we came to climb it, away up even to the top, the flowers, thick as in garden beds, would nod all around us their bright welcome, and fill the air with their delicious breath as we walked. . . The white almond blossoms have now passed away, and the trees are full of young almonds, which the people eat largely in their green state, shell and all, and which some say are sweet and wholesome. . . We spent the night at Ramleh, as before, and I thought the great olive groves, with tall wheat between the trees, more beautiful than ever. Yesterday morning we started again at 6 o'clock and came to Jaffa.

J. A. B. to MR. S. S. BROADUS:

BEYROUT, April 13, 1871: The French steamer did not arrive as expected, but fortunately we found a freight steamer from Glasgow, which does business in these waters, and had come to Jaffa to take pilgrims, returning from Jerusalem, to their homes, along the coast. . . . All the lower deck was full of pilgrims. Some of these are wealthy people; they put on mean clothing and rough it. . . We had several persons on board who were traveling around the world. . . I was faintly trying to wash my face, at half past six o'clock, when I heard some one above say, "We are just passing Sidon." . .

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

BEYROUT, April 14, 1871: . . If I can get pleasantly situated at Athens I mean to stay there at least three weeks. I am tired of so much going. If nothing happens, we shall reach Athens about 24th or 25th. Doctor R—— will not stay there more than one week. I told him how you envied his wife about correspondence, and he dolefully said that my last letter from you was of later date than his last from Mrs. R——, which was true, the English mail being very prompt, and the Italian very uncertain.

Beyrout is now the great port of Syria, with sixty thousand people, and growing rapidly. I have taken a great fancy to the place, probably because I was so sea-sick when I arrived here. No doubt I shall, if nothing happens, have a similar preparation in June for taking a great fancy for Locust Grove.

SMYRNA, April 22, 1871: . . The weather was delightful, and the boat comfortable. We had for three days a number of American missionaries (Congregationalist), stationed in different parts of Syria and Asia Minor, nine in all, including four ladies, and I was exceedingly pleased with their society. . . Then we coasted all along Syria and the southern coast of Asia Minor, almost everywhere in full view. We stopped four, six, eight hours at several points, and could go ashore. Thus at Alexandretta (Scanderoon), near the N. E. angle of the Mediterranean, we spent several hours of Sunday on shore, holding a prayer meeting in a Greek church. We were there in full view of the plain of Issus, where Alexander first fought Darius, and the town was named in his honor. Next day we stopped at Messena, within four hours of Tarsus, and though there was not quite time to go there we were for many hours in view of Paul's country, including the glorious snow-clad summits of Taurus. Then we

stopped at Rhodes and went ashore, with time enough to see the harbor, speculate about the Colossus, and run about the town. Afterwards we were passing the famous islands, Cos, Samos, Chios (Scio), etc. Patmos at night, couldn't see it. We reached Smyrna early yesterday morning, and to my great delight were able to make an excursion by rail, fifty miles, to see the ruins of Ephesus. I have been surprised to find Smyrna so beautiful—the harbor almost equals the bay of Naples, and the town not only looks beautiful at a distance (as many Oriental towns do), but compared with what we have long been seeing, it looks beautiful within.

DIARY, April 24: Rose early but not early enough to see ruins and temple of Minerva on Sunium—a gentleman (who slept on deck) said it appeared to great advantage in the morning light. We were in the gulf of Athens—on our right, Hymettus; on left, Ægina, and the little island on which Demosthenes died—farther left, mountains of the Morea, running in till nearly in front were the snow-capped mountains near Corinth. The bay is broad and very beautiful,—the morning was surpassingly fine,—indeed the weather for a week past, ever since we turned the N. E. corner of the Mediterranean, has been perfectly delightful. By degrees, on our right, Parnes becomes visible—presently we can see the Acropolis. . . Now we can see Pentelicus, between Hymettus and Parnes, and east, the Lycabettus. Yonder, in front, is the isle of Salamis. I see a youngish lady (of Cook's party, I think) talking to a young man in the most animated manner, her face radiant with enthusiasm and delight, and with animated gesticulation, perhaps one of those splendid scholars in Greek, like Mrs. Browning or Marian Evans, and full of enthusiasm here and now. "Dear little Charlie waked at half past four, and he was so lively I could not sleep any more —the dear, sweet little fellow." Yes, yes, that is right, that is beautiful—what are all these associations compared with a mother's love of finding delight in its very sacrifices? So, my amusement changed to a certain admiration.

Certainly Xerxes did give the Greeks every possible advantage in the naval battle yonder between Salamis and the mainland. In that narrow strait a few of their best ships, more easily maneuvered than his grand galleys, could hold the entire line, and if one of his broke the line it would be surrounded by the mass of Athenian vessels, gathered in safety behind. Self-conceit made him mad, almost a simpleton.

J. A. B. to MRS. B. :

ATHENS, April 29, 1871 : Doctor Randolph left, night before last, for Messina and Naples. Said he was very sorry to leave Athens so soon, but Mrs. R—— is in Naples, and he hasn't seen her for almost three months, a separation far longer than ever before. I found him throughout a pleasant traveling companion, and I felt very blue when he was gone and I found myself alone in a strange land.

There is a Baptist missionary here, a native Greek with a New England wife, and they are very friendly. . .

Mr. Duncan gave me a letter to the American minister here, Mr. Tuckerman, and he has been quite civil. Spending the evening with him, and somebody mentioning Sophocles, I asked Mrs. T—— if there were nightingales here, and referred to the opening of Œdipus Coloneus, where the blind old man and his daughter came to Colonos, a mile or two from Athens, and heard the nightingales singing in the grove. She said they were abundant, and a few minutes after she threw open the casement and called me. The Royal Gardens are opposite, it was ten o'clock, and the night singers were just beginning their responsive notes in the dense grove across the street. I listened long, and stopped many times on my way home to listen again. That passage of the Œdipus took very fast hold of me years ago, and to hear the nightingale for the first time here and then, was quite a delightful bit of experience. Last night, in my new quarters, they sang me to sleep with notes a good deal resembling the mocking birds we hear in the oak trees opposite our home—excepting the nightingale's delicious semitone trill.

Athens is a very pretty modern city, near fifty thousand inhabitants, and growing. King Otho and his engineers gave it quite a German look, the houses closely resembling his native Munich. The Greek costume is comparatively rare on the streets, and thus the more picturesque. Everywhere one hears French, English, Italian, German, as well as Greek, and the whole aspect of the place is European. Nor does this seem out of harmony with the glorious ruins on the Acropolis. Beyond all the nations or races, the spirit of the old Greek was a spirit of change and progress. In an Oriental city with the stationary Oriental civilization, European languages, dress, life, seem out of place. But here it seems perfectly appropriate that everything new should find a place, and the ruined Parthenon looks down benignly on the railway train, the gaslight, the breech-loader.

Those ruins on the Acropolis merit all their fame, and transcend

all eulogy. They thrill at the first visit, they grow upon you every time you return. It seems that only within the present generation has there come to be understood the wonderful system of curves according to which the temples there, and there alone, were built. The long steps, the pillars, the very grooves of the pillars, curve in conic sections, and the different grooves of the same pillar have different eccentricities, so that the eye never falls on a sharp line between two grooves, but all is soft in its gently curving outline, whatever part, great or small, we look at, or from whatever point of view. It is believed that the total failure of all imitations of the Parthenon is due to the lack of these delicate curves, most of which are detected only by instrument. Some account of the matter is given in Felton's "Ancient and Modern Greece," published three years ago, and a very readable book, which the University library surely must possess. It is very wonderful to find these delicate details, wrought out with scientific exactness and on so grand a scale, in so early a work. Matchless genius there was in all this, but also profound study, and boundless labor in the execution; and in every department of human effort it requires all three of these to achieve any great work. . .

After all descriptions, I had little conception of the Areopagus. It is just a huge lump of limestone rock, rising on the gradual western slope of the Acropolis hill (which on every other side is precipitous), and with a depressed neck of earth between it and the far higher and larger rock of the Acropolis itself. The rock is perfectly bare and rough. Near the eastern end, but fronting south toward the Agora, are cut the sixteen steps, narrow and rude, leading up to a small space which has equally rude seats cut in the rock, making a small square, and two little stands for accuser and accused. The fifty judges (I believe that was the number) must have folded their cloaks quite small and laid them close together, as they sat upon these half-hewn seats without backs, and the spectators could only perch around on the little natural lumps in the hard gray and reddish limestone. On one of the low stands, two or three feet square and high, partially cut out of the rock, and either facing the Acropolis or facing the other way toward the Pnyx, Paul must have stood. It seems very queer that not only in this strange old court, but in the popular assemblies at the Pnyx, the speaker spoke in the open air, standing on a piece of rock rudely hewn, and the hearers sat on stone seats, when they had seats at all. The open sky and plain, mountains and sea, the fair city around and the grand Acropolis towering yonder, gave the orator great advantage in his allu-

sions to nature and history, and the stone seats might well warn him not to be tedious. Not wonderful that Demus was often restless and impatient. So too, in the recently excavated theater of Dionysus, where the great dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes were all performed, the seats are all stone, the priests in front having only the distinction of marble, with arms and a concave back.

But I must go and mail this, and then come and "look over," as the other schoolboys say, the lesson my teacher in modern Greek gave me.

ATHENS, May 5, 1871: The lessons in modern Greek are accomplishing fully as much as I expected from them, and are costing me no worry at all. I have been sightseeing when I felt like it, and had a good many long and pleasant walks, both alone and in company. Two nights ago I went to see the Acropolis by moonlight, in company with Doctor Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary, and his wife's sister, a very pleasant lady. Her enjoyment of the scene made me wish all the more, what I am so often wishing, that you could be with me. As the clear, full moon shone down serenely upon those matchless columns, and flung its soft light over all that spot so rich in charming memories, I thought again and again that if Lottie were here, and our daughters, and Mary Smith, and Jennie, . . I would fairly say, I am happy. "Man never is, but always to be blest."

Well, I did greatly enjoy it, and nothing would have been more out of place then and there than to give way to vain longings for the impossible. What a power and life there was in that old Greek spirit, to infuse itself into chiseled stone, and live there forever, ready to cast its spell over every stranger who draws near to behold. The power of oratory and of song is wonderful, but then they employ that most marvelous of all human inventions, language, and that finest of all instruments, the human voice; the musician throws his soul into the instrument, and stirs our souls to their deepest depths, and we justly say, how wonderful; but then he has all the varieties and combinations of changeful sound. And the painter has color, and even the sculptor has posture and symbolical action, and both have easy command over our sympathies by presenting in preternatural beauty the human form. But the architect—where dwells the charm of that ruined Parthenon, making it seem the perfection at once of beauty and sublimity?—as if the beauty of yonder sleeping sea, and of yonder dark mountains, and of yonder glorious

mighty heavens, had all come to dwell in these rows of marble columns and broken marble walls? . .

Yesterday, as I said, was the king's name day. Men in Greece are almost always named after some saint, and then they celebrate the calendar-day of that saint as their "name-day," receiving visits, etc. The young king is fortunate in having a good Greek name, and St. George is one of the great saints, with a day that comes at a pleasant season. The great feature of the celebration is the service at the Metropolitan Church. I happened to fall in with the Smyths going, and we were carried by their dragoman within the railing, just to the left of the throne; and though others were turned out, the foreigners were left there undisturbed. After due delay, the foreign ministers came in, resplendent with gold-lace and order ribbons, and it was very funny to see them all around us with their elaborate greetings and magnificent politeness. A platform held two chairs, red velvet and gold, with a little crown at the top of the back, and their majesties came in and stood before the chairs, getting pretty tired of the long service. . . I couldn't understand the service, and as it was my first and last time of being within five feet of royalty, I observed them pretty closely. . .

Sam sent his love to the next king and queen I saw, but he'll have to pardon me—I really hadn't a chance to deliver it. . .

After we came out, I ran (literally) to see the procession pass along Hermes Street—trumpets and galloping cavalry, with the same blue and white uniform, and carriages dashing by at a gallop. . .

CORFU, May 16, 1871: We sailed from Athens till we reached in four hours the isthmus of Corinth, which we crossed in carriages, three miles, passing the site of the old Isthmian games. We waited an hour at the little town of New Corinth, the famous city where Paul labored so long. The gulf of Corinth presents much beautiful scenery. It is narrow and winding like the Scotch lakes, with bold headlands and high mountains, some of them, both in the Peloponnesus and on the north, being bright with snow. After passing Helicon on the north, we came towards evening within clear view of Parnassus, whose mantle of snow is very broad, and probably never cast off for all the persuasion of the summer sun. . . During the night we passed Missalonghi, where Lord Byron died. Yesterday we had a capital view of the island of Ithaca, famous for Ulysses and Penelope. One of my companions, a young Massachusetts professor, was reading the "Odyssey" in Greek. At midnight we were at Corfu, and had the next day before us. . .

J. A. B. to MISS ANNIE H. BROADUS:

CORFU, May 16, 1871: But I am not giving you the slightest conception of the transcendently beautiful scene, as we saw from a high rock on the summit of a mountain. I had been getting more and more delighted as we went along. It is so pleasant after being at sea, to look out on a wide expanse of terra firma, with its trees and crops and friendly flowers. The roses seemed to have caught a smile from the lips of those I love. The ripening flax brought back the days of boyhood, when I used to pull flax for mother. The huge figs, almost ripe on the trees, suggested the most luscious tastes. The flourishing young vines cut almost to the ground in winter, but now full of rapidly growing shoots and pretty bunches of young grapes, seemed to radiate from their tender and quivering leaves the very vitality of spring, and to send joyous life tingling through my nerves. The laborers, with their bright dresses, all looked smiling. The cheery upland breezes seemed to whisper of all pleasant things. And when, after many an exclamation of delight I reached the high rock and looked around, I clapped my hands and shouted for very gladness.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

MILAN, May 23, 1871: We left Florence Monday morning (yesterday) and came through to Milan in ten hours. The day was very fine, and the ride uncommonly pleasant. . .

From Bologna came by Modena, Parma, Piacenza—famous names, but we flitted by, and saw but little. Far to the west of us was bending away the high range of the Apennines, with several snow-clad summits. The railway runs almost exactly along the Roman Via Æmilia, and all about were the sites of Roman towns and Roman battles.

At Florence Doctor Broadus rejoined the young ladies and they now had the joys of the Alps together.

J. A. B. to WM. WILLIAMS:

INTERLAKEN, June 6, 1871: At Geneva I made some effort one afternoon to find places associated with Calvin, and it was curious to see how little could be found. There is a library, in which are autographs, etc., of him, and other Reformers, but it was closed, and the librarian was not at home. There is the house in which he lived twenty-one years, up to his death. . . It is one of the largest houses in the vicinity, of excellent stone, two stories high besides cellar and

garret rooms, and built around three sides of a court. The only thing to be learned from my survey is, that from his first going to Geneva, Calvin lived in excellent style and ample comfort. Then I tried to find the Champel, a hill south of the town, on which Servetus was "executed." After some inquiries it was reached, but a couple of intelligent gentlemen who were passing assured me that the place of the execution was entirely unknown—it was somewhere in this vicinity. . . The cemetery in which Calvin was buried is known, but it is no longer used, and the exact spot occupied by his remains is unknown, as he expressly forbade the erection of any monument over his grave. . . An admirer of Calvin (and assuredly I belong to that class) might liken the case to that of Christianity itself, whose original abodes have long been occupied by its enemies, leaving few genuine memorials beyond the mere natural locality, but which thus only the more vindicates its character as not local and sensuous. To complete the series of failures, I called at Dr. Merle d'Aubigné's, but the servant reported he was at dinner, and I said I would call in the evening—which circumstances made impracticable.

At Lausanne I hunted up the garden in the rear of a house in which garden Gibbon wrote the last volume of his history, and where he tells that after writing the last sentence, late at night, he laid down the pen, took several turns in the garden, and thought—what in the world is it that he says he thought? . . Anyhow, he thought something or other, probably a very self-complacent thought, as it would have been like his character, and anyhow, it is a lovely little garden in which he wrote. Completely shaded (now) by six fine trees, and with an adjoining flower-garden on a lower level of the hill to send up its sweet odors by day and by night to his table and chair, it commands a wide and most beautiful view of the Lake of Geneva, and of the successive ranges of the Alps beyond, with Mont Blanc in the distance. I got to thinking about what an excellent thing it is for a student and author to be rich, and the fact that besides Gibbon, Grote was rich, and Buckle, and Prescott. . . . Gibbon's house has been converted into the Hotel Gibbon, and has long been popular as a place of summer resort, Lausanne having one of the most beautiful situations of all the world's cities. Among the schools for which it is famous, is the Academy, and here Vinet was once professor. I had considerable trouble in finding his lecture room. At length, after being stared at for my inquiries about the late distinguished professor, I stumbled upon an old servant man, who with some effort remembered about Vinet, and would show me his portrait. So we went upstairs from the court of the building,

and hunted round for the portrait among a number on the walls of a room; but didn't find it. Then he thought it must be somewhere else, and went in at a door about as uninviting as that by which we and our students enter the halls of wisdom—except that it was in a stone wall, but very old and ugly. We climbed an old spiral stone stairway, and got into a small room, where was another old man. "He can tell you," said my guide. So he told me that there is no portrait of Vinet there, though there is a picture somewhere else in the town, representing him and others on some public occasion. I inquired for his lecture room, and behold, it was *this* room. It is about twenty-four by fourteen feet, low pitched, with one small window at the end, looking on a dull street, and two or three small windows in the side looking into the old court of the academy. The professor stood at the other end, with no window near and must have had a pretty dull time of it, as to his surroundings, and also a rather small class. I think our lecture rooms are twice as agreeable, being so much better ventilated and lighted, besides having a goodly space above, into which a man may let loose his voice upon occasion. The room here was rather dark, and the students couldn't always make their hasty notes legible. And as the book on homiletics was eked out from their notes, there can be of course no doubt that the passages in it which you never could understand, and I never could explain to you, were derived from notes taken on rainy days.

It is not pleasant to think how soon a theological professor may be forgotten in the places where he was so great a man. My aged informant was a librarian, and the lecture room is now a reading room to the library. I think we really must get us a librarian, and one likely to be long-lived.

I haven't heard what was done for or with the Seminary at St. Louis, but hope to hear soon. Tell Thomas that we went to Chamounix last week, having perfect weather and a delightful trip. Now, we are shut up by a succession of rainy days. But we are at a pleasant place, and have no special engagements, and are taking it very easy.

My health gets better and worse—I don't know how it is. Sometimes[1] I fear that I can never stand anything like close study again, but I look forward with much interest and pleasure to the time for resuming my work. I have written to engage passage for July 8, which would take me to Charlottesville about July 20, where I should be glad to hear from you.

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[1] And yet he did hold himself to severe study till the very last.

Doctor Broadus and the ladies went by Lucerne to Baden and then down the Rhine to Cologne. It was now safe to go to Paris.

J. A. B. to MRS. B. :

PARIS, June 16, 1871: Poor Paris! The Boulevard des Italiens, with its splendid shops, shows no crowds of passers-by, as it used to do, and almost everybody looks grave and even sad. However, it is rather a credit to the people that they have such an aspect; there has been enough to make them so, and the future of France is sadly uncertain.

PARIS, June 19, 1871: We were fortunate on Sunday. Finding that one of the French Protestant chapels, belonging to the congregations which reject State aid, led by my friend Pressensé, was near here, I went there in the morning, and learned that the preacher for noon was M. Bersier. I knew of him from the "Revue Chrétienne," which I used to take, as an eloquent and scholarly man. We went, and were greatly gratified, though I couldn't understand quite as well as I do a German preacher. . . Bersier is a fine-looking man, tall enough and broad-chested, with a splendid forehead and classical features, and a voice not powerful, but sweet and ringing. The text was Isa. 40: 9—end. The sermon was recited, except (I thought) some passages towards the close. He spoke of the occasion to which the prophet referred, a nation crushed and its capital in ruins, and yet comfort in waiting on the almighty and eternal God. The two facts, God is powerful, God is eternal, were shown to contain consolation, not for the fatalist or the pantheist, but for the Christian. Then he applied it to present circumstances—spoke of the proud and powerful people, the brilliant civilization, the irreligion and vain philosophies, and the nation subdued, and beautiful Paris with her proudest palaces in ruins—and to crown all, this last tragedy of blood and fire, as awakening fears for the future. Then he talked of consolation for the Christian, even here and now, in remembering God—of the political and social duties of the hour—said that true Christians could regenerate France, and even a true leaven of it could save her; that in the seventeenth century, when the talents of Bossuet and the virtues of Fénélon conld not stop the corruption of Catholicism, Protestantism had saved France, and Protestantism must do it again. These were the leading thoughts. The style had not only the elegance which is so characteristically French, but terseness and point, and there was a pathetic tenderness of sentiment

and the delivery swelling to passion when he spoke of the incendiaries, and of the socialistic philosophies which had led to all this, that was extremely impressive. Several passages took possession of me, though I could not more than half understand. I felt as when one hears a most impressive song, catching only enough of the words to see the general drift, and borne along by sympathetic sentiment rather than by ideas fully apprehended.

PARIS, June 24, 1871: This morning I went alone to the great National Library, which claims to be the largest in the world. They have for some years been making a new suite of rooms, and so one cannot see the books, but I entered the reading rooms, of which the principal one is lighter and more elegant than the grand room at the British Museum. Though I had no card of permission, and not even my passport, they agreed, after some parleying, to let the "American" gentleman see the MS. of the New Testament (known as C), which is one of the treasures; and I had the pleasure of turning over its leaves for half an hour. (Cardinal Antonelli never answered my humble request to see B at the Vatican. I mean to try again to examine A in the British Museum.) Can't learn anything thus, but it is a pleasure, and will interest my pupils.

J. B. JETER to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., July 29, 1871: I am mortified that I did not see you while you were here. I did not learn that you were in the city till this afternoon. I wish to talk with you about many things. By all means you should write a book and publish a portion—two-thirds in the "Herald." This arrangement would aid the circulation of the book. . .

You know not what you missed by failing to call on me. Mrs. Jeter has such a collection of compliments for you as no other mortal, I presume, ever received at one time. It will put your modesty to a severe test.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SEMINARY'S LIFE

And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.
—*Lowell.*

AND now the Seminary once more. This enterprise had always been on Doctor Broadus's heart and in his prayers. His best service to it was in the future. His life had been spared for it and he was richer for this work by reason of his European and Oriental travel.

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

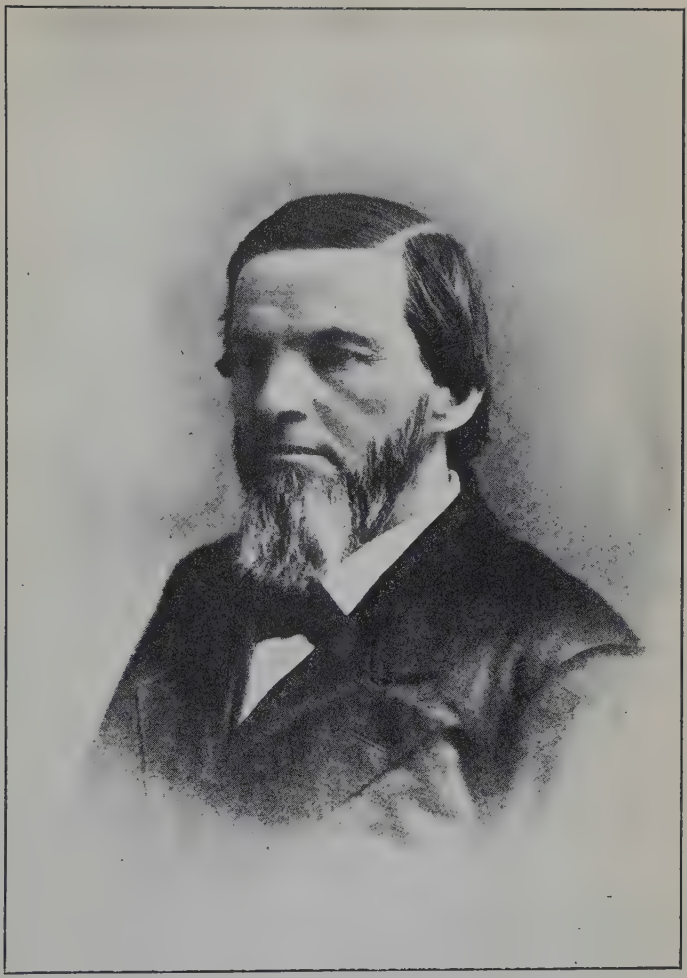
GREENVILLE, S. C., July 13, 1871: So far as I can judge, the prospects are, (1) That the Seminary will be sustained. It is stronger than ever in the confidence and affections of the people, and any attack upon it would only intensify and render more practical the interest felt in it. (2) It will leave Greenville. (3) Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, afford the most desirable sites. At present no enthusiasm appears to have been developed except in Kentucky, and a few days more will show the result there, in part at least. . .

ON G. & C. R. R., Aug 7, 1871: I am on my way to Kentucky. Ten days ago I declined presidency of Georgetown College. But they telegraphed that "the board desire a personal interview and will pay expenses"; so I am off. . .

Perhaps it may be that I can "leave the Seminary for the Seminary's good" like the Botany Bay emigrants leave their country.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Aug. 11, 1871: I can't face the idea of losing you, and it would be very nearly impossible to make me see that your leaving us could be an advantage to the Seminary. But I have much more confidence in your judgment than my own. If you think it best, for yourself and for the cause, to make the change, I must try to be reconciled, but it would be very hard. I really



shudder at the idea of losing your so dear companionship and so valued co-operation, and I entreat you to be very slow to think it your duty to change. I feel particularly disqualified for judging about the question, because I don't really understand the status of things. I rarely got the "Herald" while absent, and it is curious how completely behindhand I find myself. I have been waiting to see you and Boyce in order to post myself. As to salary, we must all have more in a year or two at the farthest, or the whole concern will fail.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Aug. 12, 1871: Uncle William came up last night. He was at the Louisville Convention about removing the Seminary. He says the leading Russellville men will not consent to merging Bethel College into the Seminary. They want us as a theological department of the college. . .

He says the only real prospect is of our going to Louisville, and does not think that it is very brilliant.

So Doctor Manly, after a severe struggle as to his duty, went to Georgetown, and the rest, Boyce, Broadus, Williams, and Toy, with saddened hearts took up the work. Broadus undertook the Students' Fund, while Boyce assumed homiletics, unwilling that Broadus, still in poor health, should do double work. The Chicago University was making overtures to get Broadus as its head, but he was going to remain with the Seminary through "thick and thin." He soon went to New York in the interest of the Seminary.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK, Oct. 12, 1871: This terrible fire at Chicago will almost ruin my enterprise, I fear, but I must follow the lead of Providence, and am not nervous on the subject.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16, 1871: Mr. Gellatly and I went over to Brooklyn to Mr. Pentecost's, and presently to a social meeting of Brooklyn pastors, of all denominations. They postponed their appointed subject of conversation, and called on one of their number for an account of his visit to California, and on me for my travels. I talked at some length, and was asked a variety of questions, and treated with much courtesy. Edward Beecher was there, but not

Henry Ward. Doctor Conant was present, very civil to me, and invited me to dine with him some day this week, which I shall probably do. . .

Yesterday was the most unlucky time for my contribution, certainly. Preached at Hanson Place (Pentecost's) in the morning, and in the evening they were to have a sermon and collection for Chicago; and where I preached in the evening they had C—— in the morning. But the former gave me something over three hundred dollars, cash down, and the latter will not probably fall below the same sum. I think this was very generous. I was treated with all possible consideration.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21, 1871: It is more and more clear to me that the Seminary must go West or go down.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Feb. 13, 1872: Sunday was a day of trouble in Greenville. The news spread that you were alarmingly ill, and there was great distress and anxiety. The attempt to get a telegram through that day failed, and we had to wait. So it went until Monday afternoon. Not only our immediate circle, professors, students, church, but everybody was expressing concern and desire to hear again. Many times the Negroes stopped me on the street to ask if we had heard anything more, and the shopkeepers would call from behind the counter as I passed their doors. And to-day, as I rode by the home of the old one-armed lady who belongs to our church, she called out to stop me, and came tottering out to ask.

God be thanked for the news received last evening that you were decidedly better. God spare you, if it please him, and raise you up speedily again for active service. But don't forget Milton's grand image:

> His state
> Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
> They also serve who only stand and wait.

My dear fellow, God bless you, in body and mind and soul.

Brown University was after Doctor Broadus for president, Crozer Seminary also sought him. Rev. W. D. Thomas wrote: "Glad to know that nothing moves you. . . I wish I had a hundred thousand to give the Seminary."

J. L. JOHNSON to J. A. B.:

DANVILLE, VA., March 14, 1872: I have had much pleasure in reading your "Recollections of Travel" and always feel something of disappointment when the "Herald" comes without a column from you. Don't be in a hurry to get over the ground. I believe I have most pleasure in your accounts of places having literary associations, but I enjoy them all, and I doubt not many are learning something of geography and history too, who knew precious little of either. By the way, I had recently an illustration of Hiden's saying, "The amount of ignorance which some people have accumulated is really astonishing."

W. H. WHITSITT to J. A. B.:

ALBANY, GA., March 4, 1872: I regret not a little the cry that is raised about Bro. Williams' ears, and wrote to him a few days ago giving an expression of my feelings. As to "alien immersions" there is a "debatable land" with every case that arises, but the principle on which to decide these cases is clearly and unmistakably that which Bro. W—— enunciates and maintains.[1]

ALBANY, GA., April 9, 1872: Yours of the 30th March was received last week. After turning the subject over many times and praying for Divine guidance I have concluded to accede to your request to permit my name to be proposed to the Board of Trustees for the position of assistant professor.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 7, 1872: Manly got on at Newberry, and I talked over with him the questions about the Seminary and Louisville, he expressing himself as ready to do everything in his power to help us there, if we should go. It is more and more clear to my mind that the board cannot decide, and will have to appoint a large committee to meet, say three months hence, and let Louisville in the meantime be canvassed. The question is pretty clearly between Chattanooga and Louisville.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 9, 1872: Found on the train many friends, and had much pleasant talk with Uncle William and others. At Hillsboro Mrs. Gov. Graham came aboard with some of her very interesting family. Reached here at seven o'clock, beautiful day.

[1] Doctor Williams laid little stress upon the administrator for the validity of baptism.

Had been assigned to Colonel Heck, splendid home, many brethren, Doctor Randolph and I in a delightful room. . .

But we are all filled with grief at the death of Dr. A. M. Poindexter, which occurred two or three days ago, after a very brief illness. It is a terrible shock, and casts a gloom over all hearts. May these many losses be blessed to the Convention.

Doctor Boyce was elected president on first ballot, by a considerable majority, Doctor Curry being next. He made a good address on taking the chair. Vice-presidents, Curry, A. P. Abell, Fuller, Crane, and Davis, of Bethel College. I presented Boyce the mallet, with a few words, and it was quite unexpected to find it exciting much interest.[1]

ON THE CARS, May 23, 1872: I should have decided last night to remain but for one thing. I should not hesitate to miss the Educational Convention and the General Association in Staunton, but it is necessary to consult and decide during the Convention whether we are to make that effort in New York. . . This is a matter of the highest importance, on which the future of the Seminary may turn, and as I have providentially made friends in New York, it seems to be my duty to be present next week on that account. But I am going with a heavy heart. . .

And now even for myself I want to be resting and trying to get some strength, and quietly making some progress as a student, instead of wearing out what is left of me in fatiguing journeys and exciting Conventions and collecting campaigns in June. But it seems to be my duty, and Providence is wiser than I am. My life has been graciously, and in some respects strangely, directed by Providence. I have often, when sorely troubled, found unanticipated blessings.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30, 1872: They keep us very busy. (Educational Convention.) Some very interesting men here. Doctor Sears' address was inspiring, and Doctor Kendrick's on Classical Studies was unrivaled. I spoke good-humoredly against Doctor Brooks on having women in the colleges. Am on a committee with E. G. Robinson, and had the satisfaction of agreeing with him. Doctor Sears has treated me with marked courtesy. . . It is decided that Boyce and I shall not make any attempt in New York now, and so I expect to be at home by twentieth or twenty-fifth of June. I want to get home and stay there. I am to leave this evening, hop-

[1] A gavel of olive wood he had brought from Jerusalem.

ing to get to Staunton to-morrow, and expect to spend most of next week at Charlottesville.

STAUNTON, VA., June 1, 1872: Received at the depot by my friend General Echols, formerly of Union, Monroe County. I stayed at his house there in summer of 1859, and am delightfully situated with him here. Interesting family, charming home, several other brethren.

APPROACHING RICHMOND, June 3, 1872: Not having had sleep enough for several nights, and feeling quite fagged, I went home and spent ten hours in bed. Preached yesterday morning at Episcopal church, on "Raising of Lazarus." Very large house, crowded, benches in the aisles. All the famous lawyers of Staunton were there—I wish it might be blessed to their good. . .

At night I heard Bro. Winfree, of Chesterfield, a country preacher almost equal to Grimsley.

My stay at General Echols' was very pleasant indeed. Great crowd leaving Staunton this morning. Very interesting to be with so many dear old friends. Have had a long talk with Doctor Jeter, at his request, about the location of the Seminary. Also many talks with many others. A. Broaddus and his wife sit across the aisle of the car. W. D. Thomas comes by and says, Give my love to your wife and your ma, talks awhile, and goes off, saying, finish your letter. Doctor Curry, who was president of the General Association, and hard-worked, is on the seat behind me, asleep. Bitting is over yonder, gayly talking with some lady, etc., etc.

I concluded this morning to keep on down to Richmond to B——'s marriage this evening, and back to Charlottesville to-morrow. B—— is going to Europe on her bridal trip, and said she wished I was going along, but I reckon I should be "*un peu de trop*" this time.

J. A. B. to MISS E. S. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., June 4, 1872: I learn, as coming from Professor Harris and Professor Winston, that the Philadelphia breakfast was a delightful affair, and that among all the amusing and taking speeches, Doctor Boyce quite carried off the palm. He made a fine impression throughout the Convention.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, June 6, 1872: Took tea at Doctor McGuffey's. His work on "Mental Philosophy"—like Haven in size and design—is printing, and he showed me proofs. He looks as young and vigorous as ever. .

I attended a lecture of Gildersleeve's at half past twelve, and got ideas. In the evening he and Holmes and Peters called, and Doctor Davis was prevented after proposing. G—— was glad to meet somebody interested in grammar, and sat late, very full of talk.

W. F. MOULTON to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, SURREY, ENGLAND, July 29, 1872: I am ashamed to discover that a year has passed since I received your letter written off Queenstown. The explanation of my apparent forgetfulness is very simple, though I cannot feel that the excuse is sufficient. Messrs. Nisbet kindly sent me the volume on "Homiletics" with very little delay, and I lost no time in writing a few lines of recommendation in the "London Quarterly Review." I could not bring myself, however, to write to you until I had done more in attestation of the very high estimate I had formed of your work. For several months I have been waiting for an opportunity of writing a more complete notice of the book, but an unexpected pressure of work has until now prevented me from doing anything of this kind. I hope, however, to carry out my purpose very soon. "Homiletics" is not a subject which belongs to my department; but I have done all that has been in my power to recommend your work as the best treatise on this important subject that I have ever met with. I earnestly hope its circulation in England will be very large.

I thank you very sincerely for your kind words respecting my edition of "Winer." If you will have the kindness to mention to me any suggestions which occur to you in using the book, or any mistakes which may attract your notice, I shall be very much obliged. I am now preparing for a second edition: after this, I wish to leave the book untouched for some years.

I am disappointed to find that the distance of New York from South Carolina makes it impossible for you to join the American Company of Revision. It would have been a great pleasure to me to think that we were engaged in the same work.

Doctor Broadus fulfilled his engagement at the Crozer Commencement and made a brief trip to New York, where he and Doctor Boyce labored to keep the Seminary afloat.

.. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Sept. 13, 1872: I hope and pray that it may all turn out straight about our going to Louisville. If we can get

established there I am persuaded that you and we together can do a great deal of good. . . One thing is to my mind clear—that we shall help the colleges instead of harming them. If it should be thought best by them to give up theological teaching, I think that will be best in the end. The people now regard that as the most important part of the college, and I know it is necessary to make that go. But they can, when the time comes, be persuaded from the example of Virginia and North Carolina, and of all the Northern Baptist colleges, that colleges do better without attempting theology than with it. And all the interest in ministerial education which the Seminary will help to awaken will tend to send students to the colleges for their literary education. . .

I hope your Greek professor drills a great deal in the forms, and makes them write much Greek. If he doesn't, it would be a good thing if you could get a tutor as soon as practicable that would push that sort of thing. . .

Williams is very busy, having undertaken Boyce's work as well as his own.[1] I hope his health may keep up—it was improved by a jaunt in the mountains in August.

I have pretty good health except as to my eyes, which get no better.[2]

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B. :

LOUISVILLE,[3] Oct. 8, 1872 : I shall have a hard time. I trust I shall have the earnest prayers of all of you. . .

The pastors here are all pledged to me by vote at their conference yesterday.

Doctor Boyce at first found much indifference toward the Seminary among the Baptists of Louisville. This

[1] Doctor Broadus now resumed homiletics.

[2] Dr. George B. Eager (now professor in the Seminary) entered the Seminary this fall. He recalls distinctly how, on a visit to Dr. Broadus's house, he spoke particularly of the importance of students taking care of their eyes, alluding to the trouble under which he was then laboring. Doctor Eager also says: "One of the most vivid recollections I have of Dr. Broadus associates him with a homespun suit and his habit of eating apples. (I afterwards heard him tell that the suit was made for him and presented to him by one of the good sisters of a country congregation to which he was preaching.) I can see him still, as I saw him then, in the bright and bracing air of those frosty mornings in the fall of '72, striding on to his lecture-room eating apples and greeting all he met with his accustomed smile and cheery words. It was a sight to impress the imagination and memory."

[3] Doctor Boyce had gone to Louisville to see if he could raise enough towards the endowment in Kentucky to justify moving the Seminary there, the other professors meanwhile carrying on the institution in Greenville.

was chiefly due to lack of acquaintance with the institution, and gradually disappeared. Doctor and Mrs. Arthur Peter deserve special mention as being at once alive to the importance of the enterprise for Louisville and the South. They gave the first large contribution and opened their home hospitably to Doctor Boyce. Through all the years since this honored couple have loved the Seminary and its professors. Mrs. Peter is a Virginian and that fact gave her a new bond of friendship for Doctor Broadus when he came to Louisville.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Oct. 29, 1872: We have been having our usual charming autumn weather, but it has seemed more charming than ever before. The growth of leaves was very luxuriant, and the forests have now a richness of color that I have never seen equaled. I think some of the great painters would go wild with delight to see such gorgeous splendors as half a dozen points around us now present.

I suppose you have seen "Life and Times of J. B. Taylor." I find it very interesting, as I had expected.

W. A. MASON to J. A. B.:

OKOLONA, MISS., Jan. 3, 1873: . . The opposition to the Seminary arises from a gross misapprehension of the way things are carried on there, and the indifference is simply ignorance. The Seminary has never been represented in our Convention, and on this account a large majority of the brethren feel not much connection with it. Some think you are slighting the Southwest, in never sending a representative farther west than Alabama. This is an argument constantly produced to alienate our people from the Seminary, by those who oppose it. There are other influences silently (more or less) at work here against our noble school, and all its friends desire to throw every counteracting influence possible in the way.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 25, 1873: I do not fear the badgering of Williams. If any one badgers, let him fight. We need not fear the consequences. I think some eyes would be opened to see that much can be said on the other side of a question on which they speak so

dogmatically. Perhaps Williams could ask them some hard questions.

Whitsitt writes me the Foreign Board would send him to Rome (as missionary). I shall be very sorry to have him go with so brief a stay with us. I have formed great hopes of him.

J. A. B. to JAMES P. BOYCE:

GREENVILLE, S. C. March 14, 1873: I do not wonder that you sometimes feel discouraged, painfully. The task is difficult, and the kind of opposition encountered is very depressing. But life is always a battle. My dear fellow, nobody but you can do it, and it will be, all things considered, one of the great achievements of our time. To have carried it through will be a comfort and a pleasure to you through life, a matter of joy and pride to the many who love and honor you, an occasion of thanksgiving through all eternity. Opposition—every good thing encounters opposition. Think of Paul, of Jesus!

Nay, nay, no such word as fail. Somehow, somehow, you are bound to succeed. The Seminary is a necessity. Our best brethren want it. God has blessed it thus far. It is your own offspring. You have kept it alive since the war,—fed it with almost your own heart's blood. It must succeed, somehow, and you are the man that must make it succeed.

J. A. B. to MRS. MARTHA BICKERS:

GREENVILLE, S. C., April 10, 1873: If I find you there this summer, I want you to join me in visiting your home and also the home of our youth. On a pleasant summer day there would be much pensive satisfaction, and ought to be some profit, in reviving the recollections of the days "when the world and we were young." . .

I believe in the open air. . . If your chest is weak, riding horseback will do you more good than anything else that can be started. Many a person after severe hemorrhages, has been made strong by it. And a trotting horse is the best. Let me see—I have dim recollections of the time when you first grew up—what a comely damsel you were; a fair complexion and cheeks of pretty pink, all in the days before you had that nervous fever which Doctor Herndon couldn't fully cure, and which brought dyspepsia; I dimly see you now; I must have been six or seven years old then; and you were riding an old gray horse, it seems to me, and the horse trots, and you look worried, as much so as a nice young girl could be expected to look, because your horse doesn't pace. That trotting horse was

doubtless the making of you. If it hadn't been for him you could never have stood all you have gone through, of ill health and care and toil. That trotting horse was a blessing in disguise, like many another that it takes us forty years to find out. So get you another trotting horse, and learn to ride again, and see if it doesn't make you strong again, even young, and pretty, of course. So learn to ride, sure enough, and we can then take that little jaunt on horseback. . .

Mother used to say, "Anything is hard to do if it's well done, and doing nothing is the hardest of all things to do if it's well done." Perhaps I don't do nothing well, for I find it not hard at all, and I can recommend it heartily.

I am glad to say that Annie and Sam have both been received by the church, and are to be baptized on Sunday next. They seem to be thoroughly in earnest, and I trust they are truly renewed. Some thirty-five have recently joined our church, the fruits of a meeting begun and for the most part carried on by our Seminary students.

It is now decided that we stay here another year. Our future after that is very uncertain. But the Seminary has been wonderfully guided and upheld through all these trying years, and by God's blessing has become dear to very many of our best brethren, and so I hope there will be given us a future.

I am under engagement to be at the University of Virginia, July second, to read a paper in memory of Doctor Harrison.[1]

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 21, 1873: I have now seventy-eight thousand dollars and over. My prospect of reporting one hundred thousand dollars tolerable. The fact is that my Louisville subscription of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is now to my mind certain. But time, time; I hope to see many of you at the Convention. But I am anxious for Williams to go to Mississippi. If they should treat him badly I shall be sorry on his account and theirs, but it will help us. Soul liberty is worth more than alien immersion, even with Landmarkers.

PHILIP SCHAFF to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, April 28, 1873: I just learn that 1 and 2 Samuel will soon be published. Will send you the first copy unless you have

[1] Published in the "Southern Review" and also in "Broadus's Sermons and Addresses." Professor Smith spoke of it as "that noble essay on the life of Gessner Harrison, which is worthy to be ranked with the best compositions of our literature." Doctor Hiden compared it to Tacitus's "*Agricola*."

already ordered it, in the meantime go on with the textual department as fast as you can.[1]

F. H. SMITH to J. A. B.:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, May 4, 1873: At a quarter past six o'clock this evening our venerated and valued professor, Doctor McGuffey, quietly and in unconsciousness passed away. He lingered for weeks, having rallied after his physicians despaired of him. His daughter, Mrs. Hepburn, and his wife were the only relatives with him. . .

Other gentlemen of the faculty, besides Dr. [John Staige] Davis, have spoken to me most earnestly in reference to the matter, and indeed so far as I know, if the alumni, faculty, and friends of the Institution were polled, their well-nigh, if not altogether unanimous, choice would light on you.

These gentlemen desired me to approach you, or cause you to be approached on the subject. I know of no way save that of simply and directly telling you the facts and asking you to deliberate upon them and give us your mature decision, earnestly hoping that this decision will be favorable to us.

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to argue the matter with you. I could say nothing which will not occur with greater force to your own reflections. I can very well understand the strength of your love to the Seminary, the child of your care and toil.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

MOBILE, May 9, 1873: Dr. T. G. Jones' introductory sermon last night (one and a half hours) was one of the noblest sermons I ever heard—intensely practical, saying the very things that needed to be said, and saying them with wonderful freshness and impressiveness.

MOBILE, May 12, 1873: Preached on John the Baptist pretty successfully at St. Francis Street, and though very tired afterwards, was not prostrated. . .

Convention adjourned this afternoon—only a sermon to-night. Very good session, upon the whole. Some people say Boyce presides even better than Mell; equally prompt, clear, and impartial, and more cordial and genial. . .

I love you, dear wife, always, everywhere I love you. Try to

[1] In the "Lange Commentary" (American and English Revision), to which translation Doctor Broadus and Doctor Toy contributed the commentary on 1 and 2 Samuel.

bear patiently the ills we cannot cure, and God be gracious to us both.

Doctor Broadus supplied the First Church, Richmond, during July and August. In November he went to New York and New Jersey to procure assistance for the struggling Student's Fund, while Boyce battled away in Louisville. The students wrote: "You and your mission were made the special object of our prayer meeting yesterday afternoon." On his return, Dr. Edward Bright eagerly wrote to inquire if he would take the Yonkers Church with a unanimous call and a generous salary.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Dec. 29, 1873: I sympathize with your annoyance. . . But I am satisfied that if you were to resign, it would do harm rather than good. It is true that people have come to think you can accomplish impossibilities, and so they are disposed to stand by and let you run the machine by your financial skill and influence, but if you resigned they would say, "Well, if Boyce has given it up, there is no hope." Our people have suffered so many losses that they are too ready to give things up as lost. I am sure this is the effect which your resigning would produce. . .

Cheer up, my dear brother. "Through much tribulation." But God has been with us in six troubles, at least.

J. C. HIDEN to J. A. B.:

WILMINGTON, N. C., Jan. 17, 1874: . . I am glad to hear of even the temporary relief to the professors in our beloved Seminary. But I am still troubled about its needs. Oh, if our business men, who have the means, could only be brought to feel (as some of us poor, overworked, ill-furnished preachers can and do feel) the need, the terrible, pressing, crying need of better furnished men to do the pulpit work of our day!

Paul said, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and our people are saying (in effect) "Almost anybody is." I know something about what it means to preach Sunday after Sunday (two sermons) to the same intelligent congregation for years, and to have some sort of a standard of conscientious pulpit work, and then to feel that one is expected to do the work of three good men, with the time, the

capacity for labor, and the health of one man, and with the preparation of half a man, and "*haud ignarus mali, miseris succurrere disco.*" . .

I was traveling on the cars some time ago, and a little Negro was offering oranges for sale. He had evidently got the contagion prevalent in our latitude, and had just sense enough to proclaim through the car, that "Dese oranges is from de Norf." A sprightly Yankee woman was much amused, and the car rang with peals of laughter as she stopped little cuffee and asked him "if he was sure his oranges were Northern ones." "Yes'm, raised dar'."

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

AUGUSTA, GA., Jan. 19, 1874: I suppose it may be best for me to go to Greenville and talk matters over with all of you. I do not wish to be hasty, and especially not to take steps which I shall have to retract. I have made up my mind all along to keep on as long as there was any chance. . . I doubt even now the possibility of permanently endowing the Seminary, and fear we shall have to give up the whole work. Perhaps this is the will of the Lord. As I say, I have no desire to take a step backward and therefore when I feel compelled to say to the Board I can go on no longer, I shall not take hold again, and I think my reasons for resigning will prevent any one else from so continuing.

H. A. TUPPER to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 20, 1874: Thanks for the $12.50 [for missions]: acknowledgment made as directed. Would that all the world knew how to write a *business* letter as does J. A. B.

J. M. BOSTICK to J. A. B.:

BRIGHTON, S. C., Jan. 25, 1874: I read to the little congregation there your appeal in the "Herald" of the 8th inst. It acted, in my hands, like the Irishman's overloaded musket, that did more execution behind than before. The immediate response of the congregation was two dollars, but as I was traveling homeward with my little boy he asked if I could afford to pay him half of thirty dollars, which he says I owe him for a calf which I appropriated, and which is now grown to the size of an ox. . . On my telling him that I might get the money for him if he would use it well, he said he wanted it for the Seminary. So here it is.

F. H. SMITH to J. A. B.:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Feb. 24, 1874: You kindly alluded to

my letter to Doctor Dabney. The doctor only used, as he had free permission to do, such paragraphs as came immediately in the line of his argument. There were some inferences which seemed to me to be important, to which I am not sure that the doctor would subscribe. I cannot help believing that the impenetrable silence of Scripture as to the date of these two great extra-natural events, the creation of the world and its final dissolution, both of which are announced with equal clearness, and are equally outside the scope of science, is a shining instance of the wisdom and love of the Almighty. To have revealed the date of creation would have put a term, and it may be a near one, to the excursions of science and the discipline of the intellect in the solution of the greatest problems of nature.

To have revealed the time of the end would have been fraught with disaster to the activity of the race.

So far as I can see, God has left the scientist as free to push his maxim, "Like effects imply like causes," to the remotest depths of the past or future as the baldest materialism could leave him. Christian Faraday is as untrammeled as skeptical Huxley. How glorious will be the testimony of the unfettered science of the future to the truths of religion. Indeed, I would go further and say that the Bible not only permits the unlimited explorations of science, but requires them as a solemn duty of the Christian philosopher.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Mar. 9, 1874: I am more and more wedded to the persuasion that the Seminary must be kept in operation or abandoned. If we can't get these bonds for current support, by summer or early fall at farthest, I should prefer to quit and be done with it, rather than to die a dozen deaths before it is over. And I believe if we were to *suspend*, the whole country would feel that we had failed, and we could not make head against the discouraging effect, and the croakings in which some would abound who want us to fail. I think, therefore, we had better determine to keep it going or sink it.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

GREENVILLE, S. C., April 21, 1874: The students are constantly inquiring, with the deepest concern, whether the Seminary is likely to be suspended, or will go on next session. I tell them I hope it will go on; that I don't know how we are to manage it—but I hope and pray that God may put it into the hearts of the brethren to help manfully and immediately. We shall look with great anxiety for the

results of your visit to the Georgia Convention. Oh, that our dear brethren may have a heart given them to rise up to the demands of the hour,—this time that tries men's souls,—that they may set an example of heroic determination and cheerful sacrifice which will be a keynote for all the conventions of the year, and will prove to all the land how much it means to be a Baptist.

I am satisfied that ours is the most thoroughly Baptist theological seminary in the country. My heart leaps up at the thought of the good it will do, if it can be kept alive now.

J. L. M. CURRY to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Mar. 21, 1874: Doctor Boyce does not give a flattering picture. Times were darker to Abraham when he was promised an inheritance for the possession of himself and his seed. To me the Seminary seems so much a necessity for our Baptist Zion that I cannot permit myself to doubt its success.

S. S. CUTTING to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, April 24, 1874: I am overwhelmed at the idea of the suspension of your Seminary. It must not be. We must make common cause and prevent the possibility of such a calamity. Please send me a letter about your condition such as I can use for your benefit.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

JEFFERSON, TEXAS, May 9, 1874: I am thankful to say that we did well. Had three hours, and got over eighteen thousand dollars in bonds, besides land worth from one to three thousand more. Expect it to reach twenty thousand dollars certainly. This makes in all sixty thousand, and leaves fifteen thousand to be raised to insure opening next fall. Doctor Williams will start out in Texas, with this to back him, and a hearty enthusiam among those present here. We are to consult this evening. Will probably conclude that the others shall work for the fifteen thousand dollars (and more for margin), and Boyce and I shall work in Kentucky for endowment.

WASHINGTON, May 23, 1874: My address[1] came off at 11.30 today, and lasted forty minutes. I have reason to be gratified and thankful at the result. A very crowded audience, already stimulated by two previous addresses, gave me hearty applause (after their

[1] On "The Work of the Baptists for the Next Half Century," at Jubilee meeting of the American Baptist Publication Society.

fashion) on appearing, very animated attention throughout, and numerous congratulations and thanks afterwards. I thought you would be pleased to know that my effort was well received. I wanted to do some good, and I pray God that good may be done.

WASHINGTON, May 26, 1874: Quite a surprise last night. Doctor Cutting, Mr. Samuel Colgate, and others, got up a scheme, and called on me to take ten minutes and state the present condition and wants of our Seminary, they getting me the invitation. Of course I said it was all their doing, not mine. I spoke five to eight minutes and they helped me by overwhelming applause. Then Mr. Colgate rose in the aisle, spoke warmly and proposed an effort to raise pledges of twenty-five hundred dollars a year for five years, to support one professor. They were much pressed for time and could not come to small sums but they made it up to one thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars a year in a few minutes, of which my Orange friends pledged eight hundred dollars a year. There was also three hundred and sixty-seven dollars in cash given and a pledge of two hundred and fifty more. It was all done cheerfully, zealously, in fact, with prodigious enthusiasm. The Orange men say the two thousand five hundred a year shall be made up. They are great and bitter sacrifices that you and I have to make, dear wife, for this Seminary enterprise; will you not rejoice with me at this unexpected help which Providence has raised up for us?[1]

ORANGE, N. J., June 1, 1874:[2] The services went off in a very gratifying manner, so far as I could judge. The church is really beautiful, and not hard to speak in. It holds some seven hundred, was as full as it could hold in the morning, and ran over at night. The day was charming. I did not succeed to my satisfaction in my sermon.

Doctor Broadus joined Doctor Boyce at the Mississippi Convention, at Oxford, and then both spent June and July in Kentucky, working for the endowment of the Seminary. The letters show severe struggle and heroic effort.

Often he rose early without sufficient sleep, to make

[1] Doctor Broadus afterwards said that he felt all that he had ever learned and thought focused in this eight minute speech. He was speaking for the very life of the Seminary and held back nothing.

[2] Dedication North Orange Church.

fatiguing journeys throughout the State, seeking to arouse interest and allay opposition, and preaching almost every day for six weeks and more. At Danville, Ky., he had an interesting experience. He had despaired of doing much. He was told of a farmer who might help a little. Doctor Broadus found him sitting on a stump in his shirt sleeves, but he listened to the Seminary's claims, and cheerfully gave a thousand dollars. It is noteworthy that Doctor Boyce and Doctor Broadus never became discouraged about the Seminary at the same time. Each served as a strong support to the other.

J. A. B. to MISS CARRIE F. DAVIS:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Aug. 4, 1874: Our labors have not been in vain. Though the full amount for current support the next five years has not been reached, we are near it, and the result is sure. Doctor Boyce and I were sufficiently successful in Kentucky for permanent endowment, notwithstanding drought, to satisfy us that the thing can be carried through there, by hard work. I am now quite hopeful as to the Seminary's future. It will stay here at least two years more.

Doctor Williams returned a day before I did. In Mississippi, where some have talked against him, he was received with uniform kindness.

JAMES THOMAS to J. M. BROADUS:

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 12, 1874: You know Doctor Burrows has resigned the pastorate of the First Church and there is no other man in the South, or in the United States, that can fill his place but your brother, John A. . .

I think he has planned, chalked out, and molded the Seminary so perfectly that others can carry it out and he be spared from it to do his heart's work, preach the gospel where thousands will hear and where I believe, and our church believes, and our citizens believe, he can do more for all the churches in Virginia than any other man. Is such a preacher to spend his life in a schoolroom? Is he to continue to make sacrifices? And above and beyond all this, is he to sacrifice his wife and children entirely to the school? Is not this side of the question too grave a one to be lightly passed over?

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 16, 1875: Now, in the opinion of his best

friends and brethren, he is offered the first place in Virginia for the widest usefulness he ever can have, and with it an offer of a good house and home in fee simple for himself and family and also to provide an insurance on his life for the benefit of his wife and children, say fifteen thousand dollars. The two together would amount to twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand dollars, and, I am sure, a salary of five thousand per annum.

At the request of the Faculty of Richmond College, Doctor Broadus wrote a tract on "A College Education for Men of Business," which had a very remarkable circulation. Richmond College published one hundred thousand copies, and it was reprinted by the Wake Forest College. Another tract of his, "Immersion Essential to Christian Baptism," published by the American Baptist Publication Society, had already attracted wide attention. For a number of years Doctor Broadus was editorial contributor to the "Religious Herald" under the signature J. A. B.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

ATLANTA, GA., June 3, 1875: Now I'll read some Odyssey. It is raining very pleasantly. The very sound is refreshing, and the distant roll of the thunder is a fine musical accompaniment. I have a great liking for thunder. Yonder is an arm-chair by the window, with a leather-cushioned seat, and there is nobody in the room but me, and the thunder will keep me company.

J. B. LIGHTFOOT to J. A. B.:

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, Dec. 15, 1875: Though you deprecated my sending an acknowledgment of the notice which you were good enough to send me some short time ago, I cannot forbear writing to you a few lines of thanks for your kindly and too generous appreciation of my literary work.

I wish that the Atlantic were not so broad and that there were more chance of our meeting; but failing this, it is a great pleasure to me to shake hands across the ocean. I can honestly say that nothing in my literary career gives me more satisfaction than the thought that I am holding communion with many friends, some altogether unknown to me personally, some (like yourself) only too slightly known—in far distant countries. . .

I quite agree with you as to the treatment of the Epistle of Barnabas in "Supernatural Religion." The wriggling criticism of this part is truly pitiable.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 24, 1876: This is my birthday. We have entered, you and I, on our fiftieth year of life. Each of us could look back with sore lamentings and might be tempted to repinings, but let us try to be thankful instead, to be trustful too, and hopeful. For one thing I give thanks at this moment, as often before, that God has given me such a bosom friend as you.

J. W. WILDMAN to J. A. B.:

LYNCHBURG, VA., Feb. 4, 1876: I noticed in a recent article of yours for the "Herald" that you ask, where did Judge Lynch live? The gentleman of this name, whose course of justice you referred to, was a resident of my (Campbell) county. His residence, and I believe his house is still standing, was near Staunton River, and the vicinity is to be identified with a small station (Lynch's) on the Lg. & D. R. R., at which Colonel Anthony was recently murdered. If the place is the one I suppose, the tree is still standing in the yard to which Mr. Lynch tied the criminals to administer his hickory justice. Our country about the time of the Revolution was infested with outlaws, who committed their depredations and then retired to the brushwood. When one was captured he was carried before "Judge" Lynch, a wealthy man, who punished the offender in a summary manner. I remember reading the fact in "Virginia Antiquities" several years ago.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24, 1876: I preached at Madison Ave. last Sunday morning (for Publication Society) and at Fifth Ave. (Armitage's) in the evening. Last night I preached here, Henson's dedication, and had the great satisfaction, with a magnificent congregation, of making one of my complete failures. The tamest broken-down sermons I made in Kentucky, when traveling with you, were better. Well, I really was not well enough to come on this trip at all. But I dislike extremely to miss an appointment, and thought maybe the travel would help me—and still hope so. . .

I intended to go home from here, but the Orange folks want a supply for Sunday, and urged me to go. I always enjoy preaching there, and I think it is the interest of the Seminary that I should do

what they request, as they are giving us one thousand two hundred dollars a year. So I expect to get home next Tuesday night.

EZRA ABBOTT to J. A. B.:

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 10, 1876: I should be very much pleased to see the article on Tischendorf to which you refer, and any other articles which you may have published of which you have extra copies. Hoping thus to effect an exchange, and as you are one of the few in this country who seem much interested in the textual criticism of the New Testament, I take the liberty of sending you copies of some recent papers of my own, viz, notices of Tischendorf and Tregelles, and a discussion of the readings of John 1 : 18 and of Acts 20 : 28.

The first of May Doctor Broadus delivered before the Newton Theological Seminary, five lectures on the "History of Preaching," which were afterward published. This volume covers a most neglected field and handles the subject with great skill.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

BOSTON, May 5, 1876: . . It rained last evening, yet we had a better attendance than the first night. Got through in one hour and ten minutes. They seemed interested. The thing is going off as well as I could expect—not a brilliant success, but a success. My throat was clearer than the first night. The morning was very pleasant, and I walked to the Hill to a lecture, after writing.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30, 1876: A hard day's work in the Exposition. Everybody ought to visit it that possibly can, for there is not only much to be enjoyed but much to be learned.

Sheldon jumped at the offer of my "Newton Lectures," and will give me ten per cent. on the retail price, the usual share for authors. I must get the children to copy them with my corrections.

After the Newton lectures a week was spent in New York as the guest of his friend, Mr. Coghill. He preached in Brooklyn on Sunday, and afterward attended the Baptist Anniversaries at Buffalo. Doctor Broadus, with his daughter, then spent three delightful days at the home of Doctor Randolph, near Philadelphia, attending

the Centennial Exposition, and being present at a large gathering of the Baptist Social Union, where he made an address. These busy weeks concluded with the June meetings at Culpeper, Va.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 20, 1876: As to the Campbellite snarl,[1] I agree with you. It was within half an hour after hearing what I did about Kerfoot that I wrote him our wishes and offered him the place, and said nothing then nor when he came down about the matter. The position we have taken upon disputed points, viz, that of liberty to the professor, is the true one. Upon divided points we must consent to be divided. . .

In a postscript to a letter to Toy I broke into a gentle remonstrance and earnest entreaty on inspiration.

July and half of August was spent in preaching for the North Orange Church, New Jersey. How Doctor Broadus loved this church! The week days were spent with Mr. Gellatly and the Colgates on the Jersey coast. Dr. Richard Fuller's presence added to the pleasure of being at the seashore. Doctor Broadus began a "Life of John the Baptist," which was much in his mind these years, but it was never finished. He cherished the hope of writing a "Life of Jesus" also, a "Grammar of New Testament Greek," and a history of the "Interbiblical Period" (five chapters of which are written).

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 14, 1876: Has any institution had such malignant enemies as ours? What can be the cause? It is personal, not a matter of principle; yet what have any of us done to arouse such feelings?

MRS. E. M. COLGATE to J. A. B.:

ORANGE, Oct. 6, 1876: We had just finished reading your in-

[1] The church at Midway, of which Rev. F. H. Kerfoot was pastor, had received a Disciple without rebaptism. After Doctor Kerfoot became a professor in the Seminary his studies led him to modify his views to an intermediate position between the two extremes on the alien immersion question.

teresting review when we received your letter calling our attention to it. I learned more of Dr. Addison Alexander than I ever knew before. It seemed to me an impressive way to thus compare men with each other. Mr. Colgate has just finished the "Life of Macaulay," and I have heard it by snatches. It is intensely interesting. We both feel the truth of your criticism in regard to his literary merit and to his character. Doctor Adams told me he thought the reticence in regard to his religious life was more the *author's omission*, and that an accompanied slur indicated *his* estimate of such things.

After the exciting election of 1876 Doctor Broadus was asked to make a speech on the situation. Greenville "Daily News," Nov. 12, 1876:

Doctor Broadus said this triumph had come sooner than he had expected. He had often said the day must come—that the intelligence and property of the State must control the State government; but he had not in past years dared to hope it would come so soon as this. He wanted to say, and as they had sent to his home for a Christian minister to speak, they would expect him to say: "Thank God!" (This was repeated three times. The crowd was hushed into silence.) He said two things in this canvass had given him especial satisfaction. One was the high character of Gen. Hampton, and the consummate wisdom with which he had conducted the canvass. The other was the self-control which our people have shown. We Southerners are hot-headed and sometimes wanting in calmness. But, as a general thing, our people have of late acted with a steady determination, and shown a forbearance in trying circumstances which was highly gratifying. Let us continue to act in this spirit, to cultivate and exercise self-control.

He suggested that as we are successful, we can be magnanimous without being misunderstood. Not only must there be perfect justice to all, and an effort so to manage that everybody in the State may have occasion to rejoice at Hampton's being governor, but there should be magnanimity.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Dec. 6, 1876: I am decidedly of the opinion that you had best retain your editorial connection with the "Herald," because we must not ruin ourselves with our real and tried friends everywhere to avoid a little attack now and then. I only thought it politic (as a rule) to hold no editorial connections. But when this is

demanded of us as a right, I think the demand should not be yielded to. . . I propose not to yield an inch more, but to take a firm stand. I am sure this is our true policy as well as "the right thing."

J. A. B. to GEO. B. TAYLOR:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 5, 1877: We are helped along, one way and another, and have much to thank God for. I often mourn to think of the heavy sacrifices Boyce has to make, in many ways, and the weariness of hope deferred under which we suffer. But I trust we are getting ready for some happy fellows to work hereafter, with sufficient support, and leisure for study and production in a strongly established and widely useful institution. No doubt that is exactly your consolation also, in the trials and patient waiting of your own work. I think you have succeeded well in tutoring our people at home here to wait patiently, without losing hope or interest in the work. They had such a wild and feverish hope of great things, when the mission began, that I feared a reaction, notwithstanding your temperate and wise admonitions before you went. So far as I know, people are now quite satisfied that you are doing just the best that can be done, and that we must work and wait. . .

Yet, doesn't it become every year a more real thing to us both, amid all our difficulties, failures, disappointments, that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends"—that our work is better managed for us than we could manage?

Every session, in our missionary society, we have up your Italian mission, trying to make our students understand it and take lively interest in it.

We have about as many students as for the last three sessions. Most seminaries have fallen off, in consequence of the financial straits and general depression.

Doctor Williams went down last spring with incipient consumption. At Asheville, N. C., he got better during the summer, and he is wintering at Aiken. But he is not well now, and I greatly fear he will never teach again. He is a noble man, of great abilities, and is the finest lecturer I have ever known. His lectures on Systematic Theology, the last two or three years, were something wonderful for clearness, terseness, power.

W. A. GELLATLY to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, Jan. 6, 1877: I think that to-day there is more real union and fraternal feeling between members of the Baptist church, North and South, than there is between the churches of any other

denomination and that the cause is, under God, largely owing to the visits and preaching and social interviews of yourself and Curry.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1877: The third lecture was highly successful. I had slept well the night before, was improving in health, had a congenial and familiar theme, and rose pretty high. The lecture was followed by half an hour of questions (from professors, pastors, and students) and answers, in some of which I was quite fortunate. There are supreme moments in which all the energies and experiences of a man are concentrated with the highest intensity upon focal points, and it is curious how things blaze. If I could leave to-day I suspect the stimulating effect of the course would be greatest. So fiercely excited, I did not at once get to sleep, though I slept very soundly, and this morning I don't feel quite so well as yesterday.

The lectures at Rochester Seminary were free talks on the general subject of preaching, made from carefully prepared notes. Doctor Broadus was at his highest power in work of this character.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1877: Well, the lectures are over. The fourth, though I felt flat, was considered the best, I believe, containing many fresh thoughts about the preacher's private life. I was anxious and unhappy about my last topic, especially as you had opposed my taking it. The audience was quite large, and the topic was not so suitable to the circumstances as some had been. But the lecture was very attentively heard and kindly received, some Pedobaptist ministers coming up afterwards to say pleasant things. After the lectures I admitted questions at large, and we had a great time. The question and answer feature throughout has taken admirably.

Professors Strong, Wilkinson, and Kendrick expressed themselves in singularly strong and gratifying terms about the lectures, the former thinking I had done the students and the Seminary important service. So I may well be thankful.

Doctor Strong wrote March, 1895:

He was our most persuasive preacher, and our best teacher of the art of preaching. His work on the New Testament was the work

of a master. The charm of his personal character can never be forgotten. He has done more than any other man to bind North and South together, for the whole country loved him. He was one of God's greatest gifts to our denomination, and to our generation.

Dr. Wm. Williams had been failing rapidly from consumption. The trustees had made provision for help in teaching this year, Dr. J. C. Hiden, then pastor at Greenville, helping in homiletics. Doctor Williams died Feb. 20, 1877, at Aiken, S. C. Doctor Broadus preached the funeral sermon from the text of Williams' own choosing: "My times are in thy hand." Doctor Broadus says:

It is vain to attempt any fitting eulogy of Williams. Besides the high intellectual powers which have been several times referred to in this narrative, his character was such as to command profound respect and warm affection. . . Who ever knew a man more completely genuine, more thoroughly sincere, more conscientious in all his doings?[1]

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, March 23, 1877: I really fear that it would be prudent to stop the Seminary, let you go to Eutaw Place[2] for a couple of years and then reopen here. I am in a great perplexity. The brethren will not and some cannot pay.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 27, 1877: I am grieved at your discouragement. . . The prospect of support is gloomy, as you say. But I don't think it would do to suspend as you suggest, in the way of inquiry.

In May, June, and July, Doctor Broadus supplied the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, while Doctor MacArthur was absent. He had many of this series of eighteen discourses taken down by a stenographer with the view of publishing a volume of "Calvary Sermons." He did not write his sermons out. The experiment was

[1] "Memoir of Boyce," p. 247.

[2] Doctor Fuller was now dead.

very unsatisfactory and he found it well-nigh impossible to whip the stenographer's report into decent shape. There was difficulty also about a publisher and the plan failed. Some of these sermons appeared later in the volume of "Sermons and Addresses." He was inimitable before an audience and unreportable, to the loss of the reading public.

Brown University, Crozer Seminary, Richmond College, the First Church, Richmond, and Eutaw Place, Baltimore, all clamored for Doctor Broadus's services at a time when there was not enough money to pay the salaries of the professors. But he could not be moved.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

CHARLOTTE TO GREENSBORO, May 17, 1877: A great secret. Doctor Furman told me at the train in strict confidence, that Boyce is working to move the Seminary this fall.

NEW YORK, June 5, 1877: The die is cast, and the Seminary removes to open in Louisville in September. We cross the Rubicon. Boyce is pleased and hopeful.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

NEW YORK, July 14, 1877: Reading what I have said, I feel like adding, that we must both try to keep alive till, if it please God, we can see the Seminary strong, and as safe as such things can be made. How I should rejoice some day to shake hands with you over the result! You don't know how glad I am that we are to be close together again. I feel that I know you better than my own brother, and love you almost as well. Does it need to ask pardon for saying this, because we are both getting gray?

CHAPTER XIV

THE FIRST YEARS IN LOUISVILLE

Prompt to move, but firm to wait,—
Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found.
—*Wordsworth.*

IT was a painful uprooting to leave South Carolina. It was the Seminary's home and the ties of friendship were very tender. The State had done nobly by the institution and the people loved it with whole-heartedness. They would have done great things for the Seminary if they had been able. But the State was prostrate still from the war and the reconstruction period. There had been herculean difficulties at the first starting, both as to men and money. The war's sudden blow had dashed to earth the struggling school. The steps for reviving it afterwards were slow. Rallying hopes came and went. The professors hardly knew where bread was to come from or how to meet their necessary obligations. Boyce took the field and Broadus "staid by the stuff." Each cheered the other when the darkest hour came. In the midst of it all a heated controversy was waged from certain quarters against one of the professors, Dr. William Williams, which only ceased at his death from consumption, induced by overwork in the Seminary. Boyce and Broadus battled for the Seminary's life and for reasonable freedom in teaching through the years, in face of a divided constituency and great opposition to ministerial education in general and theological education in particular. For five years Doctor Boyce had labored to get funds and a footing in Ken-

tucky. At last it was possible to go, but at a venture. Will the enterprise succeed in the new atmosphere? Will it be worth while for Boyce and Broadus to cleave to this child of many prayers and tears? It is twenty years since the Educational Convention met in Louisville which set on foot the Seminary enterprise. And now the Seminary is to be finally established here.

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

GEORGETOWN, KY., Sept. 8, 1877: Greeting and welcome to you and yours. May God bless your coming to Kentucky, and your labors here. You will feel the changes from dear old Greenville, of course. But that you made up your mind to before you started. I have been all along there, and can sympathize with you fully.

ALVAH HOVEY to J. A. B.:

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS., Sept. 29, 1877: I trust you are encouraged about your Seminary. To me it seems almost a miracle that so much has been pledged in these trying times.

JULIUS C. SMITH to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Sept. 3, 1877: We miss you all very much. Trust the opening of the Seminary has been a great success. Our hearts went up to God in prayer for you all and for our Seminary upon the first Sunday in September, both in Sunday-school and church. May it be blessed and prospered beyond our most sanguine expectations.

The highest number of students at Greenville had been sixty-seven. Instantly at Louisville the number rose to eighty-eight. Doctor Boyce now resumed his classes, and the work of the first session moved on in a manner highly satisfactory to both students and professors.

In the fall of 1877 Doctor Broadus assumed the pastoral care of Forks of Elkhorn Church, Franklin County, Ky., which delightful Blue Grass pastorate he held for several years, preaching for the church two Sundays a month. Here many lifelong friendships were formed.

On May 7, 1878, Doctor Broadus's daughter, Annie Harrison, was married to Rev. W. Y. Abraham, of Rockbridge County, Va. On May 26, 1895, Mrs. Abraham died, leaving two children, John Broadus and Annie Louise. Another son, Wickliffe, had died in infancy; while a beautiful and charming boy, Edward, lived to be nearly two.

A friend writes: "Mrs. Abraham was a woman of more than ordinary endowments, attractions, and force of character. Being gifted in conversation, she readily won friends, but it was only to those who knew her most intimately that her chief virtues and greatest charms were revealed. Her Christian character was simple and beautiful."

From M. S. S.: "I have her so clearly in my mind's eye as such a pretty child, with her large black eyes, with fire in them, so like your father's. Ah, we shall never see their like again."

From A. B. M.: "Sister Annie is the first of us to be reunited with him. The relation was so 'lovely and pleasant' to both of them, and in their death they were not long divided. It is a sweet thought to me that she knew how he loved her, and was proud of her."

BISHOP W. PINKNEY to J. A. B.:

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1878: Will you accept this little pamphlet, written by me in much "sorrow of soul." I send it as a slight token of regard for one whose writings have afforded me so much pleasure and instruction, and whose learning entitles him to the gratitude of scholars. Should you visit Washington, I shall be happy to take you out to my home. There is much in common about which we could talk, and enough, I hope, of the frankness that asks no sacrifice of principle.

In August, 1878, Doctor Broadus again preached for the beloved North Orange Church. While there a strong effort was made to get him as President of Vassar

College. At Newton they tried to secure him as professor of New Testament and Homiletics. Much newspaper writing was done for the "Chicago Standard," "The Examiner," "The Central Baptist," besides the editorial correspondence for the "Religious Herald." The additional income thus provided was much needed, as Louisville was a more expensive place than Greenville and Seminary finances were very unsettled.

RICHARD NEWTON to J. A. B.:

MOUNT AIRY, PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29, 1878: Many thanks for your kindness in sending me your volume of "Lectures on the History of Preaching." I shall read the lectures with great pleasure, at the first leisure time I can command. I shall always remember with pleasure the sweet hours spent together in counsel and study over the lessons for 1880. I shall look forward with delight to the future meetings of our committee.[1] And when our work on earth is done for that blessed Master "whom having not seen we love," how glorious the fellowship of heaven will be, with its "fullness of joy and its pleasures for evermore"! God bless you in your work.

A. J. GORDON to J. A. B.:

BOSTON, Nov. 12, 1878: In speaking of the theological seminaries I only gave expression to the general impression. All in this part of the country are strongly and avowedly post-millennial, and the other view is for the most part looked upon with great disfavor. I was greatly delighted and surprised to learn your sentiments. . .

I accept with thanks your admonition in regard to "allegorical interpretation." I hope I may not go astray or lead others astray. . .

When a college president standing in the orthodox ranks can write such words as these, I give from his letter to me: "The coming of Christ was the primitive hope, I grant, and it was the most egregiously mistaken hope into which the church ever fell. I do not believe that Christ will ever come to earth in bodily form," ought not other men of learning to tell what they believe in regard to "that blessed hope"?

E. C. DARGAN to J. A. B.:

BOTETOURT SPRINGS, VA., Nov. 19, 1878: I fear your burdens

[1] International Sunday-school Lesson Committee.

are largely increased by the larger number of students, and I can't help feeling anxious for your health, as often as I think of you. Do you keep up as well as ever?

Dinwiddie, formerly Presbyterian pastor at Gordonsville, is now located at Big Lick, and speaks affectionately of you to me. You helped him in his religious growth while at the university. Amid all your difficulties and troubles, as I know you have many, it must ever be a source of comfort to you to know that you have helped many a man to be a Christian and a scholar.

Your influence is deeply felt by all who ever came near enough to you to realize its worth—I see it in others, and I feel it in myself. May God bless you and spare you a long time to us yet.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

BALTIMORE, Dec. 9, 1878: Delightfully at home at Mr. Kerfoot's. Mrs. K—— is truly a jewel. But my judgment is that only people who have been married nearly twenty years know how to love each other with all the heart.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

BALTIMORE, Dec. 9, 1878: Not very hopeful, but not despairing, and meaning to work.[1]

Best regards to the ladies and to Toy and Whitsitt. People inquire anxiously after your health, having noted that you seemed unwell. I reply that you are about as well as common again. My dear friend, we are both struggling with ill health, and carrying heavy burdens. May God sustain us, and grant that we may live to rest a little while under the shadow of our completed work—if it please him.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 16, 1878: We raised $10,760—besides the $8,000. . .

This is not success, my friend, but it is far from being failure. Few people imagined we should do so well. There was much joy and gratitude when we closed. As a popular effort, with very great generosity on the part of many, it is encouraging. But that other $6,000. We cannot do without it. I shall strain every nerve, and shall stay till the very end of the week if I can make it tell, though I want to get home Friday if possible. . .

You will join me in giving thanks, and in praying that the hearts

[1] In Baltimore; effort to increase endowment.

of men may be opened. I am tired enough, but not sick. You can imagine what a strain it was on me last night.

JOHN STOUT to J. A. B.:

SOCIETY HILL, S. C., Jan. 11, 1879: It would be hard for me to write a merely official note to you. Gratitude and love clamor for expression. And I find myself hoping that it is not a matter of indifference to you that one who owes you so much should care to tell you that he is increasingly conscious of his debt. . .

I see you continue to do more than your share of work, and such anxious work it must be. I sincerely hope that you and dear Doctor Boyce may live to see the Seminary really endowed—and your best expectations of its widespread usefulness fulfilled. When you send your man to South Carolina I shall "stand by to lend a hand." But I sometimes wonder how he will ever get what he asks for.

HOWARD COGHILL to J. A. B.:

HOTEL BRISTOL, NEW YORK, June 4, 1880: You have probably quite forgotten that before entering college I promised to send you any one of the Greek prizes that I might be fortunate enough to take in order to assist in preparing some young man for the ministry. . . This year I resolved to write for the trustees' prize offered to the senior class for the best written essay on a prescribed subject, the subject this year being "Communism and Socialism." . . You can imagine my gratification on hearing the announcement that I had taken the first prize, more especially as this prize is regarded as the most "scholarly" one of the whole college course. And now, my dear Doctor Broadus, though not the Greek prize, it gives me great pleasure to send you the first money I ever made, to be used in a noble cause and one to which I consider it an honor to be permitted to send an offering. . .

Father wishes me to send you his kindest regards. He is very busy, as we sail for Europe on the sixteenth of the month.

E. S. ALLEN to J. A. B.:

WOODRUFF, S. C., Jan. 26, 1880: I deeply sympathize with you in your efforts to place the Seminary on a permanent and useful footing. The Baptists of the South cannot afford to let it fail. Its importance can be imagined by what it has already done. If you were to take from the Baptists of South Carolina those who were prepared in that Institution and who are now preaching the words of life to sinners, what a sad condition we would have to deplore.

In March, 1879, Doctor Broadus was one of a representative gathering of Baptist men to meet in New York City to consider the revision of the by-laws of the American Bible Society, whereby the society expressed a willingness to consider new versions of the Bible in heathen lands, without insisting on transliterating "baptize." It was recommended that the society was once more to receive Baptist patronage. Doctor Broadus had taken the keenest interest in Bible revision. In the early seventies he had written a remarkable series of articles for the "Religious Herald" on the Bible Union revision.

B. F. WESTCOTT to J. A. B.:

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, May 18, 1880: Allow me to thank you for the copy of the notice of the "Speaker's Commentary" which you have most kindly sent to me. It is a great pleasure to receive so generous a recognition of work from America. The words of St. John have clung to me for more than five and twenty years and I hope that I may have been enabled to help some to make thoughts their own which have been helpful to myself.

The revision work is now rapidly drawing to an end; and it is impossible not to rejoice. But it has been carried on from first to last with a harmony and energy of purpose almost beyond hope. The result will, I trust, bind English-speaking people closer together in spiritual unity.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

ATLANTA, GA., May 10, 1879: Alas! the mournful deed is done. Toy's resignation is accepted. He is no longer professor in the Seminary. I learn that the Board were all in tears as they voted, but no one voted against it. I cannot yet say who will be elected in his place. . .

Poor bereaved three; we have lost our jewel of learning, our beloved and noble brother, the pride of the Seminary. God bless the Seminary, God bless Toy, and God help us, sadly but steadfastly to do our providential duty.

In the "Memoir of Boyce" (p. 262), Doctor Broadus says:

It was hard for Doctor Toy to realize that such teaching was

quite out of the question in this Institution. He was satisfied that his views would promote truth and piety. He thought strange of the prediction made in conversation that within twenty years he would utterly discard all belief in the supernatural as an element of Scripture—a prediction founded upon knowledge of his logical consistency and boldness, and already in a much shorter time fulfilled, to judge from his latest works.

"Religious Herald," May 15, 1879 (report of Southern Baptist Convention):

Dr. John A. Broadus moved to strike out the first and second resolutions. He said he agreed with much that Doctor Tichenor said in a speech, which was truly eloquent even for an Alabama brother. But he felt it best that the conference should not be held. All that this proposed conference can mean is a full merging of the work of this Convention into that of the Northern societies—just what our brother said he did not mean. Doctor Broadus loved to go North and loved to speak for their objects. There is no need to talk of a bloody chasm. As matters now stand, we are not responsible for what at the North we object to, and they are not responsible for what at the South they object to, but put us together and a good many of us might object, and the old feeling might again be revived. Things are working well; it is a marvel how good feeling is growing. We are not doing our duty in giving, but a union at present would lead us to give less. We would look to the North for help rather than help ourselves. We should have less good feeling and less money (from our own churches) and, therefore, I object to this action. . .

The vote was then taken, and Doctor Broadus's amendment was adopted by a vote of one hundred and seventy-four to sixty-eight, after which the rest of the report was unanimously adopted.

After a round of commencement addresses at Wake Forest and Richmond Colleges, Doctor Broadus again spent July and August with the North Orange Church, with excursions to Saratoga, etc. Dr. C. H. Ryland writes of the Richmond College address on Demosthenes:

The college chapel was packed with an *élite* and brilliant audience. Governor F. W. M. Holliday had been chosen by the two societies to preside. In closing his opening address Governor Holliday said: "It has been many years, how many I need not stop to number,

since the gentleman, who will presently address you, and I, met upon the platform on a similar occasion. It was at our own State University. He then presided; I was the speaker and we were both young like yourselves and full of the same emotions which I doubt not now animate you. Our callings have been different, our homes far apart, and we have grown gray since then. Our country has gone through the throes of a great and terrible Civil War, and hence strange and varied vicissitudes of fortune have fallen upon us both. Of myself I need not speak, that is of no interest. Of him it does me good to say that his life has been a triumph, because he from the start looked upon life as profoundly real, and whilst he has walked his onward and upward way he did his daily work, whether great or small, in sorrow or in joy, with a single eye, in all humility, opening the windows of his soul that its chambers might be filled with celestial light."

Many thought Doctor Broadus's lecture on Demosthenes the greatest production of his life. "It was the result of profound and sympathetic study of Greek history, language, and literature, and showed personal interest in the struggles and triumphs of the Greek people."

J. H. THAYER to J. A. B.:

ANDOVER, MASS., July 31, 1879: Allow me to return you my tardy thanks for your letter of the thirtieth ult., and also for the valuable documents which accompanied it. The article in the "Bibliotheca"[1] to which you refer can hardly have been written by any member of our faculty, and I am sorry that in Professor Park's (the editor's) absence from town I have been as yet unable to ascertain its author. But I will take the earliest opportunity of calling his attention to the able discussion by Doctor Boyce of the same topic nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Notwithstanding the explanations you urge, it is indeed strange that we know so little of what has been done and is doing in your part of the country. And just here permit me to return thanks for your very interesting sketch of Doctor Harrison; a noteworthy man about whom I had hitherto been able to get only meagre accounts. In fact, it is only about ten years since I first heard of his elaborate work on the prepositions with their cases, and months elapsed before I could obtain a copy; for I could find no Boston bookseller who had

[1] On "Elective System in Theological Education."

ever heard of it, and I did not know by whom it was published. It is to be hoped that those days of comparative isolation are past.

Doctor Broadus had come to be in great demand in Louisville as a preacher in the churches of all evangelical denominations. His power in Louisville grew with the years till a church could with difficulty hold the audiences which flocked to hear him, men of all creeds and none, the ablest lawyers, bankers, merchants, physicians, who felt that here was a man who had something to say worth hearing and said with matchless simplicity, sincerity, charm, and power. The preacher swayed a kingly scepter over the hearts of Louisville. Doctor Boyce used to say that if the five great living preachers were named, Broadus would have to be included. From this period of Doctor Broadus's life the demands grew incessant for preaching in all the great cities, for dedications, for Chautauquas, for supplies, for pastor. On Nov. 6, 1879, he preached the dedication sermon for the Second Church, St. Louis.

J. A. B. to S. S. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Dec. 3, 1879: A banquet last Wednesday night in honor of Dr. J. Lawrence Smith. Some sixty sat down, including many of our leading men. I spoke for "The Church," and folks said it was a good speech. The thing was suggested by Doctor Boyce, managed by Doctor Warder, and conducted by Mr. Henry Watterson and Mr. Isaac Caldwell.

J. A. B. to W. A. GELLATLY:

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 23, 1880: Yours received. I confess myself not a little gratified that the North Orange Church have not got tired of me, as they well might have done. And I like much better to preach to old acquaintances than to strangers.

J. L. M. CURRY to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., March 29, 1880: The First Church will celebrate its Centennial Anniversary on the eighth and ninth of June, immediately after our General Association. The church desires you to

preach on the night of the ninth a sermon, not exactly on "The Church of the Future," but on the future of the First Baptist Church. All previous pastors, living, of the church are invited and expected to be present, and you were once a temporary supply.

I shouted when I read the telegram about Governor Brown.[1] . . You ought not to die without writing out that address on Demosthenes.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

ALEXANDRIA, VA., June 5, 1880: On Monday I must decide whether to attend the First Church centennial which I shall probably conclude not to do, unless brother shall be better.

J. A. B. to J. M. BROADUS:

CHICAGO,[2] June 22, 1880: I am trying to spend a quiet week. What I really want is such rest as I used to get when coming from Charlottesville to your home in Culpeper, and lying on a counterpane, under a big tree in the yard, where I could read myself to sleep, and waking could watch the sunlight playing through the outer branches, and sometimes hear a bird sing, and having nothing to do could be utterly indifferent as to doing that. It is hard to get perfectly quiet in the midst of Chicago.

My love to all. God be gracious to you, brother. It is my daily prayer that you may be lifted up, if it be his will, and it is my daily comfort to remember that you seemed to feel about it all so exactly as I would wish you to feel.

J. WM. JONES to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., July 30, 1880: I need not assure you that I, in common with thousands of others, have deeply sympathized with you in the loss of dear brother Madison, whose death is indeed a public calamity.

J. A. B. to J. C. G. BROADUS:[3]

ORANGE,[4] N. J., Aug. 14, 1880: Your letter received, and I am glad you have got to work. I beg to offer you, offhand, a few points:

(1) From the beginning, be at your desk from two to four minutes before the hour, every morning—perfectly punctual.

[1] Governor Brown had given fifty thousand dollars to the Seminary endowment, saving the life of the Seminary at another crisis. See account in "Memoir of Boyce."

[2] Supplying First Church. [3] Son of J. M. Broadus. [4] Again supplying here.

(2) Give your whole mind to whatever work you are doing. If it is merely adding rows of figures, or copying reports, try every time to get it exactly right, without a single mistake. And never turn over your work till you have carefully examined it, to see if there is the slightest mistake. Make it a matter of ambition, of official fidelity and honor, to do your work well.

(3) Be very careful about your private habits and your associates. "A man is judged from the company he keeps." If some young fellow has a doubtful reputation, even though you think he does not deserve it, better give him a wide berth. Above all things, eschew the notions of concealment and deception which so many lads have. Be absolutely truthful. . . Let there be nothing in your life that you would not be willing your mother should know. Young men often think and say, "Oh! people need never find it out." But people do, and older men often know things about the young that they do not choose to tell. And, besides, when a man attempts to maintain practices or companionships he must conceal from those he loves, such concealment involves deception, and damages his character in its very foundations.

(4) Remember your Creator, the God of your widowed mother, the God whose grace enabled your now sainted father to become the man he was.

As long as I live, if you are doing well, my boy, I shall rejoice for your dear father's sake as well as for my own.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 16, 1880: Senior Greek class the largest I have ever had—Doctor Boyce also attending it. Homiletics too is larger than heretofore. Both these agreeable facts mean more work in correcting exercises. But it is a very great relief to be rid of the Student's Fund.

NEW YORK,[1] Feb. 14, 1881: Nothing really accomplished yet, and prospects not brilliant, but not desperate.

You will doubtless know of Doctor Boyce's coming on, to be here to-morrow morning, in consequence of my telegrams to him. . .

I feel much burdened with my great and difficult task. . . It is one of the great crises of my life-work. Boyce's coming will divide the responsibility with me. May Providence direct. And may every blessing rest upon the dear wife and children from whom I find it every year a greater trial to be separated.

[1] In New York to raise endowment for the Seminary.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1881: . . I assure you I do not feel it amiss to approach these gentleman. I succeed as well in my line of work as they do in theirs. They can help me to be useful and I can help them to be useful. If they do not know of my work and seek to share in it, I will seek them. If they decline I have done my best. May the matter be guided from on high.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1881: Our success must tremble in the balance for several days to come. I feel very quiet this afternoon and am trying to trust calmly in Providence. . . Some folks would think it a very pleasant thing to be in New York with nothing to do—nothing but wait and tremble with blended hope and fear, and think of the classes I cannot be teaching, and the book I cannot write.

But I really am so anxious that I can't enjoy even a bookstore very much. I will try to be less anxious. "In nothing be anxious; but in everything, by prayer and supplications, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." What healing, sustaining words! Let us try, my dearie, to feel that way. God help us.

Some forty thousand dollars was then given in New York for the Seminary endowment. This amount added to the fifty thousand given by Governor Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, saved the day for the Seminary. Men of means were now willing to invest in the institution, believing in its stability. It was at last certain that the Seminary would live, after twenty-three years of uncertainty. Rev. G. W. Riggan was added to the faculty in 1881. Doctor Manly had already, in 1879, come back from Georgetown to join hands with Boyce, Broadus, and Whitsitt in building upon the firm foundation at last laid in Louisville.

On coming to Louisville, Doctor Broadus and his family had joined the Walnut Street Church, where he was a most efficient member. Dr. J. W. Warder, the pastor, became State Secretary of Missions in 1880, and in May, 1881, Dr. T. T. Eaton entered upon his work as pastor

of the church. Among his many warm friends in this church and with whom he delighted to labor, were Dr. Wm. B. Caldwell and his brother Junius Caldwell, who were among its "chief pillars" until their death. They, with Dr. Arthur Peter, had been largely instrumental in building Walnut Street Church.

On May 25, 1881, Doctor Broadus delivered a remarkable address "On Reading the Bible by Books," before the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association at Cleveland, Ohio. This address was published in tract form by the International Committee and appears also in sermons and addresses. The following winter, Richard C. Morse, of New York, wrote:

It gives me great pleasure to send you a package containing copies of your Cleveland address. The large edition printed last summer is nearly exhausted, such has been the demand for it.

BASIL MANLY[1] to J. A. B.:

LEIPZIG, GERMANY, June 15, 1881: So far as I can see, there is an almost universal ignoring of anything, in theology, at least, beyond the confines of Germany. In the University Reading Room, which I have joined and where perhaps two hundred publications are taken (fee $1.35 for the semester), I find some of the American Theological Reviews and Journals, very few French, and scarcely any English, Nor does there seem to be any disposition to inquire into matters or researches beyond the channel, except in some special topics, as in Assyriology, etc. It is quietly assumed that there is nothing worth seeking for there. Even the "Revised New Testament" has only reached here this week, and then I believe by special orders. I brought a copy with me, but so far as I know, mine was the only copy in the city for two weeks or more, nearly a month after it was issued.

. . . Of the six regular Lutheran churches, I have attended the three most popular. On an ordinary Sunday, fair, pleasant day with no special attraction or preacher or feast day, it is safe to say the congregation would not exceed five hundred at any of these, and would hardly average three hundred. I have attended several times

[1] Doctor Manly spent the summer in Germany.

where there were not more than one hundred or a hundred and fifty. Meanwhile the theatres, beer gardens, and *cafés* are crowded, Sunday being their harvest day; the parks and promenades are crowded. . .

I heard from well-informed persons that there were no Sunday-schools—but have more recently found that there are three or four, and I am going to hunt one of them up next Sunday. The Bible is studied in school every day; but after leaving school it is to a painful degree laid aside, with the grammar and the spelling book. But the people are all Christians, good church-workers, made so in their infancy; and without a "*schein*" or certificate of their confirmation, they find it difficult to get entrance into the public schools; they could not by law till recently, I believe. The church has taken the whole community into its fold, and all are lambs, no wolves, no outsiders, no world. The church and the world are one; but as it is sometimes said that man and wife are one, the question remains, which one?

B. F. WESTCOTT to J. A. B.:

PREBENDAL HOUSE, PETERBOROUGH, ENGLAND, July 19, 1881: Allow me to thank you for sending me a copy of your remarks on the Revised Version which, if I may venture to say so, seem to me to be singularly wise and just. It cannot but be pleasing to English scholars to find their work so received in America, even where in details national feeling may be against it.

The mass of English criticism has hitherto, if I may judge from what I hear, for I avoid reading, been very unintelligent, but the general reception of the work has been far more favorable than could have been hoped. Perhaps more serious attacks may be in preparation. By this time the text which Doctor Hort and I have prepared will probably be in your hands. Copies of the plates were sent to New York by Messrs. Macmillan. The introduction will follow very shortly, but the short Antelegomena will give a scholar all the guidance he needs.

I happened to preach in our college chapel on the Sunday after the publication of the Revised version and naturally said a few words which the young men had printed. You will sympathize, I think, with the expression of the larger interests which are involved in the publication.

May this work be allowed to contribute to a fuller and deeper knowledge of the truth. That is all we ask.

J. B. LIGHTFOOT to J. A. B.:

AUCKLAND CASTLE, ENGLAND, Aug. 26, 1881: I beg to thank

you for the criticisms on the Revised version, which I received from you a short time ago. I admired their appreciation and good sense.

Alas! I do not know what may be the probabilities of the future, but at present I find myself wholly unable to touch Commentary.

A. H. NEWMAN to J. A. B.:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1881: Our work in Toronto will begin in a most hopeful way. I have there all that I could desire in the way of opportunity for work. The only difficulty is that there is too much of it. You have doubtless learned from our prospectus that we adopted substantially your arrangement of studies. The Canadian brethren are delighted with it. I trust you may feel it practicable to accept the invitation to deliver the opening address in October.[1]

During 1882 Doctor Broadus wrote in the "Examiner" notes on the Sunday-school lessons, which were from the Gospel of Mark. Doctor Broadus as a member of the International Lesson Committee (since 1878 and re-elected till his death) had become active in Sunday-school affairs. He wrote much for the "Sunday School Times." The First Church in Chicago was seeking him as pastor, but he had found his work.

J. C. GRANBERRY to J. A. B.:

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, June 2, 1882: I thank you for your prompt letter of congratulation and kind wishes. I have enjoyed my work as a teacher, and cannot anticipate so comfortable an experience hereafter. Travel and making new acquantances have not much charm for me. But I trust I shall be able to serve the church usefully, and that is what we prize the most highly. I have used your work on "Preaching" as a text-book with great satisfaction, and my classes have admired it, and expressed their indebtedness to it, with an enthusiasm which must be gratifying to any author. I have been accustomed to read to them copious extracts from your lectures on the history of preaching. I had an opportunity to express my appreciation of these works in an article on Oosterzee's "Practical Theology" which was published in our "Quarterly" two years ago.

[1] Doctor Broadus delivered this address at the dedication of McMaster University.

J. W. JONES to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., July 24, 1882: I have decided that Carter shall go to the Seminary next session. . .

He preached his first sermon yesterday and seemed to give great satisfaction to the large congregation who heard him.

I thank you for your kind letter. It is indeed a subject of congratulation that Carter has decided to preach, and that I am able to place him under the charge of my dear old professors, to whom I owe so much and in whom I have such implicit confidence.

I have not failed for years to pray every day "God bless the Seminary," and the prayer will be none the less fervent when my own boy is there.[1]

During 1882 Doctor Broadus did much preaching, acting as supply four months at the Broadway Church, Louisville, and also at Emmanuel Church, Brooklyn, and North Orange again, Calvary, New York, Immanuel, Chicago, etc. He was doing a prodigious amount of work these years, full labor in the Seminary and more, newspaper writing in large quantities, almost as much preaching as a regular pastor, besides lectures and efforts to raise money for the Seminary. His health again trembled in the balance, but the White Sulphur and the Rawley Springs steadied him over the crisis.

J. D. ROCKEFELLER to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1882: I regret to hear of your ill health. Would it not be better for you to go away and take a little vacation? . .

We are all very well. Will be very pleased to see you when you come North. I am pleased to hear of the increase in the number of students.

Doctor Broadus took this good advice and through his friend's substantial kindness spent three weeks of this winter in New Orleans in company with Mrs. Broadus. He reveled in the balmy air of this interesting historic city, and long felt the refreshing effects of the rest.

[1] Doctor Jones himself was one of the first students at Greenville and now sent the Seminary's first "grandson."

CHAPTER XV

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER'S HOME-LIFE

BY ALICE BROADUS MITCHELL.

> More homelike seems the vast unknown
> Since he has entered there.
>
> —*J. W. Chadwick.*

THE first time I ever *saw* my father was when one day as a child I watched him stand at a mirror to brush his hair. I noticed how dark and shining his hair was, and then glanced down at his face. He had a look of keen, interested thought, as if working out some idea that was of use to him. His brow and eye and lips moving with thought came to me like a vision and I seemed to realize who it was that lived among us. I looked timidly at his reflection in the mirror, and thought, "I must be better than I have been, with him for a father."

Even a child could see that his home-life showed his best personality. When we heard him preach, or talk in other circles, what he said never seemed in different character from his home-self, but only something more from the same source. He had very winsome ways in dealing with children. Any duty would be presented as something to be undertaken with cheerful ardor, and his own example in this was always a tonic. When we were quite small, he once called us all about him and told us the meanings of our names,—that this child's name meant "Light," and she must be a sunbeam, cheering and helping all she touched; this one was a

"Princess," and she must be noble and gentle and generous; another's name meant "Strong," and another's "Asked of God," and so on round the little group, with his tone sprightly, yet wistful too.

In talking with children, he thought it worth while to answer their questions, and, as he put it, to "talk sense" to them. I remember his explaining before I was ten years old the difference between a rule and a principle, and how it seems more convenient to go by rules, but is better to live by principles. He used to put things to us in such a clear and simple way that we would wonder how they could ever have perplexed us. One of us came in from school one day and asked him if it was right to try to get ahead of other scholars so as to be the best in a class. He answered, "It is right to try to do better than they, but it would be wrong to try to keep them from doing well, or to begrudge their success."

He began the most wholesome lessons with us when we were very young. When we went to live in Louisville, he took three of us down town one day and showed us the fruit and candy and toy stores, but without buying anything, saying in a cheerful, philosophic tone that people who come to live in a city must learn to see a great many attractive things spread out with no thought of buying them if they cannot afford it. On the other hand, he was generous about not only our needs, but any special advantages or pleasures that he could give us, such as joining some private class, taking lessons in embroidery, or keeping up a tennis court. There was a special smile of readiness and courtesy with which he would hand us the money for these things. Any request that he made of us, from childhood up, was in a tone and manner that kept our self-respect and made us feel in the happiest relation with him. He called from the front door one day to one of his daughters and asked

if she meant to do any more copying that evening. She replied that she would come at once. "Oh!" he said with solicitous courtesy, "judge for yourself about that; I only meant that I had gotten the second lecture ready and wanted to tell you before I went out." A winter in Greenville is remembered, when some of the little ones were not always ready for breakfast. He said he should like every morning to hear a gentle tap at his door and the voice of each one, from the eldest to the youngest, saying, "Seven o'clock, papa." The sound of their musical scale and the merriment at his door, never failed to bring them a cheery word of response.

His reverence for women was especially shown in his own household, and his manner toward us had always a charm of deference and courtesy. One winter, when both the sons were away, he said playfully: "I want you ladies to understand that whenever you need an escort, or any service where a man can be of use, I am still doing business at the old stand." Toward mother he was most chivalrous of all, and his very tone in speaking to her was different from what he used with others. He consulted her in everything that he wrote and did, and relied upon her judgment and wonderful sense of fitness with grateful and loving appreciation.

Christmas Day was the one morning of the year when we were sure of having our busy father to ourselves. We did not usually have a tree, but the mysterious packages were arranged upon a table. Each one of the household would have ready a Christmas poem to recite, ranging all the way from "'Twas the Night before Christmas" to Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity." One year a rickety little platform was made by the little brother as a rostrum for the recitations, and some of the elders declined to use it. When papa's turn came he stepped upon it with a smile and then clasping his hands reverently, repeated

Addison's hymn beginning, "When all thy mercies, O my God." He always distributed the presents himself and read aloud the rhymes that we delighted to put with them. We were radiant at hearing his voice give so much expression to our little jingles. This way of keeping Christmas was never given up, and as we began to be older we used to be astonished to hear other grown people say that they "didn't care for Christmas, it was only a day for children." It was not until we had lost him that we realized what had given the day its ecstasy through all the years.

With all his tenderness and the pleasure he took in mingling in his children's pursuits, my father did not "make himself a child" with us. We always felt for him a reverence and even a sort of awe that we compared instinctively to living "in the fear of God." He was very far from the sentimental attitude of some who hold that all of a child's instincts are good and to be respectfully indulged. He required children to obey rightful authority and be diligent and trustworthy, but he never posed as himself infallible and despising their weakness and mistakes. He used to say candidly that our parents' advice was not always sure to be right, but that mother and father were our best friends, with more experience than we, and that we ought to value and trust what they told us. If we were too young to judge for ourselves and still unwilling to be guided by our parents, then obedience must be enforced. Faults for which he had no sort of toleration were laziness and self-indulgence, and his keen comments showed these to be at the bottom of many a difficulty. When one of us lamented at having started late in the session with a certain study and finding all sorts of mysterious troubles in keeping up with the class, he said with a twinkling smile, "I suspect that all those troubles will vanish if

you get up the first part of the book thoroughly." Then his eye flashed as he added, "Resolve to get the better of your drawbacks and make a superb success. Take on a large stock of perseverance and renew it before it ever gives out, and let no one in the class do better than you."

He used often to remark upon the wealth of delightful books that are written for young people now, and tell us what made up his supply when he was a boy. His Christmas and birthday presents to us were almost always some book, chosen with especial care. At the beginning of our school sessions he would look over our new school books with the greatest interest, and show us what pains the authors had taken to make things clear and interesting to us, and what beautiful maps and illustrations they had. I recall his looking at a diagram of Cæsar's Bridge in a boy's new edition of Cæsar, and exclaiming, "What a boon this drawing would have been to me when I was struggling to understand the bridge! You'll be a lazy fellow if you don't make short work of it." We sat by his study table to learn our lessons in the evening, and he would usually be writing at the desk at one end. He would stop his work at any moment to explain a point to us or to open before us a good reference in some other book. When in our school-work we were given some subject to investigate and report upon, we were inclined simply to "ask papa," as being pleasanter than looking it up in books. We used to wonder at the deference he showed the dictionary and cyclopedia, and the affectionate zeal with which he would sometimes say: "We are fortunate in having the very book that can tell us best about it." Then he would supplement what the books said and encourage us to express our own ideas, and somehow every subject that we remember talking of with him, has a life in it to-day that nothing else is

like. One of us asked one day how it is that the weather probabilities are made out. He replied: "How should you suppose?" and when the child made no effort to think it out, he said a little sternly: "You ought to be able to form some idea." The way in which the explanation flashed into the child's mind at his reproof, was an instance of one of his ways of educating. We formed the habit pretty early of thinking over a subject, when we could, before presenting it to him, and sometimes privately applying first to the cyclopedia and then demurely making very respectable replies to his questionings.

When one of his daughters was about twelve years old, he told her that there was a poet whom he liked to read, named William Shakespeare, and he thought she would like him too. Then he got down the volume that contained "Henry IV." and explained the history, going over with her the list of persons in the play. "Now," he said, "suppose you read the first Act to-day, and if you come across any lines that you think are pretty, put a mark by them, so, v, and after supper come into my study and read them to me." The child did so, and after she had read her selections, he pointed out two or three more, saying, "Here are some others that I like." Thus they went on from evening to evening, till she was fairly launched in Shakespeare.

When the youngest child was learning to read, it was decided that he needed a spelling-book, and the little nine-year-old sister, who was helping mother to teach him, went down town with her father to choose the book. She looked at every speller in Dearing's bookstore, while the father stood patiently by, but she thought none of them would do. "Well," he said cheerily, "let's try down on Main Street." The little girl turned over all of Morton's spelling-books, and said at last that

she could write lists of words in a blank book that would be just what she wanted. "Ah!" he said, "like other professors, you decide to make your own text-book."

There was no part of his home-life that meant more to us than his talk at the table, which was so informing, genial, and sympathetic. It was a marvel to see how with all that absorbed his thoughts, he could join with the fullest interest in any topic that came up—books that any of us were reading, happenings at school, the entertainment the evening before, fashions, politics, and any news of what was going on in the world. Sometimes, and especially at breakfast, when he had just been reading the morning paper, he would give us a brief explanation of the current political situations, so that we might follow them with a better understanding. Then from day to day he would allude to what went on, with a spirited interest which implied that the doings of Russia or Germany or China concerned each one of us. He said sometimes that he should like to take a New York daily for its political news, but knew that he would spend more time in reading it than he could afford.

One of the things my father most enjoyed was to have guests in his home. Something in his delicate courtesy made them feel that it was an exquisite pleasure to him to have them there. He seemed to lay aside every care and refresh himself with the pleasant interchange of talk. I have seen him with a party of young people, set them going, and then lean back with a happy smile and listen to their sparkling talk. Old friends gave the best joy of all and he delighted to converse with those in the full tide of affairs; but all who came had something congenial to him and he was alert to learn from their experience and point of view. I remember how as children our playmate guests were treated with a charming consideration that made our hearts

swell with pleasure. He abundantly observed the injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," and often we found them "angels unawares." At the same time, he emphasized the importance of what is sometimes overlooked—keeping in touch with those whose society is an advantage and improvement to us. I think he made hospitality something of more moment than it is usually reckoned at, and it became no small feature of his life.

All his life my father made time for reading widely and deeply, and his books were his dearest possessions. He denied himself many other things to secure the best "tools" for his work, and paid a genuine homage to their significance. If one of his books was mislaid, our oldest sister was the one always called on to find it. She kept in mind where they all belonged and had grown up along with their gradual acquisition, so that her association with them was near and dear. Her being at home with Latin and Greek—which papa had himself taught her when she was a child—was a help to him in a number of his undertakings.

He encouraged our reading aloud in the family circle, and this grew to be one of the great pleasures of our home-life, books of biography being the greatest treat of all. It was seldom that he had time himself to join us, but now and then he would read to my mother for a while in the evening. Sometimes he would translate aloud from Plato's "Phædo," and on Sunday afternoons, in the hour just before supper, was fond of reading to us all from the "Library of Religious Poetry." One summer he stayed at home to work on the memoir of Doctor Boyce, and formed the plan of writing all the mornings and nominally resting for the balance of the day. Just after dinner, we would all go into his study and he would read to us for half an hour from Mr. Warner's

"My Summer in a Garden." Books which the rest of us were reading aloud and would discuss at table, he said he was reading by proxy. I recall especially his interest in this way in the life of Agassiz and that of Hawthorne and his wife, and his reviving old recollections of Cooper's novels when his youngest boy was reading them.

At morning prayers, his reading of the Bible seemed to me better to express "the sacred page" than any other I ever heard. He usually read some book by course, making comments as he went along, and I remember the eager interest with which as a child I would put my chair in place to hear the next instalment in the history of Joseph or of David. With all his analysis and practical application, there was a reverence in his look and voice which made reading the Bible indeed an act of worship. In reading the conversation with Nicodemus and with the woman at the well, I used to fancy that the tones natural to him were just those which the Saviour had used. So also his voice still echoes in "Lazarus! Come forth!" and in Christ's saying to the woman in the garden, "Mary." At one time, he used to select every Sunday afternoon a hymn for each of us to learn by heart and repeat to him. Once two of us came to repeat "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and were mortified that we would both "forget what came next." He took the book and kindly pointed out how that hymn is made up of short phrases which have not much natural connection to help the memory, and so we would have to take special pains in learning it. He sometimes chose long poems for us to get by heart, and liked to hear us repeat "John Gilpin," "The May Queen," and "Gray's Elegy."

The trips we took with him at various times are among the brightest memories of our lives. Many happy

summers were spent by us all at "Locust Grove," the fine old home of my mother's girlhood. Papa and our grandmother had a beautiful relation of mutual understanding and appreciation, and felt the deepest satisfaction in being together. He often found it refreshing to take excursions with us on the street car to one of Louisville's suburban parks, there walking about and climbing the hills. He enjoyed the autumn foliage at these places especially, and the golden air of Indian summer. At one spot he brought stones and made a little bridge for my mother's convenience, naming it for her the Charlotte Bridge.

Some of the most characteristic memories that I have of my father are those connected with his letter-writing. He sometimes dictated answers to twenty or twenty-five letters in an evening, and suiting their varied requirements brought all his qualities into such play that it was delightful to be with him. It was interesting to see how he had cultivated the power of writing a few discriminating, comprehensive lines that were all-sufficient and saved his time. Yet, where the case required it, he spared no pains to turn a matter over in his mind for days and weeks, considering it from all points of view.

He grew to like the click of the typewriter, saying it stimulated his thoughts and made him feel that the work was getting done. He usually sat at his desk with a file of outspread letters at his left hand, the longer ones having such paragraphs as needed special reply marked with a blue pencil. Sometimes when writing difficult letters he would pace up and down the room for a while with his hands behind him, "thinking hard," as he expressed it. In other moods, he would stroll about while he dictated, absently fingering the books on the table, or meditatively brushing the hearth, or looking through the slats of the blinds, whistling softly to himself. Then

presently he would turn around with the phrase he had been shaping all complete and exact. He seemed to find peculiar satisfaction in hitting on a phrase that expressed just what he meant, and I have often seen some little instance of this refresh him to renew the attack on the great mass of letters which he dared not allow to accumulate any longer.

I used to wish that those who received the letters could but hear the tones in which they were given. It would have softened many a disappointment if the readers could have known how courteously and sincerely the regrets had been spoken ; and I often felt that his most lucid explanations in other letters would fail of their full effect because they must be received without the commentary of his voice. As I think of my father's voice now I realize that his whole character and life flowed into its richness and meaning.

The letter-writing was only one small incident in his day's work, and he usually came to it fagged from the strain of what had gone before, but he went through the task faithfully and cheerfully. When we did now and then actually "find the bottom" of that letter drawer, he always had a jest and a smile to greet it.

I recall with gratitude the letters he often received from old students, whose expressions of love and reverence were very dear to him.

Sometimes in writing to a *confrère* about a piece of literary work or some committee engagement, he would turn into a brief aside of reminiscence or raillery or warm congratulation. Such moments of intercourse with a kindred spirit were among his greatest enjoyments ; and especially was this true in conversation, where his mind could receive as well as give forth, and where the air was rife with sympathy and stimulus. Blessings on all who cheered and refreshed his thoughts ; and bless-

ings too on those who turned to him for help, for he knew no higher joy than to do good.

"Busy" seems no adequate word for what his life always was. We often waited for weeks, to get a chance for ten minutes' talk with him about something important, and then if such a time seemed to have come, had no heart to interfere with his first moment for rest. He could never have accomplished so much if it had not been for the system with which he made his plans and carried them out, and the care he observed about exercise and the other laws of health, so as to keep himself in working order. In his last years, the pressure of matters that he could not delegate to others became cruelly heavy, and he sometimes said himself that he was working within an inch of his life.

The older children he had taught himself, but as the years went on, the younger ones felt his influence in less direct fashion. He used to say sometimes with a half-smile, "The shoemaker's children go barefoot, and the professor's children don't know anything." Perhaps, though, he was not unconscious that at least our standards of life were formed in the atmosphere of his. Our first ideas of man's relation to God and the meaning of life, the sacredness of marriage, the unquestioned duty of doing the best we knew, we could see later on had really come from him.

He wrote once in an autograph album for one of his children, "It will take you all your life to know how much I love you." Small wonder that to each of us, our least inadequate conception of God is to think of him "like as a father."

CHAPTER XVI

REALIZING HIS HOPES ABOUT THE SEMINARY

Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
—*Scott.*

AT last the Seminary rested on solid ground. But as yet, there was no building for lectures or dormitory. The number of students was growing. Now in 1882–1883 it was one hundred and twenty. Most of this increase came from Kentucky, which had sent but few men to Greenville. Louisville proved more accessible to the Southwest and West also, and by degrees the North began to send students, and even Canada. Virginia did not lessen her interest in the Seminary. For a number of years Virginia and South Carolina furnished one-half or a third of the men at Greenville. These two States have still steadily shown their loyalty to the Seminary since coming to Louisville. Soon Doctor Broadus found himself confronting large classes that at last gave full scope for his magnificent powers as teacher. But he had nevertheless given his best to the small classes through all the years at Greenville. If he could only have had large classes all his previous life! But, though fifty-five years old, he was in his prime and glory now. Oh, the rapture of the days when one could hear Broadus lecture in New Testament English or in Homiletics! It was worth a day's journey to any man. He was a consummate scholar, of the widest reading and the most thorough assimilation. He studied the sources of things and worked through everything for himself. To Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he had added German, French,

Spanish, Italian, Gothic, Coptic, and modern Greek. He had made himself a specialist in homiletics, in the English Bible, in New Testament history, exegesis, in Greek, in textual criticism, in patristic Greek, and hymnology (English and foreign). His "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons" had become the standard and most popular work on the subject. Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, of the University of Chicago, speaks of it as "on the whole, the best single treatise existing on its subject. This judgment is one neither hastily formed nor extravagantly expressed. It is a conviction arrived at after long and careful comparative consideration of the principal works in any language that could be regarded as rival claimants for the praise bestowed." [1]

M. L. GORDON to J. A. B.:

KIOTO, JAPAN, May 23, 1883: We desire to use your most valuable work, "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons" as a text-book in our training school (American Board's Mission). . .

We have two theological classes in our school; one whose members know nothing of English, and another whose members read English very well. In instructing the former I have always made use of your book and I wish to use it more fully and thoroughly with the latter class.

He was also one of the greatest preachers of his age. It was the rare combination of scholar, teacher, preacher that met you in the classroom. More than all this, there was a witchery or magnetism that entranced you. If the subject was the Greek article, you felt that that was the line of destiny for you. Go and master the article. If it was English accent and spelling, you had a longing to hunt up the history of English words. If it was a scene in the life of Christ, the whole wondrous picture came before you. You found yourself living with the throngs around the Nazarene. If you exposed your

[1] "The Biblical World," May, 1895.

ignorance by a simple, if not presumptuous question, the quick flash of the eye, the kindly smile, the sympathetic voice put you *en rapport*. You were glad to be a fool for such a man. But if, indeed, conceit ventured too far in the classroom, the withering sarcasm was terrible to behold, and so quick that the victim scarcely knew what had struck him.

Doctor Broadus was the greatest teacher of his time. No one in this country could equal him in the marvelous projectile force and in the inspiring momentum which he gave to his pupils. His old pupils sought in vain among the teachers of Germany for his equal. With one accord they all pronounce him the greatest of teachers. Prof. J. H. Farmer, of McMaster University, who spent two years under Broadus in preference to the German Universities, tells his experience in the classroom, from whom we quote:[1]

> And what a superb teacher he became! Nowhere else did Doctor Broadus seem to me quite so mighty and masterful as in the classroom. In New Testament English he was a king enthroned. The class was large and made up of men of all degrees of culture. A Texan cowboy, who had never before seen the inside of a school, sat side by side with a learned Presbyterian doctor of divinity who had been professor in a Seminary. But everything was clear enough for the one and strong enough for the other. He had marvelous skill in seizing the heart of some great subject on which he had read volume after volume, and giving it to his class in a few pithy sentences of crystalline clearness. Many of us are only gradually finding out the real value of those lectures—the wealth of learning and wisdom they represented.
>
> In that class he usually spent half the time in questioning, and half in lecturing. No time was wasted on foolish questions. It was his custom to dictate the substance of the lecture, and, while the students were writing, to keep up a running comment on that. Here the great man was in his element. It was his most congenial theme. The preacher and teacher met together, the intellectual and spiritual

[1] "The McMaster University Monthly," May, 1895.

kissed each other. Mind and heart were all aglow. This was the very business for which all his rigid self-discipline had been preparing him. How splendidly his powers responded to the call! Everything was orderly. Great thoughts were flung out in the richest profusion. Learning brought her treasures and wisdom her most precious things. Sparkling wit, delicious humor, apt anecdote, not infrequently relieved the intensity of the work. It was the most exhilarating experience I ever knew. It was the spectacle of a great personality ablaze—the finest thing in all the world.

Doctor Broadus could not brook slipshod work either in the classroom exercises or examinations. He held himself to the most severe ideals of exact scholarship even in the most minute matters. The high standard of scholarship through the years at the Seminary is due to his ambition in this direction. But he was no Doctor Dry-as-Dust. He showed that learning need not be dry. He was popular in the true sense.

On May 9, 1883, Doctor Broadus preached the sermon before the Southern Baptist Convention, at Waco, Texas, on three questions as to the Bible (2 Tim. 3 : 15). The sermon had a wide circulation in tract form, published by the American Baptist Publication Society. He was asked to edit the American edition of Meyer on "Matthew," but he was then occupied with his own book on "Matthew."

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 4, 1883: I received this morning from you a copy of your sermon before the Convention. The sermon seems to me now even better than ever before. I am glad that so far it is a great success. I hope that it may be made more so by a very large circulation.

T. M. MATTHEWS to J. A. B.:

EDOM, TEXAS, May 22, 1883: I've never seen you since 1853 in the pulpit of the church in Charlottesville when I heard you preach. But, John, you have been preaching to me through all these years. I'll tell you how. You remember our "autograph books"? Well,

of all the students I took mine to you first, that you might write in it the first. Do you remember? I reckon not, however. You wrote: ἓν σε ὑστερεῖ (Mark 10:21), John Albert Broadus, University of Va. That rang in my ears till I found "the pearl of great price," the thing you knew I lacked. I've often thought of you since and never without recalling this little, but to me great, incident.

Doctor Broadus's pen was busy as usual with articles for the "Homiletic Review" (a series on Representative Preachers), "The Independent," "The Baptist Teacher," and various other publications. He was regular supply for some months for the Ninth Street Church, Cincinnati. He entered more and more into the life of Louisville. He was a member of the Filson Club for promoting interest in Kentucky history, and of the Conversation Club, where he was the bright particular star. His presence was sought for almost every public function. He became the pride of the city and beloved of all hearts.

The last of February, 1884, Doctor Broadus delivered three lectures before the Newton Theological Institution, on "Textual Criticism of the New Testament." This month also the International S. S. Lesson Committee met in Montreal. The ice palace and toboggan slide interested them. In a later letter Doctor Broadus explains the work of the International Committee. He took the keenest interest in this work.

J. A. B. to MR. BOYCE BROADUS:

FROM PITTSBURG TO COLUMBUS, Nov. 14, 1891: I have been to New York to meet the International S. S. Lesson Committee, and we had two days of very hard work selecting lessons for 1894. The committee consists of fifteen members, of all denominations, from the United States and Canada. Our lessons are revised by a committee in England, and at the next meeting we consider their suggestions. But few Episcopalians adopt the lessons, because we follow of necessity the order of the Bible books, and thus they are not adapted to the Church Year. Our course of lessons has heretofore run through the Bible in seven years, and this has been done

three times (the last extending through 1893); it will next time be six years, two and a half in Old Testament, and three and a half in New Testament. We give separate optional lessons for Christmas Sunday and Easter Sunday, to be used by those who like, and this is done by a good many Episcopalians, and by many Lutherans and others. One member of the committee is an Episcopal judge, from Canada, a very zealous and lovable Christian gentleman. Our lessons are widely used wherever English is spoken, including mission fields—probably studied by ten millions of persons every Sunday. As you have been studying them so long, and I helping to select them for fourteen years, I thought you would like to know something about the way they are selected.

In 1872 the First International S. S. Convention for the United States and Canada adopted the system of uniform Bible Lessons. Bishop Vincent and B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, divide the honor of originally suggesting and working out the plan of uniform lessons. These two, with Dr. John Hall, of New York, and Doctor Randolph, the secretary, have been reappointed in every successive committee.

During the early days of June, 1884, the International Sunday-school Convention was held in Louisville. Doctor Broadus was in a sense the host of the Convention and made a wonderful speech of welcome.

At a meeting in Louisville in favor of registration for election, Doctor Broadus spoke:

He was received with much favor by the audience. He said American institutions were yet on their trial. The people of Europe were saying that the experiment would end disastrously. He was in favor of voting. In his community there were too many people who do not vote enough, and too many people who voted too much. He himself always voted, and always would, if he had to be carried to the polls. The institutions of the country lead the lower classes into temptation. He could not see how any one could object to any law which would only be for the general good.[1]

THE FACULTY OF THE SEMINARY to REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 27, 1884: The undersigned professors in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, beg leave to offer respectful and hearty congratulations on your fiftieth birthday. We

[1] "Courier-Journal," April 9, 1884.

thank God for all that he made you and has by his grace enabled you to become and achieve. We rejoice in your great and wonderful work as preacher and pastor, and through your Orphanage and your Pastor's College; as also your numerous writings, so sparkling with genius, so filled with the spirit of the gospel. Especially we delight to think how nobly you have defended and diffused the doctrines of grace; how in an age so eager for novelty and marked by such loosening of belief you have through long years kept the English-speaking world for your audience while never turning aside from the old-fashioned gospel.

And now, honored brother, we invoke upon you the continued blessings of our covenant God. May your life and health be long spared, if it be his will; may Providence still smile on your varied work, and the Holy Spirit richly bless your spoken and written messages to mankind.

This year he supplied the Washington Avenue Church, Brooklyn, from June until September.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 8th, 1884: I fear the papers will tell of my misfortune on Sunday, fainting and falling after five minutes of preaching. The people were exceedingly kind. I had a high malarial fever, but thought I could pull through a short sermon.

I am already feeling much better, though a trifle dazed to-day with quinine, and hope to be well soon.

G. W. RIGGAN to J. A. B.:

DUCKERS, KY., July 11, 1884: I was very sorry to see in the papers that you were taken sick last Sunday while preaching. I hope you have continued to improve and are now quite restored. I know how difficult it is for you to rest in the midst of weighty responsibilities resting upon you, but there are thousands of people who would join with me in urging you to consult your health above everything else.

The first week in August, between the Sundays in Brooklyn, Doctor Broadus delivered a series of lectures on the "New Testament" at Granville, Ohio, before a summer assembly at the Denison University. At this time Prof. Flinders Petrie wrote from London, asking

that he allow himself to be elected a member of the Victoria Institute Philosophical Society. In the fall Doctor Broadus was the stated supply of the First Church, Indianapolis.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

ASBURY PARK, Sept. 6, 1884: Mrs. Eddy said she had been filled with admiration of your noble patience and cheerfulness while you were here. So you see another sensible person thinks as I do about it. Everything in the room reminds me of you. The hinge I broke on the window-blind remains unmended. I have brought in the big old rocking-chair from the porch. If you were here I should be very happy. And notwithstanding all these long separations, and our many and sore trials, I am constantly cheered and supported by the sense of companionship with one I love so well and admire so warmly. I do not know whether we shall ever be at the Magnolia together again, but I pray that we may have a good many years together still in earthly life, and that we and ours may reach the life eternal.

J. A. B. to J. H. COGHILL:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 8, 1884: I have read as yet only a part of Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." I have long thought that we must recognize the reign of law in the mental and spiritual as well as in the physical sphere. Drummond seems to me to jump too far with his theory, but his work will lead to valuable inquiry and reflection.

The opening lecture before the Seminary this fall was given by Doctor Broadus and the theme was "English Hymns of the Nineteenth Century." During 1885 Doctor Broadus wrote critical notes on "John's Gospel" for the "Sunday School Times." Churches in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Providence, Indianapolis, Chicago, Cincinnati now clamored for his services as summer supply. His hands were never more full, for the "Commentary on Matthew" was nearing completion and he was also writing notes in textual criticism for Doctor Hovey's "Commentary on John."

B. B. WARFIELD to J. A. B.:

ALLEGHANY, PA., Feb. 4, 1886: I have read with great interest the notes on readings [Hovey on "John"] which you have contributed to the book, and of course, I may add, with much instruction. I find myself in substantial agreement with you in most of the conclusions to which you have come. . . I may venture to say that I disagree with your opinion that B—— has "Western" and "Alexandrian" elements in the Gospels. I also suspect that the weight laid on "transcriptional evidence" may occasionally mislead; no form of evidence, in my judgment, is more often capable of being interpreted both ways. I am compelled to admit, however, that in your hands it appears a powerful and safe instrument

J. A. B. to MISS E. T. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Mar. 25, 1885: I am much obliged to Doctor Thomas for suggesting that you might study Coptic. I have been bothered and lonesome in studying it myself the last few years, with no one to sympathize. Perhaps it would be a good plan when you come home for you to take it up and be company for me.

It cheers me, my dear little woman, to think of you as having so much enjoyment among such delightful friends. I hope you'll get strong and rosy. Give my love to all the family.

MISS E. T. B. to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., April 22, 1885: Doctor Thomas saw the notice of Doctor Riggan's death in the "Despatch" on yesterday. It will be very hard on you and Doctor Manly, I am afraid, to have so much extra work to do, and especially as you are in such poor health now, and trying so hard to finish the "Commentary." And mamma's not there either, to keep you from working too hard. How I wish I could see you, my dear papa! Don't you think I will be nearly big enough to write for you by the time I get home? I am thirteen years and nearly four days old now.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 20, 1885: The funeral [of Doctor Riggan] occurred at twelve o'clock. Considerable audience for that hour. The sermon was very flat, but not utterly bad. It was the best I could do without keeping myself in a great strain for forty-eight hours, and that I carefully avoided. I feel somewhat tired this afternoon, but not sick. We have to consider how to fill the vacancy

for next session. For the rest of this session I am already doing the work. . .

A good many from Forks of Elkhorn came down. I am to go up Saturday afternoon, and take part in a memorial meeting there next Sunday. I shall give the same discourse, and the trip will rather help me.

The discourse at the funeral of Doctor Riggan made a profound impression and many remembered it as one of the most wonderful experiences of their lives. It was published in tract form at the request of the faculty and is contained in "Sermons and Addresses."

W. W. LANDRUM to J. A. B. :

RICHMOND, VA., April 30, 1885 : Our pastors' conference was stunned by the announcement of the death of Professor Riggan. All Richmond deplores his loss. Indeed, it does not appear to some of us where in the South his successor is to be found. Though I knew him only slightly, relying upon the testimony of our competent judges, I must presume he was a remarkable student and teacher for his years. Assured, as I am, that the Seminary is of God and for God, I have no fear as to its ever-increasing influence and power. And you will let me say, my dear doctor, that, so far as I am able, I will seek to reproduce in my life and labors the example, as to creed and conduct, set me by yourself while I was a student there.

W. J. CUSHING to J. A. B. :

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 25, 1885 : In conversation recently with Doctor Guild, librarian of Brown University, upon the subject of the "Education of the Negro in the South," he said that among the ablest and most interesting essays upon that subject he should place the essay written by you that appeared a year or a year and a half ago in the "Chicago Standard." I take the liberty, at his suggestion, of writing to you to ask if those essays have ever been published in pamphlet form?[1]

[1] Some years later Doctor Broadus, at the request of President C. K. Adams, wrote an elaborate article on "The Negro" for the Johnson's "Cyclopedia," which failed to appear, however, by some oversight in the office. In this article he had amplified his theory of the three original types of the Negro, the brown with regular features, the black with regular features and thin lips, and the Guinea Negro with flat nose and thick lips.

In May, 1885, Rev. John R. Sampey, of Alabama, was elected assistant instructor in Old and New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics, thus doing the work previously performed by Doctor Riggan, and aiding both Doctors Manly and Broadus.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 2, 1885: I am convinced that a professor who is growing old must take very great pains to freshen up his instruction, examine the new books, lecture on new topics, etc., or the students will begin to make the always damaging comparison with his former self.

Doctor Broadus remained in Louisville this summer hoping to push the "Commentary on Matthew" through and did little preaching, save for the First Church of Indianapolis in June. In the July "Homiletic Review" he had a notable article on "Pulpit Power," while in the October "Baptist Quarterly" he advocated the "Elective System for Theological Seminaries."

H. H. HARRIS to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 1, 1885: Yours of the 25th misses somewhat the point of my discovery (?) with regard to the healing near Jericho. It did not touch the variance between Matthew and Mark, as to two or one, but between these and Luke, as to the place.

The suggestion occurred about as follows: We had spent the night near old Jericho, identified by its ruins and fountain, and thence going "up to Jerusalem" had to ride southward a mile or two, "enter and pass through" the ruins of a Roman city, commonly called "Herod's Jericho," and then turn eastward up the Wady Kelt or Brook Cherith. My most congenial and helpful companion was a Presbyterian from Pennsylvania, Rev. Mr. Taylor, and as usual he and I were riding side by side. About half-way between the old city and the remains of Herod's city, he called my attention to a bank on the roadside, remarking: "Just about there I should imagine Bartimeus sat." At once it flashed upon me that the two sites both called Jericho offered a plausible reconciliation of the variance as to the place, a view which Mr. Taylor had not taken and did not seem much interested in when I suggested it. I have worked it out somehow

thus: Suppose Jesus spent a night, as he would likely do, in the city of his foremother Rahab, and that Zaccheus had his office in the Roman town with his residence in the west end; now to locate the healing at or near the place suggested—a most likely spot for a beggar on the highway between two towns. Matthew and Mark, as Jews, speak of it as when "he went out from Jericho," *i. e.*, the old city, but Luke, a Gentile and writing to a Gentile, says, "as he drew near unto Jericho," *i. e.*, the Roman town, and going on to tell about meeting Zaccheus adds, "he entered and was passing through Jericho."

My notion, a mere conceit, is that Zaccheus lived "up town," that the morning was well advanced and our Lord stopped with him during the sultry noon hours, the publican's house serving, moreover, to rid him of the crowd, and that in the afternoon he went quietly, almost secretly, with the Twelve up to Bethany.

I hardly need to add, that I had not seen the suggestion which you refer to as quoted by Farrar from Macknight.

J. A. B. to J. H. COGHILL:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 29, 1885: I have spent the summer at home, working hard at a commentary on Matthew, which has been long on hand, and which I hope now to finish by next summer. My health has been reasonably good. But my wife suffered a very painful accident, September twelfth. She was knocked down at a street crossing by a trotting horse and broke a limb, the neck of the thigh bone, which is hard to cure perfectly. She is doing quite as well now as we could expect, and I am confident she will be up again after many weeks of further weariness and discomfort. Whether she will regain the full use of the limb, is more doubtful. This is a great affliction to us, which I describe because I know so cherished a friend will sympathize.

THOMAS ARMITAGE to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, Nov. 18, 1885: Some time since you promised to send me your photograph, but have forgotten to do so. Will you have the kindness to forward me one, of the same sort that you gave to Mrs. John Rockefeller, by the return mail? She would lend me hers for the use of the engraver, but it is in Cleveland. It would be a favor to receive it this week, as its immediate use is needed.[1]

[1] Doctor Armitage did not simply put Doctor Broadus's picture in his "History of the Baptists," but he had it stamped on the front cover as the representative Baptist.

On Dec. 13 Doctor Broadus preached the dedication sermon for the Third Church, St. Louis. The Seminary was still without buildings, renting hotel and lecture rooms in the city. But the time was now ripe for an effort in this direction. Doctor Broadus went to New York to secure funds and the spacious dormitory building, New York Hall, was the outcome.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 20, 1885: I confess I get sick at heart when I see brethren so perfectly indifferent to the position in which they leave me. I am like a man sinking in a quagmire or quicksand and seeing others to whom he cries for help walking off quietly to eat their supper.

J. A. B. to S. S. B.:

NEW YORK, March 16, 1886: He [Mr. R——] is a very noble man, of wonderful insight into character, and a marvel of mild perseverance in carrying through what he undertakes.

I came to the Orange welcome service for J. T. Dickinson, preached in New York Sunday, and am spending my nights at Doctor Hawes'. I wanted to see whether anything could be done here for our needed building, and have the promise of a good sum, but the remaining third of the requisite amount will be very, very hard to get. I shall probably be here till Monday. . .

Mr. R—— has been having me lunch with him at the grand new building every day, and gives me a room and a desk when I please.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

NEW YORK, March 15, 1886: Suppose I ask you to telegraph me here that you have paid, or have the money to pay, all that remains due on the lot; can't you do it?

This was twenty thousand dollars yet owing on the lot which the friends in Louisville pledged themselves to procure.

BASIL MANLY to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 19, 1886: We have been greatly stirred and gladdened by your telegrams and have hoped and prayed for

your successs, with sincere gratitude to God, and also to the kind brethren whom the Lord has raised up for our help.

I made urgent appeals. . . but I did not get a dollar. . . However, Boyce worked it through, as he has telegraphed you. But he is in bed still, lame with his exertions, but cheerful and bright.

J. A. BOSTWICK to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, April 4, 1886: Your favor of thirtieth ult., is received and am much pleased to hear you were successful in securing the sixty thousand dollars. My subscription of sixteen thousand five hundred dollars I will pay whenever you desire it. I am very much obliged for your kindly expressions and hope you may be spared to see the building completed and the good work continue for many years to come.

MRS. HELEN M. GRADY to J. A. B.:

BALTIMORE, MD., April 7, 1886: May I add my heartfelt rejoicing over the blessing attending your efforts in New York and those of Doctor Boyce in Louisville.

Surely this is a first fruit of the great blessing in store for our loved Seminary. We of little means but praying hearts can take courage. His promises are very sure. I noticed recently the news of the conversion of your youngest son [Boyce]. No one but a parent can know what grateful emotions the early calling of the little ones affords.

JOSEPH E. BROWN to J. A. B.:

ATLANTA, GA., Aug. 28, 1886: I thank you for your kind letter of twenty-fourth inst., which I have received. I am very glad the donation[1] which I was able to make, came, as you seem to think, in a good time, and aided in carrying out a cherished plan for the construction of the buildings, part of which it was feared you might have to abandon.

I feel very anxious to see the Seminary firmly established in its own quarters, where it may be regarded as in perfectly safe condition, and I trust you will soon be beyond the reach of further doubt on that point.

J. M. FROST to J. A. B.:

SELMA, ALA., July 9, 1886: I send you, as requested, copies of

[1] Five thousand dollars.

your tract [on Infant Baptism], and will gladly supply you all you wish, of course, free. I have published five thousand of them and one of the members "paid the bill." What of them are sold will only serve to create a revenue for my tract fund, which I am going to try to make a real power. Your sermon[1] is much talked of; it dropped into my life a great power and joy. Have sent your address on the Confederate dead[2] to the "Montgomery Advertiser." I showed it to several gentlemen of prominence, who were men in those terrible days; all speak well of it.

ALVAH HOVEY to J. A. B.:

NEWTON CENTER, July 25, 1886: Your last bundle of MS. reached me safely and I am enjoying a careful perusal of it. No doubt it will prove to be *the Commentary* of the whole series. Had I read it before writing mine, I could have improved the style and substance of my work in several particulars. I shall hope to see you for a few hours at least while you are in Boston.[3]

J. A. B. to MISS A. V. B.:

YONKERS, N. Y., July 28, 1886: To-day has been beautiful. I walked out of town and away up the river, two miles, and rested long in a stone quarry, protected from the sun by the perpendicular rock, reclining on ledges, and watching the Hudson, fifty yards away. A pretty little excursion steamer passed up, near shore, with flags flying, and lively music. A little sail boat passed down, with white hull and black bulwarks, and one small sail. A minute tug puffed and struggled, followed at a distance by a tow of sluggish barges, laden with timber. A huge steamer, long heard behind a fringe of trees, with great, deep sighs as if it felt the guilt of all the world's sins, came at length into view, and passed in majesty and innocence. Meantime the railway trains shot by in either direction, below the bluff, screaming and rocking. And over all rested the calm of a perfect summer morning. A pretty little yellow bird, with black wings, sat down on a rock near me, and when I moved a little to see it better, flew away. At intervals, I read in a magazine, with languid interest, always ready to look up if anything passed. After an hour or more I rose, climbed down the bluff to the railway, and walked back along the track. At last the dream of weary months had come true—I had been resting.

[1] At Howard College and Judson Institute.

[2] At Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, May 22, 1886. See "Sermons and Addresses."

[3] First Church last three Sundays in August. He was in Yonkers, N. Y., and Emmanual Church, Brooklyn, in July and August.

Mr. James Colby Colgate returned last evening from Chicago. He is a graduate of Madison University, at Hamilton, where I saw him once, and is studying law.

J. A. B. to MISS E. T. B.:

YONKERS, N. Y., July 29, 1886: At dinner, besides Doctor Peaselee, was a Mr. F——, from New York, who quotes Holmes and Lowell. After dinner, in the pavilion near the river, Mr. Colgate told me much about the silver question. In my room I spent one and a half hours examining the Poindexter[1] papers, and found, as I feared, that I shall have great difficulty in getting facts and dates. Mrs. V—— could have told me several things.

This morning I climbed the hill and walked along the summit road, past many grand abodes, including Graystone, the summer home of Mr. Tilden. Get Uncle Charley to tell you all about Mr. Tilden, who was elected president, and never served. He is a man of great wealth, now so palsied that his signature to a check is hardly legible, and his voice reduced for several years past to so faint a hoarse whisper that only intimates can understand him at all. Yet the greatest Democratic statesmen came to Gramercy Park or to Graystone to learn his opinion of current political questions, and are proud to tell it in Washington.

A little beyond his gate I lay under a tree and read the letters from home, handed me just as I was starting. After resting I went on and passed down a rustic road through wild woods towards the river, and near where I sat yesterday I found a better seat under a tree, and read (at Miss J——'s request) "Doctor Claudius" by the author of "Mr. Isaacs."

At lunch we had Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, near neighbor, her husband, son of Mr. Hoyt, of Cleveland, whom your mother will remember —herself daughter of Judge Sherman, of Cleveland, and niece of the general and the senator. With her was her sister, Mrs. General Miles, whose husband is the great Indian fighter. There was also Mrs. B——, of New York, a stout and strong-looking lady. I heard her advising Mrs. Miles to try the Virginia mountains, saying that she was there a day or two last week, and then I remembered that she was on our car and got off at the White Sulphur. She is one of the ladies that go about very much, and know many people.

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[1] Nov. 13, 1886, at Staunton, Doctor Broadus delivered an address on A. M. Poindexter, before the Virginia Baptist Historical Society. See "Sermons and Addresses."

President Eliot requested Doctor Broadus's presence at the 250th Anniversary of Harvard, March 6–8, that the University might confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The New York Chautauqua was requesting his services also. Demands pressed upon him from every side. On Sept. 12 he preached the dedication sermon for the First Church, Lynchburg, Va.

H. S. BURRAGE to J. A. B.:

PORTLAND, ME., Oct. 28, 1886: Your syllabus reached me today and I am grateful to you for the help it will afford me. You mention several hymn books I have not seen. Doctor Winkler's "Sacred Lute"; A. B. Cates' "Baptist Songs"; Sidney Dyer's "Zion's Harp"; J. M. D. Cates' "Songs of Zion and Sacred Harp"; Dr. W. C. Buck's "Baptist Hymn Book"; and Mercer's "Chorister." I have never seen a Watts and Rippon. . .

You mention the fact that Rev. S. P. Tregelles in his later years joined a mixed membership Baptist church. Was he a Baptist and so entitled to a place in my work? . .

Again let me thank you for the syllabus.[1] It will be exceedingly helpful to me in its suggestions. I am glad to know that in one of our Seminaries work of this kind is done.

On Sept. 27 Doctor Broadus published an article in the "Courier-Journal" which greatly helped to prevent a riot and lynching in Louisville. We quote from it.

SOME EARNEST WORDS AS TO LYNCHING.

Everybody can see that lynching grows worse and worse. Such practices are contagious. Public description of one case suggests another, where it might not have been thought of. What in the world will all this lead to? As a permanent and growing practice, lynching must be destructive of civilization. Is this statement too strong? Think a moment and see if it would not be so.

Now the apology for lynching must be in one of two things: Some say that our laws and our courts cannot be relied on to punish as outrageous criminals ought to be punished. Others tell us that lynching will be more likely to strike terror into brutish criminals than the slow and dull processes of law.

[1] "Syllabus on hymnology."

As to this last point, I gravely doubt whether the view is correct. Even the lowest of mankind are not brutes. They have some notions of right and wrong—something of what we call conscience. If you try to restrain such a man from great crimes only by fear of lynching, you excite the brutish elements in him, and do not appeal to the human elements. He thinks to himself, that if he gets caught he will be lynched, and he rages at the thought, and really considers himself as in such a case the innocent party. Besides, he hopes to escape. He feels cunning. He thinks some other fellow will be caught and lynched. . . Altogether it is a form of punishment that does not strike terror, certainly not so much as many seem to imagine. On the other hand, if law is properly administered, there is something about it that appeals to the human in a tempted wretch. I was glad to see the "Courier-Journal" the other day expressing a similar persuasion. The idea of having all the facts searched out and proved against him, having his guilt fully established, and then having to wait for weeks, with a knowledge that at last he will be hung, there is really something more terrible about this than attaches to the prospect of lynching.

But the greatest trouble is, people say, that the laws are sometimes inadequate, that punishment provided is not severe enough, and especially, the lawyers can manage to have guilty men escape if there is any money in the case. Now there is some ground for this view. There has been a tendency, in recent generations, to tone down the punishment for the highest offenses, and to sympathize with, or pity, a vile criminal as rather unfortunate than guilty. There is a sort of sentimentality abroad in regard to criminals, by no means universal, but pretty widely diffused. And it cannot be denied that some lawyers manage to delay a case until public indignation has subsided, and then, perhaps, the guilty man may go free, or may encounter only a modified punishment. . .

Besides the general evil of lynching, upon which I will not enlarge, there are two special evils appertaining to the practice in our Southern States. I write as a Southern man, having spent my life successively in Virginia, South Carolina, and Kentucky. We Southern white people are trying to deal with the most formidable problem that civilized mankind ever had to face. Besides a great many ignorant and often degraded white people, we have this mighty mass of colored people. We must not forget that the Negroes differ widely among themselves, having come from different races in Africa, and having had very different relations to the white people while held in slavery. Many of them are greatly superior to others

in character. . . We have to deal with them as best we can, while a large number of other white people stand off at a distance and scold us. Not a few of our fellow-citizens at the North feel and act very nobly about the matter; but the number is sadly great who do nothing and seem to care nothing but to find fault. . . There is a goodly number of intelligent Negroes who really take sound and wholesome views of the situation. If we continue to tolerate lynching we lead these better Negroes to think that we are the enemies of all their race. We alienate the better class from the support of justice and government and civilization.

Now, then, I appeal to thoughtful men wherever the "Courier-Journal" is read, will you not come out and condemn this business of lynching? Will you not openly discourage and oppose and stop it? We can stop it. Is not this our duty? Is it not high time? . . I ask intelligent people all over the South to reflect upon the subject, to tone up public opinion by their conversation. Men and women, the thing is wrong, and getting worse and tending to be ruinous; I pray you, think, speak out, act in such way as you deem wisest.

I will not apologize for publishing this respectful appeal. As a minister of religion, I take no part in the manipulations of party politics, though careful to vote at every election, since voting is surely one of the highest duties of an American citizen. But this is in no sense a question of party politics. It is a question of justice, of fundamental right, of essential civilization, of human welfare.

On Oct. 21 Doctor Broadus was called upon to conduct the funeral of Mr. W. F. Norton, a very generous friend of the Seminary. He and his brother, Mr. G. W. Norton, were both trustees of the Seminary and were faithful and wise friends to the institution. They were both men of noble character and active piety, of earnest convictions and lofty aspirations. All Baptist interests in Louisville felt the impulse of their practical wisdom and liberality.

C. H. RYLAND to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 13, 1886: Pardon me for saying that it is the general impression that your late visit to the General Association gave you, in a peculiarly happy manner, a fresh hold upon Virginia Baptists and all your old friends and the brethren. The opin-

ion is that you were at your best and that the Poindexter effort, as a portraiture and as a piece of literary work, was not behind the best of your life. I don't think there is any harm in saying this.

J. A. B. to S. S. B.:

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 31, 1886: I had heard about Doctor A——'s position, and am really very much surprised that so vigorous a thinker should go off in that direction. If a man is going to be a Christian at all, I think the New Testament will surely make him an orthodox Christian. If it does not teach the divinity of Christ, I wonder how that could be taught.

In the fall of 1886 H. M. Wharton & Co., Baltimore, published a volume of Doctor Broadus's "Sermons and Addresses," which had a wide sale. His reputation as a preacher will rest partly on this volume, but chiefly on the memory of the wonderful discourses that were never recorded and which surpassed in power those in print. It seems a pity that so small a collection of sermons should remain from his pen. But Doctor Broadus preferred immediate power before his audience to permanent preservation of the matter. It is impossible to put on the printed page the voice, expression, gesture, and nerve power that swayed his audiences. Here are two estimates of his preaching:

Doctor Maclaren, as a preacher, in the pulpit, has by no means the charm and the power that were the gift and acquirement of Doctor Broadus. If Doctor Broadus had given himself, with the same approach to exclusiveness that Doctor Maclaren has done, to the work of the preacher, and if the outward conditions of life in his case had equally favored, the result of production in print might have been fully comparable, both in quantity and in quality, with that of the famous Scotchman. But the brilliancy of immediate effect in usefulness and in fame due to mere eloquence in the pulpit, would certainly have been far greater for Doctor Broadus. For he had, beyond his British compeer, the proper and distinctive oratoric endowment.[1] . .

[1] Dr. W. C. Wilkinson in "Seminary Magazine," May, 1895.

The theme was thoroughly mastered and his heart was in it; he came quickly into sympathy with his audience, won their attention and talked freely, speaking straight to their need; the thought was clear as sunshine; the words simple, often homely, always apt; the style chaste and vigorous, never betraying any mere straining after effect, but graced with such beauty as became the thought; the delivery was quiet and conversational, with little gesture, and yet there was in it a subtle impressiveness and a strangely contagious intensity, usually subdued, but sometimes rising to heights of impassioned eloquence. There was the warmth and fervor, without the luxuriant extravagance, of the South, combined with the matter of fact directness and sturdy vigor of the North. He was always interesting, instructive, persuasive. His power to play on the emotions of his audience was remarkable. But he never did this to amuse; the object of the sermon, from first to last, was to win men for God. He "struck for a verdict." The glory of this was that his eloquence exalted not the speaker but the truth, and the more you heard him the more you felt his power. And so it came to pass that in Louisville, wherever he preached, the place was thronged, and among all the thousands of his brethren he stood without a peer. Not without good reason did Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, some years ago, single out this teacher as among the foremost preachers of the age. And I have seen it stated that Spurgeon himself pronounced him the greatest of living preachers.[1]

J. L. M. CURRY to J. A. B.:

LEGATION OF THE U. S., MADRID, Jan. 1, 1887: I had been reproaching myself for several days for the indelicate presumption of sending you a letter about Mr. Thomas,[2] when yesterday, on removing a cover from a book[3] I found your recent volume with a dedication to my unworthy self. Mrs. Curry and I were intensely gratified at the marked honor and the graceful manner in which the honor was done. Such a public and touching recognition of my devoted friendship filled my heart with gladness and my eyes with tears. May the good God help me to live not unworthily of the association of my name with yours!

Mrs. Curry, as grateful as I, sends her love and both wish to be remembered to all your household.

[1] Prof. J. H. Farmer, in "McMaster University Monthly," for May, 1895.

[2] Doctor Broadus delivered a memorial address on James Thomas, Jr., at the opening of the Thomas Museum, Richmond College, Sept. 22, 1887.

[3] "Sermons and Addresses."

On Jan. 19 Doctor Broadus preached the dedication sermon for the Woodward Avenue Church, Detroit. At last the Commentary, begun twenty years ago, had come out, and was warmly welcomed. Doctor Thayer in "Books and Their Uses," calls it "probably the best commentary in English on that Gospel."

E. C. DARGAN to J. A. B.:

PETERSBURG, VA., Jan. 24, 1887: I have waited long and eagerly for your "Matthew"; I hail its advent with unspeakable pleasure. My expectations are fully realized, and am immensely delighted with it.

The "Sermons and Addresses" have been carefully and lovingly read. I used to think it might be dangerous for your reputation as a preacher for you to publish,—eye, face, and voice lacking,—but the actual fact (as is often the case) puts the theory to flight. I thank you very much and very heartily for both.

J. C. LONG to J. A. B.:

CROZER SEMINARY, CHESTER, PA., Jan. 24, 1887: I happen to know that this is your birthday, and send you hearty congratulations, and the usual good wishes. But almost everybody can have an occasional birthday. It falls to the lot of few of us to write a commentary on the "Gospel of Matthew." I was in the city to-day and brought your commentary down with me. It was with great pleasure that I got hold of it, and I most heartily give you joy in being permitted to complete it. Unless I am very much mistaken you have done a work which a man might gladly labor twenty years to do. So many men who have learning have not common sense; and so many who have common sense have not learning. Your book shows both learning and common sense, in no ordinary degree. Among all your friends, hardly one will more sincerely rejoice in what the Lord has enabled you to do for the explanation of His word than I do. My best regards and heartiest congratulations to Mrs. B——.

H. F. COLBY to J. A. B.:

DAYTON, O., Jan. 24, 1887: My father thought a great deal of you and enjoyed your friendship. The statement that his legacy, by stereotyping the work [commentary on "Matthew"] may serve to bring it to the hands of a large circle of appreciative readers, is

very pleasant to me. I feel sure it would gratify him thus to help his friend to a more extensive audience. It would be just like him to say, "Come and hear Doctor Broadus."

J. A. B. to S. S. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 5, 1887: You will probably see or hear something about the present to me of a horse on my sixtieth birthday. It was a notion of Doctor Eaton's, and taken hold of with great heartiness by many leading citizens, of all persuasions. . . I am arranging to get a "combination" horse, for both riding and driving, and a vehicle of some kind. The thing was very kindly meant and handsomely done, and I shall exert myself to make it a means of much gratification and benefit to your mother as well as myself. I fancy Master Boyce will be pleased.

F. D. Hale began a protracted meeting with our church last Monday night, but was taken sick. This morning they persuaded me to undertake preaching every night from Sunday to Friday of the coming week. I shall try to drop everything but my lectures, and be heedful as to exercise.

Your mother sends you the "Sunday School Times" regularly, and hopes you get it in time for your class.

A tribute from the students of this session on his birthday, was a saddle and bridle to complete the equipment, which was very highly appreciated.

J. M. FROST to J. A. B.:

SELMA, ALA., Feb. 14, 1887: I have just gone through your "Sermons and Addresses," published by Wharton & Co. My object in writing is not to praise you—everybody is doing that in print and in private. But I do wish the privilege of sincerely thanking you for them. They have come into my library as a permanent force, into my heart and life as a great joy. I find them good to read while preparing for the pulpit, and good to read before preaching and after, although I see no hope of preaching from any text you have used unless I take your sermon. The supreme test of a sermon with me, is the effect which it produces upon the spiritual nature and in the religious life. Late last Saturday night after laying aside my sermon for Sunday morning, "I beseech thee show me thy glory," I took down your volume and read the delicious sermon on "Ask, and ye shall receive." Seldom have I been so overcome by the printed page. I closed the sermon in tears and knelt down

and tried to pray—thanking God for the sermon and for the author of the sermon. And in the loneliness of the hour I prayed, and it shall be a frequent prayer of mine, that God will greatly and richly bless you in the coming years.

Whenever I have heard you preach or lecture there has come to me, after you had advanced considerably into the discourse, a really painful sense that the thing must come to an end directly. Ah me! I begin now to feel that way about your life. Would that we could keep some men with us forever! And yet, perhaps I ought not to say that. May God bless you and keep you.

I will not close without joining Dr. J. C. Long in the wish that you may give us another volume. You have other sermons and addresses which you should publish, and which would be of lasting good after you shall quit us here and go up higher:

C. H. TOY to J. A. B.:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Feb. 18, 1887: Your notice of Thayer's Grimm in the "Nation" will be of service to the book, and Thayer thinks that you did "very handsomely" by him.

T. U. DUDLEY to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 16, 1887: I can hardly tell you how pleased I was, on my arrival at home yesterday to receive your book, and the assurance of your cordial regard. Believe me that I shall prize both so long as I live.

And you will not think strange that I add that your dedication[1] to the grand old man, your master and mine, gave me a thrill of delight.

May God prosper your effort and the effort of every honest Christian man, to make better known his precious word.

MRS. C. C. BISHOP to J. A. B.:

MORRISTOWN, N. J., March 22, 1887: I am glad to hear that Mrs. Broadus is so far recovered and that you are in ordinary health, after such a busy winter, and now preaching so constantly. But I know how you love to preach the gospel; so, it does not tire you as much as an equal amount of some other kinds of work would. Well, I certainly congratulate those Presbyterians[2] and would be

[1] Doctor Broadus dedicated the "Commentary on Matthew," to the memory of Gessner Harrison.

[2] Doctor Broadus supplied the College Street Presbyterian Church, Louisville, for three months.

most happy if I could look in upon them, and enjoy some of their privileges.

PHILIP SCHAFF to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, March 24, 1887: I beg leave to ask you whether you would not like to assume the revision of the Oxford translation of "St. Chrysostom's Homilies on Philippians, Colossians, and Thessalonians" for "Nicene Library" which I am editing. These Epp. form a volume of five hundred and thirty-eight pages of the Oxford Library of the Fathers. The translation is good, but I would like to have some explanatory and critical footnotes and to bring the venerable father into contact with modern exegesis.

After this work was completed we read:

PHILIP SCHAFF to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, July 16, 1889: I read your letter of July twelfth and your preface with great satisfaction. Your preface is very important, and I suggest that it be printed (immediately after a big preface of mine on the whole volume) as a separate preliminary essay on Chrysostom as a Homilist and Exegete, and on the critical restoration of the text.

J. C. HIDEN to J. A. B.:

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Mar. 29, 1887: As to the "Commentary." It came soon after your letter, and I am doing you the honor, and myself the pleasure, of reading it regularly through, a compliment that only Ellicott ever got out of me before. Macaulay said that Sam Johnson wrote the first readable English Dictionary. I need not apply the remark.[1]

GROSS ALEXANDER to J. A. B.:

NASHVILLE, April 5, 1887: I must beg in the outset, however, to correct one error into which you have fallen. When you say a "very small fraction" of what I am is due to you, you miss the mark by a very large fraction. You taught me Greek not as the scribes, referring to what others think and say, but as one having authority, and I never got the hang of it till I came under your instruction. Do not understand me to say that I know anything. . .

At any rate I think it is safe for me and due to you to say that

[1] Doctor Hiden wrote elaborate and discriminating reviews of all of Doctor Broadus's works for the "Religious Herald."

the knowledge I have of Greek and the position I hold as teacher of Greek are to be credited to you more than to any one else.

On April 17 Doctor Broadus preached the dedication sermon for the Emmanuel Church, Brooklyn.

In May, 1887, at the meeting of the trustees at the Convention in Louisville, Mr. Sampey was promoted to the position of assistant professor of Old and New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics, and Dr. F. H. Kerfoot was elected as co-professor of Systematic Theology to relieve Doctor Boyce, whose health began to show signs of failing, so as to give him a chance for travel and rest.

On May 25 he preached the sermon at the American Baptist Publication Society's yearly anniversary, held in Minneapolis, on the "Permanent and Paramount Authority of the Bible." The sermon was published in tract form and had a very large circulation. Another tract that appeared this year from Doctor Broadus was on the subject: "Should Women Speak in Mixed Public Assemblies?" in which he argued against this prevalent practice. Perhaps the most remarkable address he ever delivered was that on "Demosthenes" at Richmond College (June 18, 1879), and repeated by request at Georgetown College (June 7, 1887). Other popular lectures often delivered by Doctor Broadus were "The Roman World in the Time of Christ," "On Female Accomplishments," and "Glimpses of Great Men I Have Met." Doctor Broadus's summer was spent largely in Louisville supplying the Walnut Street Church, with visits to the Second Church, St. Louis, lectures at Ottawa, Kansas, and Northfield, Mass., and the New York Chautauqua. The St. Louis Church endeavored to secure him as pastor, but he was not to be spared from his devotion to the Seminary. "I am satisfied," he said,

"that in the probable remainder of my life I can do most good by remaining in my present position."

MISS ANNIE W. ARMSTRONG to J. A. B.:

BALTIMORE, MD., June 30, 1887: Now, with your learning which has made you consent to be simple, concise, clear, and direct, and with a sympathy that puts you at once in accord with the child mind and its perversities, would it not be a happy and lasting supplement to your many Sunday-school contributions to provide *the* "Baptist Catechism"? I am sure you will consider it.

J. A. B. to MISS E. S. B.:

NORTHFIELD, MASS., June 30, 1887: To-night Prof. Drummond and I are to make opening addresses, of a general character. To-morrow at ten I begin with "Interbiblical History."

I have just dined at Mr. Moody's house (near his birthplace), in company with his guests, Prof. Drummond and Mr. and Mrs. Oates of Glasgow—all thoroughly English. Mr. D—— is tall and slender, with thin face and light side whiskers, and talks *without* ah—ah—ah. Two students from Cambridge, England, Mr. MacFee, and Mr. MacGregor (Scotch and Scotch-Irish), have the English drawl. Mrs. Moody is a very quiet, unpretending lady, of easy manners and agreeable appearance.

W. R. HARPER to J. A. B.:

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Sept. 23, 1887: I am pleased to know that you are interested in the work which the "Student" has undertaken, viz: that of pushing the study of the English Bible in the colleges and theological seminaries. I have often thought of the pioneer work which you in your Seminary have done in this direction. I have never been able to explain to myself why other seminaries have not followed in your train.

A movement came to establish a great university in New York City and tremendous pressure was brought to bear upon Doctor Broadus to go into it in any position he wished. It was a tempting proposal, but again he adhered to his work. "This one thing I do."

J. B. SIMMONS to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, Nov. 16, 1887: A few weeks ago when I purchased

your delightful "Commentary on Matthew," I made all haste to turn to Matt. 6 : 25–34, that I might see how you treated the sin of anxiety. And I write to say that in my judgment your treatment of that subject, will, as the years come and go, save the lives and prolong the useful labors of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of God's most conscientious and faithful ministers. Nowhere, absolutely nowhere, have I ever found so good an exposition of that remarkable passage of Scripture. How many break down and go to early graves for the lack of obeying Jesus Christ in that matter of trusting and not worrying! I think I might have been spared three periods of sickness, one of which brought me to the brink of the grave, had I possessed and heeded your teachings on that subject at the outset of my career as a minister.

And I do earnestly hope that you will see to it, in revising the Bible Union "Testament,"[1] that the word anxious is used six times in rendering those verses, as it is in the Canterbury; and if the Greek warrants you in doing so, put it in a seventh time.

In December Doctor Broadus had a round of lecturing and preaching at Boston, Yale, and Rochester.

H. CLAY TRUMBULL to J. A. B.:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 2, 1888: Your work at Northfield was, I am sure, a blessed work. Only yesterday my young friend S——, of Princeton, was speaking of your wise and earnest words. They made a deep impression on his mind. Your sermon on "Consecration," I think, affected his life for good. And from what I have heard from others, I am sure your labors there were greatly blessed.

J. E. COOK to J. A. B.:

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 2, 1888: I suppose the New Year gives me liberty to say, what I have often wished to say, that I thank you and shall thank you through life, for the good you have done me. The effect is not large enough to attract your attention; but it is great to me and commands my deepest gratitude.

I often think of what you told us the last time in homiletics, and I do try each time to preach my very best, not only for my Master's sake, but for the sake of my teacher.

I hope he may be spared many years of usefulness to the ministry of to-day, and of thirty years hence. I love my teachers at the Seminary and I pray for a long life for each one of them.

[1] Revised by Doctors Hovey, Broadus, and Weston.

Doctor Broadus was asked to write on "The Christian Pastor" for the International Theological Library. He was also requested to attend the World's Missionary Conference, in London, as a delegate at large from the United States.

J. A. B. to J. H. COGHILL:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Mar. 24, 1888: I am just beginning to work after a spell of fever. I received the book [Amiel's "Journal"] you kindly sent with great pleasure, and have read the greater part of it, intending to complete it soon. It is a book of extraordinary interest and suggestiveness to thoughtful religious readers, often reminding one of Pascal's "Thoughts." I think that Amiel was so involved in the whirl of mingled belief and doubt which is common in our age, that some of his detached expressions might be in themselves misleading, and require to be carefully weighed, while yet the general tone of his work is in a very high degree helpful to religious thought and life.

Doctor Broadus during May and June supplied the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of New York.

J. A. B. to MISS E. T. B.:

NEW YORK, May 12, 1888: I had previously accepted an invitation from R. L. Harrison to attend the New York Southern Society. . . . About two hundred gentlemen were present, in a hall. Entering a little late, and taking the nearest chair, I saw by me a tall, bald, and white mustached man, and across the hall came quite enthusiastically to greet me, a fat, bald, and also white mustached man —and we three entered the University the same year. The second was Colonel Snead from Richmond, and a fine fellow. The other was Colonel Paul, of Petersburg. . . Snead took me in to the collation, and I called him "Tom," till at length he said "John." Before the collation, Col. R. M. Johnston, of Georgia, author of the "Dukesborough Tales," made a brief address, and read two scenes from a new story of the same sort, which seems very fine, and was quite well read. Then a couple of short poems were read by Robert Burns Wilson, of Kentucky. The president of the society is Frank Rives, Esq., whose son recently became Assistant Secretary of State. He says that my friend, Colonel Alfred (Miss Amélie's father) was recently here, and that he has had good health in Panama. . .

A number of old friends and various new acquaintances—all Southerners. Virginius Dabney was a comfort, as he had forgotten me. Judge Robertson, of Charlottesville was here on business. Judge Somebody from Louisiana said he was a student when I was chaplain, and made excessively flattering remarks. Logan C. Murray, who came from Louisville, was very friendly, as he always is. Altogether, the evening was a great pleasure to me.

In July Doctor Broadus was again at Northfield lecturing on the Bible to the students gathered around Mr. Moody. A visitor to Northfield the succeeding summer was told that no one had ever made such an impression at Northfield as Doctor Broadus had done. Mr. Moody himself, in his great meeting at Louisville in the winter of 1887–1888, bore public testimony to Doctor Broadus's power at Northfield. Doctor Broadus greatly enjoyed having his family with him for a tour in New England and for the stay at Northfield and Chautauqua. The work at Northfield was followed by a series of twelve lectures on the Bible at Chautauqua (N. Y.), where he created similar enthusiasm. August and part of September were given to supplying the Calvary Church, Washington. What a tide of toil the years were bringing to Doctor Broadus now! He was preaching as much as many pastors, teaching more than most teachers, writing articles and books. He was in the full prime of his life-work.

Boyce and Broadus had not toiled in vain. The Seminary had a home at last. New York Hall was nearing completion. A considerable endowment was secured. Students were flocking in great numbers. In May, 1888, Mr. A. T. Robertson had been made assistant instructor in New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics to relieve the strain on Doctor Broadus and Professor Sampey, who was now relieved of New Testament work entirely.

And now, for the first time in thirty years, Doctor Boyce was willing to take his hand from the Seminary. He went to Europe in the summer of 1888 with his family. At last he could take a vacation. He had firmly established the Seminary.

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE:

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 19, 1888: I think the enclosed from the "Independent" is very gratifying. The writer is evidently a man of some ability, for he indicates some of the chief real merits of your excellent text-book.[1] His praise could scarcely be higher, and yet it is nowhere exaggerated or beside the mark. And he examined carefully, for he noticed the special attention you pay to recent views of the atonement. As to his objections to your Calvinism, they only emphasize the commendation in other respects.

MISS LOUISE LAWSON to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1888: I have not forgotten our talk about Cleopatra and her type of beauty, and the color that you gave to the temples and skies of Greece. I hope that some day you may tell me more of them; we live happier for such things.

JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER to J. A. B.:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1888: Permit me to thank you for your instructively interesting sermons of yesterday, to both of which I listened with the highest pleasure and, I hope, benefit.

The art of preaching that conceals art is evident in your case. But your preaching finds its chief power in your evident belief of all the Gospels, and in your close, critical, and luminous exposition of the text. It gave me great satisfaction.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 13, 1888: When just leaving the hotel I received by mail a note from J. R. Tucker, with very cordial commendation of my sermons, and hurriedly placed it in an envelope to you, thinking it would gratify you, as he is one of the ablest men in the country. Waiting here for the local train, my thoughts revert to one of his expressions. Of course he alludes to the famous saying of Quintilian: "It is the highest art to conceal art." That is usually considered a very high compliment, and I have no doubt

[1] Boyce's "Abstract of Systematic Theology."

he meant it so. Yet it may strike you that he and Wilkinson perceive in my simple style and free and easy delivery a certain artificiality. I speak so much, and go over essentially the same trains of thought so often, in lecturing and in repeating sermons, that there is danger of becoming artificial—of saying things as I once felt them, but do not altogether feel them now. I wish only to say to you, as I value your good opinion much more than that of even Wilkinson and Tucker, that if this is true of me, it has arisen unconsciously. Of all things I wish to be genuine, toward God and man. . .

In the "Homiletic Review" for August and September occur two articles on Doctor Broadus in a series entitled "Criticisms on Some of the Ablest Representative Preachers of the Day. By an eminent Professor of Homiletics." The writer was Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, now of the University of Chicago. Let some extracts from this keen critic of preaching conclude this chapter:

Every characteristic I have now pointed out as found with Doctor Broadus in the teacher of preaching is found also with him, and more rather than less, in the preacher. His practice well comports with his theory—comments and commends it. To the thoughtful student of both the theory and practice of the man, it becomes evident that in Doctor Broadus's case the practice preceded theory. But it becomes equally evident that also the theory following reacted, as it should do, confirming the practice. . .

The sermons read in print and the sermons heard from the pulpit make, in Doctor Broadus's case, exactly the same impression, that is to say, exactly the same quality of impression. The quantity of impression is double, more than double, when you hear them.

What, then, is the impression which they make, analyzed into its elements?

First, I think, and paramount, is a trait which I must call winningness. This trait, this spirit, penetrates and qualifies everything, both in the sermon itself and in the delivery. There is all to attract. You feel yourself treated by the preacher with exquisite respect, not with flattery. It is the respect of a man who respects himself, as he also respects you, with nothing of the disagreeable effect of flattery. You insensibly respect yourself more, not the self that you are, but the self that you ought to be, and that you now begin to feel as if you might be. And it is that ideal man possible, rather than the far

from ideal man actual in you, that the preacher himself treats with such grave, such pathetic respect. I can scarcely imagine a tacit, mutual understanding established between speaker and hearer more favorable for the proper effect of true preaching than the understanding immediately and permanently established by Doctor Broadus with his audience, whether of the pew or of the press, but especially with an audience of the pew. Every personal antagonism that might have arisen to hinder the impression of the truth has been unconsciously charmed to sleep. . .

He lays it down as one of his prime advices to the preacher, gain the sympathy of your audience. This sentiment finds strong expression even in a sermon of Doctor Broadus's. In his admirably wise discourse entitled: "Some Laws of Spiritual Work," he says: "Everybody who can speak effectively knows that the power of speaking depends very largely upon the way it is heard, upon the sympathy one succeeds in gaining from those he addresses. If I were asked what is the first thing in effective preaching, I should say sympathy; and what is the second thing, I should say sympathy; and what is the third thing, I should say sympathy." . .

The second thing to be noted in Doctor Broadus's oratory, is its Christian spirit. . . You are affected for good by how he teaches, quite independently of what he teaches. . . I must illustrate my point with example. Doctor Broadus had been making an address, very much in the nature of a sermon, on "Reading the Bible by Books." At the close questions were asked of the speaker, the occasion being such as to allow this familiarity, and he having himself expressly invited it. The following question was one of those asked:

Q. "Would you not advise much prayer and communion with God in the study of the Bible, in order to a better understanding of it?"

A. "Oh, assuredly, I should advise prayer and communion with God. I ought not to have taken that for granted. I blame myself that I did not say that."

Observe the delicate urbanity of this reply, the meekness of wisdom in it. . .

The next thing to be noticed in Doctor Broadus's eloquence is closely akin to his winningness. It is candor. This is a very marked trait of Doctor Broadus's mental and moral character. . . This trait is omnipresent, like the kindred trait of winningness, in Doctor Broadus's discourse. . . It might almost be pronounced a habit of Doctor Broadus, in preparation for presenting in order to argue and enforce it, some certain truth or view of truth, to begin by

presenting strongly the truth or view of truth opposed, or apparently opposed, and acknowledging fully the weight and value of that. He thus wins the great advantage of appearing before his audience in the light of one able and willing to see both sides of a question. The introduction to his noble sermon entitled, and happily entitled, "Let us have peace with God," offers an example of this. The preacher is about to preach on justification by faith. He will let his hearers understand that he does not regard this doctrine as constituting the whole of the gospel. He says:

"The doctrine of justification by faith is simply one of the ways by which the gospel takes hold of men. You do not hear anything of that doctrine in the Epistle of John. . . I think sometimes that Martin Luther made the world somewhat onesided by his doctrine of justification by faith—that the great mass of the Protestant world are inclined to suppose there is no other way of looking on the gospel. There are very likely some here to-day who would be more impressed by John's way of presenting the matter; but probably the majority would be more impressed by Paul's way, and it is our business to present now this and now that, to present first one side and then the other. So we have before us to-day, Paul's great doctrine of justification by faith," etc.

Who does not see that such a manner as that of proposing a subject is well adapted to propitiate all classes of hearers? It is so fair, so balanced, so candid. You are willing to trust your stake in the truth quite unreservedly in the hands of a man like that. . .

Moderation of tone, conscientious carefulness of statement, sound and vigilant scholarship, are additional, though still kindred, characteristics of Doctor Broadus's work. He inspires confidence not only in his intention, but in his disciplined and equipped ability to be fair. Scripture receives not only reverent, but also enlightened treatment at his hands. He is a true interpreter of texts, and not a mere user; far less, as many a preacher thoughtlessly is, an abuser of them for homiletic purposes. Rarely, indeed, will he be found to have assumed the current, conventional reading and understanding of a verse or passage of Scripture, without having evidently first subjected that verse or passage to independent, scholar-like examination of his own for the real truth of its form and meaning. It agrees with this spirit and habit on Doctor Broadus's part that, though intensely the reverse of obscurantist, he should be, as he is, for "substance of doctrine," found everywhere in cordial and enlightened accord with what, by the general consent of the church in all ages, is confessed to be orthodoxy. The so-called "new theology,"

for example, exercises not the slightest real influence to conform Doctor Broadus. . .

This truly reverent spirit toward divine revelation prevails in his preaching. It is a perpetual silent rebuke of that license in the handling of Scripture which some indulge, some even who, in profession profoundly obeisant to the word of God, nevertheless in practice often wrest the word of God to make it mean whatever at the moment may promise to serve some certain purpose of their own, supposed by them to be pious.

It is proper now to remind ourselves that any fair or wise appreciation of Doctor Broadus's style in preaching must be appreciation of it, regarded as spoken, and not as written style. For Doctor Broadus is an extemporary preacher, and these printed sermons of his bear, the most of them, inseparable internal marks of remaining still very much in the same form of syntax and of rhetoric in which, having never been written they originally flowed from the speaker's lips. This fact duly considered, the style is remarkably free from faults. Faults, however, it has; and its faults are precisely such as extemporization naturally, almost necessarily, engenders. The virtues of it much more than compensate; and of its virtues too, it may be said that they are precisely those peculiar to extemporary discourse—naturalness, directness, familiarity, ease. But these virtues might conceivably exist without the faults which are so apt to accompany them. . .

An occasional negligence is certainly excusable, it is perhaps scarcely avoidable, in extemporary discourse; but Doctor Broadus would have been warranted in correcting thoroughly enough not to let such appear in the printed volume. What is noticeable, and in highest degree commendable, is that the *thought* with this preacher is never negligent, never hasty, never crude. He does not *think* extemporarily. . .

Doctor Broadus deals sparingly in quotations from literature, although wide reading and fine culture on his part are made evident enough. . .

Charm is present everywhere in Doctor Broadus's discourse; but it is seldom a charm carried to the last, the consummate degree, by exquisite rhetorical form. You constantly feel that the orator is too intent on what he will say to be quite sufficiently solicitous as to how he will say it—excepting always, or almost always, that he will say it in a manner to have it instantly understood. The supreme mood of feeling, will, however, sometimes usurp the man, and nature will

then snatch a grace in expression beyond the reach of art—as witness the pathos and honesty of the following passage from a memorial discourse on a young colleague of the speaker's, fallen from his side in the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.:

"Eight years ago we buried with the deepest sense of loss our oldest professor, who had been with us from the beginning. What a shock, that the next to pass away should be our youngest! We cannot but feel like parents grown gray when called to bury a son in all his youthful prime. It is a mournful experience. God help us. And can I more say? Three years ago the orange blossom, and now these flowers, that vainly essay to smile upon a scene too full of sadness. O pitying heavens, drop down the dews of your consolation; O pitying angels, doubtless ye care, but ye know not, O angels, the sweet, sweet human love, the bitter, bitter human sorrow. O sympathizing Saviour, thou didst weep with sisters beside a brother's grave, and thou knowest, thou knowest, O Saviour, that here is a grief still harder to bear. O Holy Ghost, the Comforter, come now and comfort. O God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the father of mercies, and God of all comfort, the father of the fatherless and the widow's God, come guide and uphold one who strives to be brave and calm as she leads forth into life the tottering steps of her fatherless little boy."

There is a tradition that Æschines, banished from Athens after his defeat by Demosthenes in the famous contest of eloquence between the two orators, read to his pupils at Rhodes his great rival's oration on the crown, and on their applauding and praising it, generously said, "You should have heard the rascal deliver it himself!" And if the readers of this paper think the passage just shown them beautiful in print, I can strongly say, "You should have heard it from the lips of its author!" There is a strand of pathos in tone braided inseparably into the speech of Doctor Broadus which must have given a peculiar all-subduing effect to such a passage of eloquence as the foregoing.

CHAPTER XVII

SUCCEEDING DOCTOR BOYCE AS PRESIDENT

As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.
—*Milton.*

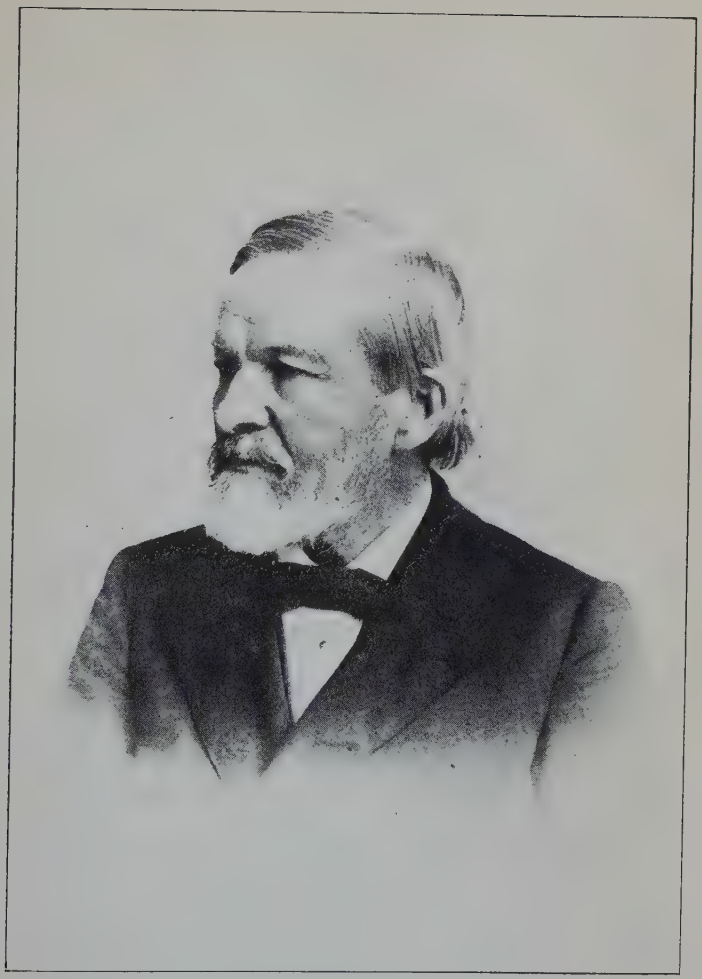
DOCTOR BOYCE held out in the struggle long enough to see victory. It was a long fight these thirty years. But a dire calamity to the Seminary was at hand, and for Doctor Broadus one of the heaviest griefs of his life. Doctor Boyce had left for Europe in hopeful spirits and had a pleasant voyage and a little jaunt in England, but in London he was taken seriously ill.

W. E. HATCHER to J. A. B.:

LONDON, ENG., Oct. 7, 1888: I hope that you are not ignorant of the sickness of Doctor Boyce, and yet I feel impelled, in a quiet way to write you some facts concerning him. Only last evening while at tea with Doctor Angus, I learned that the doctor was in London and quite sick. I went to him at once and found him in a condition which gave me much anxiety and alarm. From his appearance, as well as from the decision of his physicians, as given me by the family, I am led to feel that his case is very serious, though not beyond hope. One thing is fixed and that is, he is not fit for travel. To-night I called again and while he brightened at my coming, I was not encouraged. He looked sadly broken and languid, and I felt constrained to join his children in their attempts to dissuade him from his purpose to go to the Continent. This he is set on—not for himself but for his daughters' sake.

JOSIAH RYLAND to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 17, 1888: I am sorry to see that Doctor Boyce has not improved. I do hope his valuable life may be spared. And yet how little we know as to what is best! God makes no mistakes. We remember the Seminary at our family altar.



John A. Broadus

J. A. B. to J. P. BOYCE :

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 17, 1888: I trust you greatly enjoyed your first drive, and many more since that time, and that the pleasant air of France will greatly improve your strength. I have communicated to such of our colleagues as I have met the sorrowful intelligence that you feel sure you will never be able to teach again, and must resign next May. May I trust that it may please our heavenly Father to spare you for yet many years of varied usefulness. . .

I noted what you said about the importance of raising money for the library, according to your generous proposition as to giving your theological collection. . . The same day came quite a remarkable appointment of Providence. I called in the afternoon on Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith. . . She said that by a coincidence she herself was just figuring when I came in to see what property was available to sell for fifty thousand dollars, which she proposed to give the Seminary for a library building, as a memorial of her two nieces, and of William and Lawrence Caldwell. . . She expressed great pleasure that I had come in, talked freely about her desire to do all the good she could,[1] and presently said, of her own accord, that I might mention this plan to you (I had at the outset delivered your message), as it would doubtless encourage you, with reference to your great life-work—but that she had spoken to no one on the subject, and wished nobody but you and me to know of her intention till she was prepared to avow it.

J. P. BOYCE to J. A. B. :

PARIS, Oct. 31, 1888: I received last night yours of Oct. 17th. I think we have both of us more to learn of the duty of faith and confidence in the working of God for our Seminary. With all our anxiety and hopes and fears, how true it is that in our agony of trouble as to what will occur we find that God has found a way of which we have never dreamed. Witness the gift of Governor Brown. We were praying for help and crying out in our despair, and, without lifting a finger almost, it came from a quarter to which we had never looked for such a sum. So also your letter of to-day tells me of a generosity not exceeding what might have been expected for worthy objects from the generous donor, but we have already had so much from that source that we had no right to expect more, so much so that I have felt almost ashamed of having asked and re-

[1] In a later note she said: "I hope it was most in my heart to advance the interests of the Seminary."

ceived the five thousand dollars last given, and certainly the help now proposed was beyond all possible conception except by the generous heart which proposes it. . .

So also have I felt about my library. It is not simply that the Seminary should have so many books of such and such a value, but that they should be my books which I have selected and bought and owned and hoped at some time to be able to bestow on our beloved Seminary. . .

I shall take immediate steps so to arrange the transfer of my library as to make it all safe to the Seminary at once. My wife and daughters understand that it is in general to go that way. I shall only retain the books not theological and which would not be of use to the Seminary except in an indirect way. . .

Please express to your friend my most hearty thanks for this contemplated gift, both personally and officially. I know not what words to use. None could express too strongly my gratitude and thanks. May God reward her, for he alone can do so worthily of her generosity and noble purposes.

God be with you and bless you, my dear friend. No one knows how much I owe you for your help and your influence in the matter of the establishment of what you call my life-work, but which ought to be called "our life-work."

The end came with Doctor Boyce at Pau, France, Dec. 28, 1888. The funeral services took place in the Broadway Church, Louisville, January 20, 1889, when Doctor Broadus spoke, though, as he said, he felt his true place to be beside the sorrowing family. They had walked together since 1859, and each had been to the other a constant stay and strong support. Doctor Broadus sometimes said that he never felt that he was the same man after Boyce was gone. The old buoyancy never quite returned. He closed his memoir of Doctor Boyce with these words :

O brother beloved, true yokefellow through years of toil, best and dearest friend, sweet shall be thy memory till we meet again ! And may the men be always ready, as the years come and go, to carry on, with widening reach and heightened power, the work we sought to do, and did begin.

WARREN RANDOLPH to J. A. B.:

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 8, 1889: Most sincerely do I sympathize with you, not only for what you have lost in the Seminary in the death of Doctor Boyce, but in the loss of a personal and bosom friend. He was a man, as none knew better than you, of royal elements of character. And I can imagine you going about with ejaculations like Charles Lamb when Coleridge died, "Boyce is dead; Boyce is dead." May God be with you all.

JOS. E. BROWN to J. A. B.:

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 10, 1888: Your very kind letter has been received by me, and shown to my wife and son, and we thank you very much for your expression of appreciation of the little donation we gave Doctor Kerfoot to aid in endowing the Broadus Professorship in the Seminary. While we were willing to render some assistance in endowing a professorship, the duty became much more pleasant when it was known that your name was to be connected with the professorship. We feel, as all parties feel, that you have done a noble work in the cause of the Master in connection with the Seminary. You have discharged your duty with zeal, fidelity, and ability, and you have the affectionate regard, and, indeed, the love of the whole Baptist denomination. May God ever bless you and spare your useful life and your health and strength for many years to come.

Doctor Manly, at the time of Doctor Boyce's funeral, was ill with pneumonia.

J. A. B. to BASIL MANLY:

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Jan. 28, 1889: Would it not be well for you and Mrs. M—— to make a little trip to Mobile, or the like, so that you may live much in the open air? My three weeks in New Orleans in January some years ago, set me up mightily. Now will you not take some such trip, at the special request of your remaining yokefellow? The fact is, I have a selfish interest in the matter of your getting strong and well, so as to last and work for many years. I shall be constantly needing your advice, about measures and men, about great things and small. Now that Boyce is gone, I value your advice in Seminary matters beyond that of all other men. The Seminary is passing through a crisis, and cannot for several years to come afford to lose you and me—and we must husband our strength, and stand together, like two old oxen, nearest to

the wagon. So be a good fellow, and go off for a while, and I am sure it will prove advantageous.

Doctor Broadus had a busy winter, what with his Seminary duties and preaching at many points, Indianapolis, Knoxville, Cornell University, New York, and New Haven, besides the Lyman Beecher Lectures on "Preaching" at Yale University in January, 1889. This course of lectures created high enthusiasm, more, perhaps, than any since the days of Henry Ward Beecher's. The theological faculty of Yale expressed "their high appreciation of the suggestive and stimulating series of lectures," together with the hope that they would be published. But Doctor Broadus had not written them out in full, preferring to speak from notes according to his custom when lecturing.[1] He expected also to incorporate some of them some day in his "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons." He did not accomplish this himself, but his successor in the chair of homiletics, Prof. E. C. Dargan, D. D., has done it in a revised edition of the work. It may be interesting to mention the topics of the eight Yale lectures: "The Young Preacher's Outfit," "Freshness in Preaching," "Sensation Preaching," "Freedom in Preaching," "The Minister's General Reading," "The Minister and his Hymn Book," "The Minister and His Bible," "The Minister's Private Life."

Doctor Vedder wrote concerning the lectures:

Men of considerable reputation have come and gone without their presence being known to any but the few immediately concerned. Such has not been the case with the visit of Doctor Broadus and the delivery of his lectures. He has made marked impression on the life and thought of the University, outside of the Divinity School, to which he has been especially lecturing. Every available seat in Marquand chapel not reserved for students, has been occupied each

[1] In the pulpit he made it a point never to take notes with him.

day, considerably before the hour for the lecture, and after all available spaces have been filled by chairs many have crowded into the corners left and listened standing. To judge from appearances, the audience might have been doubled or quadrupled if there had been room for those who would have gladly come.

Several lecturers have so far lacked the faculty of interesting the students that their lectures, though they have made valuable books, have failed to win hearers for their oral delivery. Many students expressed in private the warmest appreciation of the work Doctor Broadus had done for them this year, and declared that this is the universal feeling among the young men. That this judgment was shared by the "dons" has been shown by the fact that unusual numbers of them have attended from day to day, so far as their own engagements made attendance possible. It is generally regretted that the lectures are not to be published.

One who had heard Doctor Broadus in the pulpit can easily imagine him in the lecture room. There is the same smooth flowing of choice English, the same winning manner, the same conversational tone—the latter a little emphasized by the more confidential relations at once established between his pupils and himself. The various points of his lectures are amplified by means of wholly admirable (but also wholly unreportable) little asides, anecdotes, illustrations. An occasional thrust of the keenest wit at some foible of preachers provokes an appreciative but not noisy laugh, and a lambent humor plays all around the subject, calling forth now and then those smiles that are near akin to tears. In short, Doctor Broadus approaches so closely one's ideal of a lecturer to students that one hardly sees how the ideal could be more nearly satisfied. . .

In concluding, Doctor Broadus spoke a few words for himself and the faculty with which he had been temporarily associated. These were his last words: "For the most part our hope of usefulness in the world is through you. Preach your best before God, for your own sakes, and then think of us and preach a little better still." The prolonged applause that greeted the appeal showed that it had touched a responsive chord in many hearts. If the men at the Yale Divinity School are not better preachers, and better men, for having heard this series of lectures, it will not be because the way to become both has not been earnestly and affectionately and eloquently pointed out to them.[1]

While at Yale he was kindly received in a social way.

[1] H. C. Vedder, in "The Examiner," Feb. 7, 1889.

THE BIRTHDAY OF DOCTOR BROADUS.

The distinguished lecturer at Yale this year has a warm place in the hearts of New Haven Baptists who had had the pleasure of hearing him. Prof. W. R. Harper and others arranged to give him a dinner last Thursday evening, which was his birthday, in order that some of the laymen of the Baptist churches might have the pleasure of meeting him. Before the dinner an hour was pleasantly spent in social chat. About fifty gentlemen sat down to the tables at Radcliffe's. Hon. Francis Wayland presided, and Rev. Kittridge Wheeler asked the blessing. After an excellent dinner president Wayland made a felicitous speech and introduced Hon. James L. Howard, as one who would never be an ex-governor to the Baptists. Doctor Phelps followed with a poem that made graceful reference to the guest of the evening. Prof. W. I. Knapp was the next speaker. He will be remembered as our missionary to Spain for ten years. For the past ten years he has held the chair of Modern Languages in Yale. Other speakers were Rev. Kittridge Wheeler, of Hartford, lawyer Julius Twiss, Dr. E. J. Walker, Rev. Wm. Davis, of the Seminary, Rev. W. D. McKinney, Prof. W. R. Harper, E. Larkins, Rev. E. M. Poteat, and Rev. C. A. Piddock. President Wayland introduced Doctor Broadus, whose address was full of kind feeling and capital illustrations. He spoke of the wonderful change of sentiment, North and South, during the past twenty-five years. We now know each other better and are one people. All of the after-dinner speeches were informal and every one felt it to be a very profitable occasion. Before adjourning, a committee was appointed to arrange for a permanent Baptist Club for New Haven and vicinity. The influence of such a gathering cannot fail to be excellent, and in behalf of those from out of town we thank Professor Harper and those who aided him for the opportunity to attend.[1]

This spring a flood of invitations came to Doctor Broadus for addresses, all of which had to be declined. He was elected an honorary member of the Cliosophic Literary Society of Princeton College. He was also elected a trustee of the Slater Fund in place of Doctor Boyce. He took interest in this work for the Negroes and enjoyed the pleasant friendships which it occasioned with President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, ex-president Hayes,

[1] "Christian Secretary," for Jan. 30, 1889.

and others, besides the intercourse with Doctor Curry, his life-long friend.

A committee of English Baptists visited the Southern Baptist Convention in Memphis, May, 1889, at the instance of Dr. W. E. Hatcher. Doctor Broadus made a very remarkable address of welcome.

Doctor Broadus said that, after a life spent in public speaking, he never felt more like wishing for something to say which should be worthy of the occasion and should fitly express the joy of the brethren in welcoming these brethren. We welcome these men because they are Englishmen. We love them as Englishmen, and we are not afraid of them as Englishmen either. He told of a Kentucky orator who defied the English navy, and said if they attacked us, we would turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave and dry up the Atlantic Ocean. Our hearts warm towards them. We and they have had many similar difficulties. We are misunderstood. But we have found that a people with the courage of their convictions can thrive under all manner of obloquy. He had never heard the strength of the position of Baptists so strongly stated as in Doctor Parker's speech. American Baptists reminded him of a herd of wild horses, with heads erect, rearing and plunging and curvetting, but somehow moving on all in the same direction. It was sometimes said by other denominations that Baptists had among them a great mass of ignorant people. This was true. And he felt like replying to those who made the statement, "Why haven't you a similar mass?"

Doctor Broadus's speech was thrilling, eloquent, and unreportable, and at its conclusion the congregation sang with great feeling, "The Sweet By and By." This was the most delightful incident in the history of the meeting. Brethren pressed forward from every quarter, and there was manifest and profound feeling.[1]

Doctor Broadus made a stirring plea for the Seminary at this Convention:

Doctor Broadus said that this was only one of many times that he had appeared in the interests of the institution. He spoke very tenderly of the irreparable loss sustained in the death of Doctor Boyce —greater, he said, to himself than any one else. We ought not to

[1] "Religious Herald," May 16, 1889.

indulge, however, in useless regrets, but the inspiration of precious memories and noble examples ought to lead us to larger endeavors.

The session of the Seminary the first year after the war, had present seven students and four professors. He lectured that session to one student, and he was blind. This year they had one hundred and sixty-five on the roll and might possibly have one hundred and ninety next year.[1] Still he was not scared. Calvin had eight hundred at Geneva. It is easier to lecture to eighty than twenty. Some seemed to think that the Seminary was like the old woman who lived in a shoe. He said that they looked for further endowment for the Seminary from men of large means. If asked whether they would like such gifts in the form of bequests or in antemortem donations, he would take a little of both.[2]

JOSEPH E. BROWN to J. A. B.:

ATLANTA, GA., May 16, 1889: While it was a foregone conclusion and everybody knew that there was but one thing to be done, yet I sincerely congratulate you on your election to the presidency. Under the inspiration and guidance of the Spirit you have a great work to perform, and I earnestly pray that you may be sustained and upheld in the discharge of the responsible duties devolving upon you, and that the official connection with the Seminary which you now assume, will prove a great blessing to the Seminary, the Baptist cause, and the churches generally.

At this meeting Doctor Kerfoot was made professor of Systematic Theology and financial agent and treasurer.

The "Religious Herald," of May, 30, 1889, speaks as follows of an address of Doctor Broadus in Boston:

Dr. John A. Broadus made a notable speech before the American Baptist Education Society, in which he undertook to give his hearers a better insight into the real condition of the South. Some of his statements were very much at variance with those made by a colored brother who preceded him on the same platform the evening before. Take the following as mere specimens: "There is much that is wrong here in Boston and in all the Northern section of country; but we do not hold you responsible for it. The same blood is in our

[1] Doctor Broadus lived to see two hundred and sixty-eight students in the Seminary. The number afterwards, under the presidency of Doctor Whitsitt, rose to three hundred and eighteen.

[2] "Religious Herald," May 23, 1889.

veins as in yours. I was a rebel and George Washington was a rebel; but he succeeded and I failed. That is about the difference between us." . .

"The Examiner" said of this speech:

There was a responsive thrill of sympathy and union as deep as Christian love. "As one who had lived in the South, in Virginia, in South Carolina, and in Kentucky, now sixty years, I can testify that if any man says there is unkind feeling in that section toward you of the North, that man is mistaken. There is no such unkind feeling. We have not forgotten what we have suffered. If we had beaten you half as hard as you beat us, *you* would have found it difficult to forgive *us*. And if we had had half as much money as you had, I am not sure but we *should* have beaten you. What wonders twenty-five years have wrought! How we did hate you twenty-five years ago! And after Bull Run, and after Fredericksburg, your love for us was not perfect! But you whipped us, and I am not sorry that we did not whip you. We have one country—North, South, East, West—we are one. God bless the *United States!* Let us love one another." Such was the purport of Doctor Broadus's little speech. But the inimitable manner and spirit of it, the underlying and but half-suggested proud Southern tone, perfectly reconciled with gentleman-like comity and with Christian love—this, and the punctuation of sympathetic responsive applause from the audience, followed by silent, softened, tearful feeling on their part, springing under the touch of eloquent gentleness in the speaker's voice—all this, I say, cannot be put into words; but it was far more than half of the power and the pathos of the scene.

Doctor Broadus was made regent of the Board of Trustees of the Kentucky School of Medicine. He was now president of the local University of Virginia Alumni Society. No one was so happy in introducing famous lecturers. He was the popular after-dinner speaker at banquets. He was a member of the Confederate Veterans' Association, and the Sons of Veterans later named a "camp" for him. The Ladies' Association had requested him to deliver the address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate Monument, but his illness prevented it. The City Y. M. C. A. looked to him

as a stanch friend. Ministers of all denominations considered him their adviser and helper in every good work.

In July, 1889, while engaged in delivering a series of lectures on the "New Testament," at Chautauqua, Doctor Broadus was called home to conduct the funeral services upon the occasion of Mr. G. W. Norton's death. The latter had been a noble benefactor of the Seminary, and one of the trustees. After this hurried journey, he returned to complete the course of thirty lectures.

J. A. B. to a COLLEGE STUDENT.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 7, 1889: I think that scholarly tastes, so far from being useless in the ministry, are now very especially needed among Southern Baptist ministers. Most people think scholarship is impracticable, if not undesirable, in the working pastorate, and we greatly need examples to the contrary. I could mention notable instances abroad. . .

For my own part, while no stranger to the dreams of young ambition, I heartily rejoice that I declined many an offered professorship, and gave myself to the ministry, though always feeling for these thirty years, that in abandoning the pastorate to guide the studies of others I was giving up the minister's better part. I envy those who are most directly concerned with saving souls.

J. A. B. to MISS E. S. B.:

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 22, 1889: Beautiful weather, and I am feeling pretty well. The 11 o'clock lecture, on "Revelation," began to-day with double as many as I had on "Hebrews"—more people present now—also my giving a pamphlet, or syllabus, attracted some; it is queer how people seize on such a thing, some silently taking copies for friends.

I heard Hjalmar Hjorth Boyeson, who began to-day at 2.30 a series of six lectures on the "Modern Novel"—this on the "French Novel." I expect to hear some others. Richard Malcolm Johnston has arrived to give two readings from his writings. I took a walk this afternoon with President Galusha Anderson, of Denison University. Yesterday at five P. M. I walked through Palestine with Doctor and Mrs. Sampey and Doctor Weidner.

J. A. B. to F. W. BOATWRIGHT.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 25, 1889: I rejoice that you mean to

be an actively useful Christian. In Germany, and in some parts of Great Britain and America, it requires great independence of mind and carefully maintained devoutness, in order to stand firm against —not the arguments, but—the cool assumptions, that all "traditional" views of the Bible are antiquated, and that the orthodox are weak and ignorant. I am glad you are going to Germany, and to Greece. There is much to be learned, much good impulse to be gained, also prestige, and familiarity with languages in which you must be reading through life. But I am persuaded you will find it desirable to maintain, quietly and distinctly, just such habits about Sunday, about beer and wine, about theatres, etc., about private prayer, as you would do at home in Richmond. I need not apologize for making these suggestions. I trust I shall live to see you come back and enter upon a course of great usefulness as a Christian professor, to the joy of your parents, and of many others who love you.

During August, Doctor Broadus supplied the Woodward Avenue Church, Detroit.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

DETROIT, Aug. 3, 1889: After the morning paper, I have tried to read a novel, but I seldom get on well with a novel in these days. They seem paltry and pottering. It does not certainly follow that I am grown deficient in sentiment. Beyond question I love my wife as warmly as I ever did—and my children. I remember, some twenty-five years ago I lost relish for novels and afterwards it returned. Curious changes take place in us, and the wise Greek's counsel, Know thyself, is far from easy to carry out. Self-analysis may be morbid, but it may be healthy. And one who attempts to teach a whole room full of fine young men, to preach to large assemblies in all parts of the land, to write and publish in various ways, ought to try to understand the tools he has to work with, and the faculties he has or lacks. But enough of that.

Pray find out about your mother's health. I am sure you ought to visit her this season, and the only question is whether in August, or September, or October.

J. A. B. to MASTER BOYCE BROADUS.

DETROIT, Aug. 9, 1889: I send you a "History of the U. S.," which I think you and John[1] will find interesting. Suppose you begin at the beginning, reading a good deal every day. Let John

[1] John Broadus Abraham, his eldest grandchild.

look at the pictures and read as much about them as he pleases. Then you and he look at the pictures together, and talk about them, and where you do not agree, or wish to know more, ask some such venerable person as Miss Ella, or you might sometimes try the "Cyclopedia." I think a history full of pictures is very desirable. Ask your mother, or some one, to look over the account of the War of Secession, and see if the author has succeeded in being fairly impartial. He is a Methodist pastor in Brooklyn. This volume is enlarged from a school edition full of questions and reviews, which I saw at Chautauqua and liked.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

DETROIT, Aug. 12, 1889: Charming weather, ever since my return on Friday. The congregation yesterday morning was much interested, as upon the previous Sunday, and in the evening the aisles were full (making 1500 to 1800), and several hundred were turned off. It is a novel experience in my life as a summer preacher, to have crowds. The regular congregation is very large, and while a good many are gone away, not a few came to the city to enjoy vacation, and people stop in going east or west. I wish I could do the great throng of people some good. It is a heavy responsibility to have so many looking to one for instruction and impulse in the highest things.

I had one week of delightful rest in a trip to Mackinac Island. But for ten days past I have been hard at work with Doctors Hovey and Weston[1] who leave to-morrow evening, and then I can have Friday and Saturday. I hope to go home Monday, arriving midnight.

HORACE WATERS to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, Jan. 23, 1890: You do not know how I rejoice at the progress of the work of "Revision." Soon I must go hence. I am in my 78th year. But I want to see both the New Testament and the Old completed and published before I die. In a few days I pay my second $1,000 for this blessed work.

H. W. DODGE to J. A. B.:

AUSTIN, TEX., Oct. 23, 1889: Your letter to my son Clarence at Cameron, Texas, was sent by him to me. Its reading brought vividly to view those earlier years when you and I shared the hospitality of one of the most hospitable homes of Virginia. How dear to my heart is the fond recollection. I thought well of you then;

[1] On the Bible Union Revision of the "New Testament."

and since then, through all these years, admiration of your character has never diminished. My own home has been in the valley, my nest under the rose-bush,—but I have gazed at you, as one in the vale of Chamounix, might at a dear friend ascending the high Alps. As point after point has been reached, I have again and again said, Lord, keep him and bless him and make him a thousand times greater, that he may the better reproduce himself in the many he may be privileged to instruct. And I follow you still. May your day be a full day, and at sunset may a serene twilight melt into a night of starry brightness.

MISS A. V. B. to MISS MARY E. ADAMS

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov., 1889: Papa went to Virginia last week to the General Association and said he saw everybody and enjoyed himself immensely. I asked if he talked any about Virginia in the Association and he confessed that he had gotten up and said something about the changing lights on the mountains and the emotions that stirred in his heart. Then deprecating his emotion, he said in an indescribable tone: "There were two reasons why I made that speech: first, because a man who was born in Virginia and lived there thirty years could not help it; and second, because I would not have dared to come home without it."

In November Doctor Broadus preached the dedication sermon for the McFerran Memorial Church, in Louisville, and the following year for the East Baptist Church, as he had previously done for the Chestnut Street Church.

MISS A. V. B. to MISS MARY ADAMS:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 3, 1890: Thursday night papa and I wrote nineteen letters, and they were literally from grave to gay, from lively to severe. About ten of them were to answer questions. One person asked him eleven questions of most comical variety and said he must not feel impatient at having to answer them, because he could do a great deal of good. I remember a few of them:

"Please give me five good reasons against dancing."

"Is it right for a minister to take charge of a church for an indefinite length of time?"

"Please make me out a list of books for a Sunday-school library."

"What are the best commentaries?"

"How would you interpret Hebrews ——? (I don't remember the reference).

"Is it ever right to kill a man in self-defense?"

To this last papa replied:

"I think it entirely lawful to kill a man if that is necessary to prevent his killing me; and if anybody tries it I intend to treat him accordingly, if possible. But I have not time to argue the question."

WARREN RANDOLPH to J. A. B.:

NEWPORT, R. I., March 5, 1890: The International Sunday-school Convention (to which we are to present our final report, and which is to appoint a new committee) is to meet in Pittsburg, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, June 24–27. . . I am much gratified to find you speaking of a purpose, if possible, to be present. I sincerely hope nothing will occur to prevent. Your counsel will be greatly needed in the Convention. The International Lesson system will undoubtedly be sharply criticized and some defense, such as you can give, will be needed.

Nineteen years ago to-day was Sunday, March 5, 1871. Need I remind you of going that morning to hear Bishop Gobat preach, where we fell in with the young Englishman (of Cook's party) who had arrived on Saturday, and was to leave on Wednesday, but who wanted to know what interesting points to visit at Jerusalem, besides "The Mosque of Omar." When the Mount of Olives was suggested, do you remember how he triumphantly replied, "We have done that," and I am sure his sage remark must still be fresh to you, as he summed up his opinion of Jerusalem, "It's a very uninteresting city, anyway." But better than that, do you remember how we read about Jerusalem in the Gospels and the Acts that day in our room? Ah, what precious days those Jerusalem days were. What a foretaste of days to come. Yours for the New Jerusalem.[1]

MISS A. V. B. to MISS MARY ADAMS:

LOUISVILLE, March 30, 1890: I have been wanting to write you about papa's Johns Hopkins lectures which he made this last week in Baltimore.[2] Mr. Eugene Levering has endowed a lectureship on Christian Evidences; and asked him to open the series. He made three lectures on Jesus of Nazareth: "His Personal Character," "His Ethical Teachings," "His Supernatural Works."

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[1] He has joined Doctor Broadus in the "New Jerusalem."

[2] The Levering lectures, repeated in April in the Walnut Street Church, Louisville.

He told me several times that he had never in his life, undertaken such a difficult piece of work and that he felt weighed down by the task. The first subject in particular, was of such a delicate nature, and he knew that he would have some skeptical, critical hearers on the sharp lookout for some flaw in argument or extravagance of expression. He said he felt that the most inadequate language was less inappropriate to the theme than the slightest extravagance would be.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

BALTIMORE, March 29, 1890: I did not write yesterday morning. The "Sun's" news was that the whole city was prostrate,[1] which I did not believe, but the telegraph wires were said to be all down. I could only wait. . .

The lectures limited to seven hundred tickets. Room full for the first, crowded for second, many turned away. They listened attentively, and speak kindly. I am so little accustomed to reading, that I cannot feel sure how far I am getting hold. I pray that some good may result.

The Philadelphia "Presbyterian" for June 11, 1890, says of the lectures on "Jesus of Nazareth":

They are scholarly in composition, beautiful in diction, and masterly in thought. Their attractive form would ensure them a hearing from the young men to whom they were addressed, while their thoroughly evangelical spirit gives them a power over heart and conscience. Christ—the Man—is the real theme, but his supernatural character and mission are not overlaid or thrust in the background by Doctor Broadus. In these days, when naturalism is engaged in a continually closer contest with the spiritual, it is pleasant to hear the ring of a true message from above, addressed in so attractive a manner, to young men engaged in scientific and philosophic study. It may serve to withstand the strange tendency of such study to allure into doubtful speculations which sometimes make shipwreck of faith.

A missionary from India writes to get "Jesus of Nazareth" to use with educated Hindus. Pastor C. Philet of Ardeche, France, writes: "I have read with a joyous

[1] The Louisville tornado, on March 27, 1890.

astonishment that you have published a course of lectures on the whole Bible." If it had only been true!

R. A. GUILD to J. A. B.:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 8, 1890: Your allusion to your pleasant visit Thanksgiving brought everything to mind, and opened the wounds anew for sorrow. Dear, dear Boyce. Classmate, brother, and friend! How I loved him. Am glad you keep the memoir in view. How you find time with all your duties to write and preach so much outside is to me a mystery.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, May 8, 1890: Read with singular interest "Memorials of a Southern Planter," the father of Virginius Dabney, written by his daughter, a delightful picture of a low country Virginia home, afterward Mississippi. Doctor Manly lent it to me, and we must have it. They gave a *fac simile* of a letter to the author from Mr. Gladstone, praising the book, and asking her permission to publish it in England, in order that the Southern slaveholders may be better understood.

Returning from Southern Baptist Convention at Fort Worth, J. A. B. writes to Mrs. B.:

APPROACHING NEW ORLEANS, May 13, 1890: It seemed necessary at the Convention to make one more attempt at a public contribution. . . Kerfoot spoke for ten minutes, I for thirty minutes, and then for forty-five minutes we called for pledges and gifts. . . I asked for ten thousand, and got sixteen thousand. The Board expressed great gratification. Saturday evening I spoke (according to previous promise) at a mass meeting for home missions, thirty minutes. Sunday morning I preached at the First Church. So I kept out of other speaking, except three minutes Monday noon, when I managed to stop an acrimonious debate about "Kind Words," and bring on a vote which ended the conflict.

Doctor Curry made a grand speech yesterday afternoon on a proposed centennial of modern missions in 1892.

During the spring Doctor Broadus had done a great deal of preaching in Louisville, at the Baptist churches and the Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church. He

had preached the Richmond College commencement sermon and in July he was at Chautauqua for twenty-four lectures on the New Testament.

Doctor Broadus had also written this summer the introduction to the "Thirty Years' Catalogue of the Seminary" by Doctor Sampey, then going to press.

H. C. VEDDER to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, July 29, 1890: Several things in your letter gave me great pleasure, but nothing pleased me so much as your attributing to me the facility of seeing that a question may have more than one side. The question of theological education, as I view it, certainly has more than one side, but it may surprise you to know that my sympathies are not with the curriculum idea, but with the elective method. I made this tolerably clear some years ago in an article (that you have possibly forgotten) on "Reforms in Theological Education," published in the "Baptist Quarterly," for July, 1885.

Doctor Broadus supplied the pulpit of the Woodward Avenue Church, Detroit, during August. It was a glorious experience again for preacher and people. What crowds and what enthusiasm! The "Christian Herald," of Detroit, published a report of the sermons. This paper for August 8, 1890, says:

The exalted esteem in which Doctor Broadus is held arises not only from his eminent scholarly attainments and rare gifts in the capacity of author, teacher, and preacher, but from a singular transparency of nature and benignity of presence which never fails to impress all with whom he comes in contact. As a preacher, his style is so easy and conversational, the language so crystal-clear a medium for the thought, that one may fail at first hearing to appreciate the wonderful freshness of his scriptural expositions, and the wealth of knowledge and of spiritual power which are being unfolded, but his words are found to linger in the mind like strains of noble music, lending inspiration to the prosy week. Doctor Broadus's sermons are pre-eminently sermons, not essays, not orations, not anything for the display of the preacher's erudition, but symmetrical growths from a life devoted to studious thinking and noble living.

C. R. HENDERSON to J. A. B.:

DETROIT, Sept. 8, 1890: I cannot express my gratification at the reports of your work here. The people have had a great blessing and they had the good sense, I believe, to appreciate their opportunity. From our members and from outsiders I hear strongest words of praise.

W. C. WILKINSON to J. A. B.:

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1890: Thank you heartily for your leaflet, "Should Women Speak in Mixed Assemblies?" I had been wishing I could see it and wondering just how to get it. It shows you the same consummate master of persuasive presentation that I have always felt you to be. I wish you could have a wide hearing in our American Baptist Israel. I feel that we little dream whereunto the license prevailing will end.

On Sept. 21, Doctor Broadus preached the dedication sermon of the Calvary Church, Kansas City.

S. H. PAINE to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 1890: I have just been reading in the "Sunday School Times" of those Confederate hymn books, and I am filled with envy and covetousness. Ever since I began collecting sacred poetry I have been hunting for anything published in the South during those years, but never until now have I heard of a single such book. Have you duplicates of any of them? If so, will you sell them and at what price? If not, cannot you put me on the scent of somebody who may possibly have them? My collection of hymn books and sacred poetry numbers now about four thousand volumes.

MISS E. T. B. to MISS MARY E. ADAMS:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov., 1890: Mother and I have been reading a beautiful translation of Sophocles. We got into it by reading his "Electra" to compare it with that of Euripides, which I was supposed to be studying in a class taught by Miss Merker. Then papa's enthusiasm for Sophocles led us on; now, after many interruptions, we are half way through "OEdipus at Colonos" which is papa's favorite.

In December, 1890, Doctor Broadus paid his last visit to South Carolina. Doctor Dargan tells of it as follows:

He attended the State Baptist Convention at Union C. H., where he preached in the afternoon of Sunday a never-to-be-forgotten sermon on "Be anxious for nothing." The next day he conducted a sort of class-room, free question and answer sort of service, to the great delight of all. He revisited (I think) Greenville, Newberry, stopped at Summerville to talk with Judge B. C. Pressly, and came to Charleston and paid me a visit I shall never forget. All this was to help out his "Memoir of Boyce" by refreshing his memory. He went up the tower of the Citadel Square Church with me to get a view of the city, visited the various places connected with Boyce's boyhood, interviewed his then still surviving old teacher, Doctor Burns, and in other ways gleaned items for his book. It was one of the joys of my life to have had him only that once for a guest. My heart swells as I think of it all! What a rare man he was!

At the close of January and the beginning of February, 1891, Doctor Broadus delivered four lectures at a Bible Institute held in Chicago by Doctor W. R. Harper. The Chicago "Advance" for Feb. 5, says:

Perhaps no single address better embodied the thought and animating spirit of the institute than that of President Broadus on "The Adaptation of the Bible to Human Nature." Certainly no address awakened greater interest than his.

R. B. SMITH to E. C. DARGAN:

NEW YORK, April 4, 1899: I write to ask you whether any of Doctor Broadus's lectures have ever been published aside from a volume of "Sermons and Addresses." While in Chicago attending the Seminary (February, 1891) I heard him deliver four lectures at a Bible institute in which Professor Briggs, Doctor Harper, and Bishop Vincent also delivered lectures. But Doctor Broadus carried off the palm above all the other lecturers in the judgment of about seven hundred students of the various denominations of the city. I would give almost anything for a copy of those lectures, and especially the one on "Christ's Teaching as to the Old Testament."

The address of Doctor Broadus on "Christ's Teaching as to the Old Testament" was delivered again at the University of Virginia. He felt strongly that the testi-

mony of Jesus was final on all matters concerning which he spoke.

J. A. B. to MISS E. S. B.:

APPROACHING MOBILE, March 11, 1891: Evergreen (nine o'clock) looked in the rain as if it might be a right pleasant country village in fair weather. We shall get dinner, as we got supper, from the basket. I am reading Col. Wm. Preston Johnston's lectures on "Shakespeare," as I may meet him in New Orleans. The first, "How to Study Shakespeare," is sensible and likely to do real good.

Your ma says she is getting on more comfortably than she usually does. The coffee at breakfast was very nice.

Doctor and Mrs. Broadus spent some weeks in the South resting. During this visit was preached the dedication sermon for the Parker Memorial Church, Anniston, Ala.

G. B. EAGER to J. A. B.:

ANNISTON, ALA., April 13, 1891: The memory of your late visit and sermon is still fresh and potent with all our people; scarcely a day passes but that one or more speaks to me of it.

The total impression of our dedication services seems to have been lastingly good; I trust the future may prove it so. I hope there will be no giving way in your strength during the rest of the session.

Mr. Page was invited to address the Louisville University of Virginia Alumni Society upon the occasion of their annual banquet on Jefferson's birthday.

THOS. NELSON PAGE to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., April 4, 1891: I am in receipt of your kind letter and accept with great pleasure the kind invitation you and Mrs. Broadus are good enough to extend me. I hope to arrive Saturday night, but will telegraph you as to my train. If the weather is bad I beg that you will not attempt to meet me at the station, as I can readily find my way to you.

As to the address I think it would be better to let me have my say in accordance with your custom in the parlors before the banquet. I have prepared an address on the "Need of the South for a History." I would then respond to the toast more briefly. I assume from what you say that it will probably be in somewhat the direction of the

address: The South. As to the reading next evening, I think I wrote that I would read from any one or two of my stories which might be preferred, as I am quite familiar with all of them.

I beg to assure you of the very great pleasure with which I look forward to my visit to you. A baccalaureate address which you delivered when I was a student at the University of Virginia made a deep impression on me, and ever since then I have been a warm admirer, to which I now ask leave to subscribe myself, in addition, your sincere friend.

ALVAH HOVEY to J. A. B.:

NEWTON CENTER, April 25, 1891: Permit me to thank you from the heart for your kind reference to myself in the work we have now completed. I can also say that my greatest pleasure in this work has been derived from your fellowship. . . I believe that the result, with many imperfections, is a very real improvement on the former edition, and indeed on the Canterbury.

May the Lord bless you and yours for evermore!

In May, 1891, the beautiful memorial library, the gift of Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith to the Seminary, was formally opened with appropriate exercises. Doctor Broadus, Doctor Harper, of Chicago University, and Doctor Dudley, of Georgetown College, delivered addresses very interesting and suitable to the occasion. Doctor Tupper and Doctor Eaton offered prayer.

The meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention at Birmingham in May, 1891, furnished a remarkable exhibition of Doctor Broadus's power among Southern Baptists. There was intense feeling over the questions involved in the establishment of the Sunday-school Board. The "Religious Herald" for May 14, 1891, says:

It was expected that this report would create a lively debate, but Doctor Broadus made a few remarks favoring it and deprecating discussions that might wound, and the report was adopted with practically no opposition.

The "Herald" for May 21, continues:

Nor can we fail to mention the brief but timely speech of Doctor Broadus, made immediateiy upon the presentation of the report. We are tempted to say that even in a life so eminently useful it would be difficult to find anything more distinctly useful. None other among us could have so effectually stayed the swelling of the tide of talk which awaited us. Several "greatest efforts" were doubtless thus lost to the world; but that the world will not suffer on that account no one can doubt.

The new arrangement—the details of which we publish elsewhere —will, we earnestly hope, work well.

Prof. J. H. Farmer has a vivid description of this speech:

No one can measure his influence over the thousands of young men who passed through his hands. Personally I think I never left his room without a prayer in my heart that I might be a better man. It was that that drew me back from Germany for a second year. I had not met his equal. Influence? Though he never held any office in the Southern Convention, I saw him do a thing in that Convention that no other man could have done. A great fight was expected over the report of the Sunday-school Committee. A hot controversy had been going on in the papers, and men went to that Birmingham Convention with speeches ready. They were eager for the fray. The moment had come. The report had been read. Discussion was in order. There was what all felt to be the lull before the storm. Broadus seized the opportunity, stepped to the front, and spoke. Every word throbbed with emotion; it was a brief but passionate appeal for peace. The great throng bowed to his will. The spirit of controversy was muzzled, even as the spirit of the storm on Galilee was at the Master's word. Not another word was spoken. The report was adopted in silence. And even as I write, the tears come unbidden, as I think of the old veteran sitting there, his head buried in his hands and his whole frame heaving with emotion, which, if I mistake not, found relief in sobs. No wonder. He had saved the South. There is influence for you! Aye, and that same man's influence had been one of the mightiest factors for the last quarter of a century in drawing North and South together. and binding them with the bonds of mutual respect and affection. No one has ever impressed me as Doctor Broadus did with the almost measureless influence for good that may gather about one true human life.[1]

[1] Pages 346*f.*, "McMaster Monthly" for May, 1895.

At the Birmingham meeting also, Doctor Kerfoot made a public collection of twenty-one thousand dollars for the Seminary amid great enthusiasm.

On June 30, 1891, Doctor Broadus's daughter, Miss Alice Virginia, was married to Prof. S. C. Mitchell, of Mississippi, afterwards professor at Georgetown and now at Richmond College.

Again it had become plain that Doctor Broadus needed rest. The heavy summer work, in addition to the Seminary cares, was telling on his vitality. Through the kindness of his students a trip to Europe for the summer was planned. Mrs. Broadus went with him. While aboard the steamer "City of New York," Doctor Broadus wrote:

Besides acquaintances mentioned yesterday, I had (or rather heard) a long talk with Professor McCabe, of Petersburg, Va., defending the changes he has just induced the Visitors to make as to the University A. M. course. . .

Got into a talk casually with Prince George of Greece. He had stopped in New York, making a tour around the world. I told him presently that twenty years ago I stood for two hours within three feet of his royal father and mother at a church service on the king's "name-day." He talked freely and pleasantly. "You ought to go there again, the city has grown to one hundred thousand; the university has three thousand students." I mentioned seeing the common people reading the newspapers. "I don't like it. It makes them too much inclined to interfere with politics." He probably feels that they do not really understand politics, and are just food for demagogues. Very good manners; no assumption, not even that of cordiality.

McCabe's talk has suggested to me a new scheme of possible degrees in our Seminary."

J. A. B. in "WESTERN RECORDER":

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND, Sept. 2: Two months in Europe tempt one to travel too fast, and we have tried hard to avoid this mistake. My health has varied, but on the whole has considerably improved, and there is reason to hope it will continue to improve. The best of

many good wishes was from a student, who said, "I hope you'll get strong and well and be ready to make us work as hard as ever next session." May his tribe increase. What is life for, but to fear God and work?

In London I made no effort to see Mr. Spurgeon, but wrote a note of sympathy, which Mrs. S—— acknowledged. May God raise him up for prolonged usefulness, if it be his will. I heard at the Tabernacle a very fine sermon from Newman Hall, author of "Come to Jesus." It was closely adapted, and yet delicately, with true taste and genuine feeling, to the circumstances. I mean to tell the students about it, in contrast to a sermon I heard in another place in England. To fit well, is far more important in a sermon than in a suit of clothes or a lady's dress; it is like a physician's prescription, and many sermons are just patent medicines. While in London we had great pleasure in meeting Mrs. Norton and her daughters, with her son Mr. G. W. Norton, and Doctor and Mrs. Marvin soon came on from Edinburgh with their bright children, who were enjoying the trip immensely, as indeed all the family were. How delightful it is to meet near neighbors and cherished friends when so far away. We boarded at the same place with Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Thresher, of Dayton, Ohio, and their son, who graduated this summer at Denison University; attractive representatives of a well-known Baptist family.

Spending some ten days at Leamington we made enjoyable excursions to Kenilworth (twice), Warwick Castle (three times), with a long and happy day at Stratford on Avon. In the lake country a special request procured the unusual privilege of standing in what used to be the library of Wordsworth and also in that of Dr. Thos. Arnold, at Fox Howe, his summer home. Of course we enjoyed Edinburgh, with Roslyn and Abbottsford. Our brightest single days have been one on the Rhine steamer from Cologne to Mayence, and a steamer trip yesterday to Geneva, in singularly fine weather, giving the most varied and complete views of Mont Blanc.

By the way, I notice that one of the five councillors who govern Geneva now, is Turretin, a fact that will interest our students of "Latin Theology." Several great departments of systematic theology seem to me more thoroughly discussed and luminously stated by Turretin's noble work than by any other of the great theologians. The people who sneer at what is called Calvinism might as well sneer at Mont Blanc. We are not in the least bound to defend all of Calvin's opinions or actions, but I do not see how any one who really understands the Greek of the Apostle Paul or the Latin

of Calvin and Turretin can fail to see that these latter did but interpret and formulate substantially what the former teaches. . . Whatever the inspired writers meant to teach is authoritative, the truth of God.

We hope to reach Louisville by Sept. 26, in time to join in preparations for the Seminary session, which opens Thursday, October 1, God grant us the special grace of his Spirit upon those who teach and upon those who learn. To guide and aid the studies of young ministers is a task at which one may well tremble, and yet rejoice with trembling.[1]

J. A. B. to MRS. J. M. B.:

PARIS, Sept. 6, 1891: It is hard to spend two months in Europe. It might have been wiser on some accounts to give it all to England and Scotland. But I was anxious for Lottie to go up the Rhine, and get some glimpses of Switzerland; and of course a lady coming to Europe must see Paris. So we have run around, and had much enjoyment, and only now and then extreme fatigue. Lottie holds up finely, especially when examining an old castle or cathedral, or surveying some inspiring scenery. . . We have only some six days for Paris, then a few days in London again, and on the sixteenth we are to sail from Liverpool.

My health is considerably improved, and I think there is reason to hope it will continue to improve after my return, as was notably the case after my former visit to Europe. My wife is also a good deal stronger. We shall have a very pleasant recollection in common.

We are glad that R—— enjoyed her visit to our home, and only sorry she did not stay longer, and that we could not be there. Our letters from home expressed particular pleasure in her company and better acquaintance.

J. A. B. to G. B. TAYLOR:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 28, 1891: My daughter Alice and her husband are at Professor Thornton's at the University. He was elected professor of Latin in Georgetown College with a year off to study, and went by preference to the University of Virginia. Alice enjoys her life there very much, being an intense Virginian. Your kind message of congratulations and good wishes has been communicated to her.

I beg your pardon for not having acknowledged the receipt of the photo-lithograph of the Codex Vaticanus, which arrived in due time,

[1] "Western Recorder," Sept. 17, 1891.

and which I am at present having my class examine with great interest and profit.

Doctor Broadus had been requested by the Southern Baptist Convention at Birmingham, as well as by the American Baptist Publication Society, to prepare a catechism to be issued jointly by the Northern and Southern Baptists.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Dec. 18, 1891: Notwithstanding various interruptions this morning I finished Lesson I. for the "Catechism." It is, of course, an extremely difficult task to make questions and answers about the existence and attributes of the Divine Being, that shall be intelligible to children, adequate as the foundation of future thinking, and correct as far as they go.

Some years before this Doctor Broadus and Doctor Kerfoot had so earnestly presented the needs of the Seminary to Mr. G. W. Norton that he and Mrs. W. F. Norton had agreed to erect a building for lecture rooms and chapel, costing sixty thousand dollars, as soon as the endowment should reach four hundred thousand dollars. This requirement had now been fulfilled by the earnest efforts of Doctors Broadus and Kerfoot. Mr. Norton had passed away, but the family and Mrs. W. F. Norton cheerfully carried out the plan, and the noble edifice known as Norton Hall was duly erected. If Doctor Boyce could only have seen this day!

But light and shadow came together. Doctor Boyce had been stricken down when the library was in sight, and now Doctor Manly falls as Norton Hall becomes a reality. In the fall of 1887 he was struck on the head by a robber at Crescent Hill one evening as he went home. His system never recovered from that blow. Valvular disease of the heart was brought on, which ultimately led to his death from pneumonia on Sunday, Jan.

31, 1892. The funeral exercises were held in the Walnut Street Church. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Dr. T. T. Eaton, and addresses were made by Dr. W. H. Whitsitt, Dr. E. L. Powell, Dr. R. H. Rivers, Dr. C. R. Hemphill, and Doctor Broadus. The following report of Doctor Broadus's address is from the "Courier-Journal." The closing apostrophe was spoken with startling passion and vividness. Prof. T. M. Hawes[1] considered it the most remarkable burst of oratory he had ever heard:

Is there not danger that as we survey so remarkable a character there will come a feeling that he was such a good man we can never hope to be like him? His example is so bright. We deal in mere admiration and eulogy instead of being stimulated to earnest imitation. I dare say he never found it an easy thing to do right. This nature of ours requires the converting and strengthening grace of God to create a Christian character and help in leading a Christian life. He had no doubt plenty of struggles; many times he must have looked back upon his acts with regret. Let us not fail to be strengthened by such an example, to follow him, to imitate him as he imitated Christ. Waste no words of vain admiration, but say, "God helping me, I shall try to live better because I knew him." People often said: "Oh, he is such a good man!" But some think that a good man is one person and a great man another. They think a man of power must have a will of iron and stern manners. Ah! this gentle-mannered man, if ever he made up his mind that something must be done never stopped till that something was done. I never knew a stronger will nor one more gentle.

People see a man patient and suppose it is no trouble to be so; they don't know what it costs to be gentle.

He was the most versatile man I ever met. I never saw him try to do anything that he did not do it well. The worth of such a man only God can measure. . .

I knew him nearly forty years ago as president of the Richmond (Va.) Female Institute. What privileges those girls enjoyed in having him as a teacher! To-day in many a Southern home some matron with children and grandchildren around her will be telling that she was a pupil of Basil Manly. Then he was president of

[1] Doctor Broadus had associated Professor Hawes with him in his homiletic class. He considered him a remarkable teacher of elocution.

Georgetown. Besides the hundreds of young men who there took his impress, near one thousand of the thirteen hundred young ministers who have studied at our Seminary are to be added. Happy pupils who have looked up into his loving face. . . He ought to have lived to a good old age, but you know that the world's most worthless object may strike down the greatest life. In the dusk one day he walked to his country home at Crescent Hill. Parting from his companion he heard a noise, turned, and saw his friend on the ground with another bending over. Running to ask the reason he was himself struck down. Oh, poor wretch! Where are you today? Do you know what you have done? How could you rob the world of ten years of noble life? May you reap the result of your ignoble work; may God's justice follow you till his truth strikes your heart and in his mercy you may find pardon! But who am I to complain of God's providence? Let us all, young and old, try to live better because of his life. God help us. May it not be in vain for any one here present that we knew and loved Basil Manly.

Resolutions of sympathy were passed in many parts of the country, including the New York Baptist Ministers' Conference.

C. H. JUDSON to J. A. B.:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Feb. 2, 1892: The daily papers of this morning announce the death of two eminently godly and useful men —Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, of London, and Dr. Basil Manly, of Kentucky. The Baptist world mourns their loss. Their voices are now hushed in the sleep of death. Their words live on, and will continue to live, till they themselves shall awake to newness of life.

The faculty of Furman University have instructed me to express to the officers and students of the Seminary our heartfelt sympathy in your great bereavement and sorrow. Dr. Basil Manly's long connection with the Seminary, his noted piety and ability as a teacher, his versatility of mind, as manifested in the management of many of the minor interests of the Seminary, his genial and generous character, as shown in his regard for the temporal as for the intellectual welfare of the students, his wisdom and sagacity as shown in the counsels and deliberations of the faculty, will cause his loss to be deeply felt by all connected with the Seminary.

J. P. GREENE to J. A. B.:

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 4, 1892: I did not hear till last night of

Doctor Manly's death. This is a great loss to the Seminary and to our Baptist cause. I have been thinking much of the Seminary and of you, since I heard of his death. You alone of the founders of the school are left, and my heart sympathizes with you. I remember distinctly your remarks at the funeral of dear Doctor Williams. Since that time Doctor Boyce has gone home. . . I thank God that you are spared to us! At this time, I am sure you have the sympathy and prayers of all your old students. I thank God for the four good men whom he called to lay the foundation of this great school. Many can say the same thing with sincerity and truth. . .

W. W. HENRY to J. A. B.:

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 26, 1892: Your kind letter of the 23d is most highly appreciated. Besides the favorable criticisms in the public prints I have a number of most appreciative letters, among them letters from the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and Chief Justice Fuller, but I value none more highly than yours. I was indeed anxious to know of your estimate of my work.[1] If you can find time, I will be greatly obliged for the notice you design.

J. A. B. to MRS. A. B. MITCHELL.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 26, 1892: Doctor Huntoon was here last night at the [Conversation] Club, and spoke to me with warm admiration of your [Sunday-school] lessons, and I agreed with his estimate. This is, of course, a reason for still higher aims. The best result of doing anything well is that it gives hope of doing better.

I wrote last evening to Aunt Mary Stuart. Alas! what a sorrow.[2]

J. B. GORDON to J. A. B.:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 14, 1892: I have not had the pleasure of seeing you for many years; but you may recall me as the commander of a corps in General Lee's army, and finally of one wing of that army. . .

I wish I could hear again some of those sermons from your heart and lips, which used to so lift my own spirit toward the better land.

EDWARD JUDSON to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, March 31, 1892: It is with heartfelt gratitude that I acknowledge the kindness which breathes in every line of your letter of March 27th. I said to Mrs. Judson, "It is no wonder that so many people *love* as well as admire Doctor Broadus."

[1] "Life of Patrick Henry." [2] The death of Mrs. E. L. C. Harrison.

J. A. B. to the SOCIETY OF ALUMNI OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT ATLANTA, GA.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 2, 1892: I beg to thank you most cordially for your very great kindness in providing for me last summer a trip to Europe. It proved of material service to my health, which has been decidedly better during this session than the last session. I have missed no engagement on account of my health, and feel much stronger now than a year ago. I am grateful to you, and to the Giver of all good. I thank you also for individually exerting yourselves last summer, as I am sure many must have done, in finding out men who ought to come and study in the Seminary. I am satisfied the remarkable increase of attendance for this session was largely due to the exertions of the alumni and other friends, and I trust you will be encouraged to look around again, and stir up those who ought to come.

May God bless you in your meeting, and each one of you in his work as a minister, and in all his mental and spiritual life.

Doctor Broadus made another remarkable speech before the Southern Baptist Convention at the meeting in Atlanta in May. Southern Baptists were engaged in the centennial effort for missions, an enterprise that greatly enlisted the sympathy of Doctor Broadus.

At this meeting of the Seminary Board of Trustees, Dr. E. C. Dargan, of South Carolina, was elected associate professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, to relieve some of the strain upon Doctor Broadus and Doctor Kerfoot. Assistant Professor Robertson was made professor of Biblical Introduction and continued assistant professor of New Testament Interpretation, to which position he had been promoted in 1890. Doctor Broadus now had two assistants glad to lighten the load for him, besides Prof. T. M. Hawes, who had long rendered admirable service as teacher of elocution. Doctor Sampey was also made professor of Old Testament Interpretation, succeeding Doctor Manly.

MRS. A. B. M. to MISS MARY E. ADAMS.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., June 10, 1892: One word more before going

away from the sacred soil. I was tempted to confiscate on Tuesday a sheet of paper marked "Mount Vernon on the Potomac, Fairfax County, Virginia," to write you a letter on, but managed to refrain. Our visit there was ideal—the house and situation so beautiful and stately that I rejoiced in Washington's having such a home. We fell in with Mr. Wirt Henry, grandson of Patrick H——, and a college mate of papa's. He is a "Regent" of Mt. Vernon, and opened doors for us to enter and see and touch, where others looked through lattices. He took us also into Mrs. Washington's rose garden, and gave us each a bunch of white roses.

Washington has been delightful, with all sorts of nice experiences. But Culpeper was best of all. We had a carriage and drove to the three homes where papa lived till nineteen. Reminiscences crowded as we entered the rooms, and Ella and I too recalled many of the "stories about Jack" that were the delight of our childhood. We passed Old Prince's stable, and the garden where Jack instinctively laid the scene of Brer Rabbit's raid on the cabbages, as described by old Uncle Griffin, whose cabin was just across the yard. We walked between the flower borders where the pinks used to grow, and sat around the big fireplace, and knew each one's favorite seat. Father was in this corner with the pile of lightwood splints under his chair, and mother over there, and the two sisters there, and Jack sat between, reading to them from "Godey's Lady's Book." Then he would go up to the garret for apples, and pile the waiter so high that the apples fell down bumping along those very steps. We drank from the cool spring that he thought of so longingly when he lay burning with fever, and the doctors let him drink no water that had not "the chill taken off" with a fire coal. We sat behind the ice house where he taught his playmate Henry a new language to mystify people with. I know papa must have sad thoughts here, but he was merry and tender, and full of cheery anecdotes all the while. He is the only one left of that family circle.

We leave for Louisville to-day at 2.20 on a through train from Washington, Mr. Mitchell getting on at Charlottesville. Papa leaves from here to-night for Cornell,[1] to be at home next week.

This has been a delightful little jaunt with the father we love and honor. He is so playfully chivalrous, and wondrous thoughtful of girls' fancies and enjoyments.

Doctor Broadus spent the summer of 1892 in Louis-

[1] Baccalaureate Sermon at Cornell.

ville at work on the "Memoir of Boyce" and the "Harmony of the Gospels," declining all summer supply work. He had a brief rest at the White Sulphur and Rawley Springs. In September he dedicated the Delmar Avenue Church, St. Louis.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Dec. 11, 1892: I began this morning with three hours of dictating to E—— the letters of Doctor Boyce for the "Memoir," and this afternoon L—— put in two hours. It requires but little effort for me, having previously selected and arranged the letters, and needing only to look out for omissions, etc. I think the "Memoir" can now go ahead pretty fast, as the "Cyclopedia"[1] article is practically finished, and the "Harmony" getting on pretty well. Robertson will do for me in the spring (when he will have more leisure) the elaborate notes at the end of the "Harmony." Eaton asked, with many apologies, if I could preach for him next Sunday as he was needed elsewhere. I could not well decline. My throat is rather better. Dargan is doing much more than half of the work in homiletics, but I lecture sometimes, and must correct a share of the sermons. The students tell that he is a much more severe critic than I am, which is a healthy situation.

MISS E. T. B. to MISS MARY E. ADAMS.

LOUISVILLE, Dec., 1892: I feel the harmoniousness, the working together, of the change from summer to autumn, and from autumn to winter. And it is the same way, I tell it blunderingly, but I have learned it, about death. I have learned it when some that I have loved have died; when I have thought about it in the night, and seen everything differently the next day, and all the days after; when I have caught the meaning of expressions in sermons and hymns and prayers and in the Bible; and most of all when I talked with papa. This last has been only two or three times. But he has spoken, not generally or vaguely, but simply and plainly of himself. Last spring, after Doctor Manly's death, he talked to me several times about things that he wanted me to remember to do after his time had come and we were left. And since, more than before, I see how right it seems to him, and how real heaven is, and how true the blessed life there—and somehow, not from conversations, but

[1] Article on "Negro" for "Johnson's Cyclopedia."

from bits of expressions and from his feeling of constant readiness, I have come to understand in part.

W. H. P. FAUNCE to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, Jan. 4, 1893: I was very happy to receive yours of the 28th, and to know that you can be with us on the evening of Jan. 17th.[1] You will receive the warmest possible welcome from all our churches, and do us more good than any other man could possibly do.

J. R. MOTT to J. A. B.:

CHICAGO, Jan. 18, 1893: I have been glad to hear from my colleague, Mr. Brockman, that you are entertaining favorably the invitation to be at our summer school two or three days between June 24th and July 2d. . . We never can tell how much good you have done in stimulating the college students of this country at Northfield and Knoxville. We are peculiarly anxious to have you at this Lake Geneva meeting. It will be largely attended owing to its proximity to the World's Fair. You understand that it is only seventy miles northwest of Chicago. . . We believe that you stand for the most helpful, most spiritual, and most enduring Bible work of our time. . .

J. A. B. to H. E. TRUEX.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 28, 1893: I reach your letter again in a pile and must answer without further delay, though I have a great press of work. It seems to me that you are merely pressing certain aspects of a great truth into covering all sides of it, through desire to get out a scheme of thought that will be thoroughly comprehensible. What you say is simply another form of the old Modalism—having the same recommendations and the same objections. I suppose every thinking man will some time or other strive to comprehend the Scripture teaching as to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. No man can comprehend it in the full sense of that term; and then the question is whether he will accept the practical teaching as to our proper relations to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, without settling the profound questions involved, or whether he will force his way through to some comprehensible theory. I do not at all know the nature of the something that moves invisibly along the wire yonder, and has just made a car pass at great speed. But I know how to

[1] At a great missionary meeting during the Centennial effort.

put myself into helpful relations with that something, and how to avoid other relations in which it would kill me. The Scriptures teach us what we need to know about our personal relations to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, while teaching us comparatively little about their relations to each other. I think the view that has been interesting you is very attractive, and practically impressive, if you do not attempt to make it cover everything.

I suppose you have Strong's "Theology," of which I think highly. If you care to write me again about the questions concerned, or talk to me when we meet in May, I shall always be glad to know your views. But go slow, and be cautious about announcing anything essentially novel in doctrine. Men usually get back from such views, if they have not committed themselves by preaching or publication.

On Feb. 16, 1893, Doctor Broadus delivered an address at the dedication of the new building at Stetson University. He had come to seek recuperation in Florida this winter.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., Feb. 14, 1893: Now if only you were here. The sea air is pleasant, and the roar of the breakers beyond Anastasia Island sounds familiar and cheery. The hotel is a dream of Oriental splendor. Spanish architecture, like Spanish literature, has a tinge of the Moorish, the Arabic, and it is reproduced here. . .

It is Valentine's Day, and if you were here, I might make some appropriate expressions, which can hardly be entrusted to the mail.

Well, I have been honestly trying to get strong and bright. I remember at every meal your injunction to eat things I do not have often at home.

The Seminary was greatly in need of additional endowment. Doctor Broadus found a timely helper in Mrs. Minnie N. Caldwell, who gave property valued at seventy thousand dollars in memory of her husband, William Beverly Caldwell, Jr., from the estate of his mother, which she had inherited.

MRS. MINNIE N. CALDWELL to J. A. B.:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 27, 1893: It is a great pleasure to me to

make this gift to the Seminary and I do it most cheerfully, trusting it may do much good, and lift some of the burden from its true and faithful friend, its president.

J. H. EAGER to J. A. B.:

FLORENCE, ITALY, Feb. 28, 1893: I cannot thank you sufficiently for your prompt and favorable reply to my request for an Introduction to "Romanism[1] in its Home." My hope is that I shall complete the MS. by the beginning of summer, so that if you could prepare the Introduction in time to let me have it early in June I shall be very grateful. I know how very busy you are, and so I can only say take your own time.

E. Z. SIMMONS to J. A. B.:

CANTON, CHINA, May 29, 1893: I have translated your "Catechism" into Chinese.[2] And now that I have done it, I want to ask your permission to have it printed. I should have asked your permission earlier, but for press of other works, and being almost certain that you would not object, I have gone on with the work. It is now finished, and Doctor Graves is revising it.

I am anxiously waiting for your "Harmony of the Gospels" to be published. We need a good "Harmony of the Gospels" in Chinese.

H. G. WESTON to J. A. B.:

CHESTER, PA., June 21, 1893: By the way, in the course of my wanderings lately, I lighted somewhere on a volume of your sermons. I had not seen them before; it was when I had time to enjoy myself and I sat down and read them; read them with unmixed delight and admiration. I'd rather be able to preach those sermons than any others I have ever read. I rose, grateful to God, not so much that he had given you such powers as that he had given you so largely the ear of God's people, and that you set before them such pure, appropriate, helpful gospel truth. The next best thing to being able to meet one's ideal in preaching is to know some one who can.

J. A. B. to WARREN RANDOLPH:

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 12, 1893: I think that our scheme of lessons has been in some details fairly open to criticism, but I think

[1] Now out. American Baptist Publication Society.

[2] Doctor Graves has also translated into Chinese Broadus's "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons."

that much of what some folks have been saying of late is nonsense. The so-called inductive method of study will answer for college students and a few Bible classes, but most pupils and most teachers will never make anything of it. It is all very easy to say that we must have a scheme of lessons which will compel the teachers and pupils to study the lessons. I can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come? Get up hard lessons in order to compel study, and you defeat your object with most schools. A good part of this new movement arises from the general tendency of the time to frequent change, to regard everything twenty years old as antiquated, and every man fifty years old as behind the times. There is, of course, no small advantage in having different lessons for different grades of pupils. On this account, I was at first opposed to the system of uniform lessons. . . So let us be patient, take it easy, go out gracefully if that seems best, and if we are retained, try to make all the real improvements we possibly can. Whatever is worth doing well is worth doing better.

One of the last and best things done by Doctor Broadus for the Sunday-school was getting the adoption of parallel readings for the connection. This was done at the Boston meeting of the committee in December, 1893. He went to the meeting to get this done and succeeded. Doctor Hoge, who was a member of the committee, says in a memorial sermon on Doctor Broadus:

For about twelve years, once in the year, I have met him in our International Sunday-school Lesson Committee; and, as I had occasion to say to a brother that I see in this house this evening who asked me once with regard to what had been done at our last meeting, there was one department of our work in which Doctor Broadus was worth all the rest of us together; and that this was no exaggeration will be understood when I say that he came prepared with the scheme of the lessons already formulated, written out wholly or so planned that he was ready to lead and guide through the whole discussion.

We always met at the same hotel, because we could not afford to be separated; and we always took our meals at the same table, that we might resume our work immediately after the recess; and when we were gathering at the place of rendezvous, as we were greeting each other, the first question would be: "Has Doctor Broadus come

yet?" And, after it was known that he was present, there was a feeling of satisfaction that the work would be safely and well conducted.

R. A. GUILD to J. A. B.:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 28, 1893: I have just finished reading your charming "Life of Doctor Boyce," and I want to thank you for the invaluable service you have rendered, in making the public thus acquainted with the character, talents, and labors of the founder of our largest theological school. Dear Boyce! What a wonderful man he was. And how I loved him. He was the dearest friend I ever had. I miss him more and more. I think of him every day of my life. My dying moments, whenever they come, will be soothed by the thought that I shall meet him in the blest "Beyond."

C. W. PRUITT to J. A. B.:

HWANGHIEN, CHINA, Aug. 3, 1893: Mrs. Pruitt and I have just finished reading together the "Memoir of Doctor Boyce." I want to tell you something of my appreciation and enjoyment of the book. It was such a pure delight to go back to the Seminary once more and be taken into such noble companionship, not only for all the years of the Seminary's existence, but for many years besides.

Doctor Boyce was a great man. I only realize it now at this distance and through the medium of your book and the memories it stirs, and involuntarily chide myself for not finding it out when in daily contact with his life. I loved him and revered and honored him then, but I knew not that wonderful history. I had no adequate conception of the almost superhuman struggles that were required for establishing and maintaining the institution we all love so much. When I read how he labored and what sacrifices he made I am deeply conscious of how poorly I have responded to the efforts of my predecessors and teachers. I owe so much to the Seminary and to Doctor Boyce, to Doctor Manly and yourself, and also Doctors Toy and Whitsitt. Pardon me if I say that besides your faithful and inspiring instruction in the classroom, your loving advice in private on one occasion will ever be treasured as one of the most important events of my life. So fatherly, so tender, so convincing, it is a sweet memory.

Doctor Boyce's is the most remarkable life I ever read in its freedom from faults and its universal sympathy. One would be tempted to feel that somehow the author's affection (which is so beautiful) had blinded him to the defects were it not that the same high con-

clusion is overwhelmingly borne out in all Doctor Boyce's letters and addresses.

J. A. B. in the "Western Recorder" for September 20, 1893:

I preached six Sundays in the Washington Avenue Baptist Church in Brooklyn. I have never through all the years had very large summer congregations in New York or Brooklyn—better in some cities, magnificent for two summers in Detroit—and I have learned not to have large expectations in that line in the metropolis. One reason is, of course, that there so many people really go out of town in summer. The proportion, however, of good listeners at Washington Avenue was very remarkable. Blessings on the head and heart of the people, older or younger, who listen well, who listen for dear life to the plain statement of essential, practical gospel truth, evidently believing that these things have to do with all their worthiest aims and highest comfort. Good friend, suppose you make up your mind to be at church always a good listener. If the preacher speaks well, your listening will help him to do better still. If he is a very poor preacher, your good listening may make it more endurable, not only to yourself but to all the rest. Once in boyhood my father said to me: "Always listen closely to every preacher; he cannot fail to say something worth hearing, and you can form few habits so important as the habit of close attention." Washington Avenue Church is one of the most notable Baptist churches in the country. There is at present no pastor, the excellent Doctor Braislin having resigned in the early summer. I hope and pray they may find a man full of gospel truth and love and power, and I am satisfied that whoever comes will find uncommonly good helpers in his work. Oh, the work that is to be done in these vast and growing cities, and for all this great and wicked world!

Between Sundays I, of course, tried to rest and gain improvement in health. Two weeks were spent with very dear friends in the exact center of Long Island, near Lake Ronkonkoma, a region I have never before visited. It is a country of sand and pine trees, which take all that is hurtful out of the sea air, and leave it delightful and healthy. Every blessing on the family circle with which my wife and I sojourned—dear to us as kindred and by many other ties. Then we spent two weeks in the Catskills. In all my summer sojourning about New York I have never visited this famous region. It is a mountain region extending west and southwest from the upper

Hudson. A peculiar stream which flows through a cleft in the mountains was named by the Dutch, Kaaterskill (pronounced Kaw), that is, Cat's Creek, from the fierce wild cats which they found in the neighborhood. This name is still retained for the creek, but the first part of it has been translated for the mountains, making Catskill. These mountains are really a part of the great Appalachian range which extends down into North Alabama. I had half a mind to telegraph from the famous "Mountain House" on the Catskills to a friend in Florence, Alabama, saying, "Alleghenies, end to end"; but stopping to think, I remembered that really the same range includes the mountains of New England, and runs into Nova Scotia.

We were struck with the general resemblance of the Catskill Mountains, at first view, to the Allegheny Mountains in Virginia, and the books show that the strata here are the same as elsewhere in the great range, except that the Catskills lack the upper strata containing iron and coal, which do not begin until you reach Pennsylvania. The celebrated view from the Catskills is also much like some of the mountain views in Virginia, but with the important advantage of the Hudson River; then, being near to New York, it has been made famous by unnumbered travelers, and already at an early period by Cooper and Irving. How many a fair landscape in other parts of this beautiful range of mountains, still waits in smiling beauty for the fit interpretations of literature and art. Cooper carried Leatherstocking through the Catskills and here lived and slept and waked in wonder the immortal Rip Van Winkle. They even showed us the very rock on which he slept those twenty years. From the stage road the ladies have to climb some distance up a very steep place, pulling at the shrubbery, or at long wires strung for the purpose, to reach the rock; and then after descending they are told that others say the real rock is this flat one beside the road. Barnum used to say: "The world was born to be humbugged, and I was born to humbug it." But go along the road down the mountain slope, look out over the dreamy landscape, and you are willing enough to believe for artistic purposes, in Irving's immortal creation. . .

My last week in the neighborhood of New York was spent at Manhattan Beach. When the great storm occurred on Wednesday night, I was waked two or three times by the tremendous dash of rain against the window, and the quivering shake of the great wooden hotel, but it struck me that the architect who built the hotel must have known that storms and winds would come on Manhattan Beach, and wouldn't have built it to be blown down; and as there was no possible way to help one's self, or to help anybody else, there

was nothing to do but to turn over and go to sleep again. To people accustomed to bear heavy burdens of responsibility, it is sometimes a great relief to feel that you have nothing to do in a case.

I think that Sousa is a worthy successor of Gilmore, and that is saying a good deal. He has most of Gilmore's musicians, he learned well his chief's ideas, and carried them out with admirable skill. He makes great crowds of people listen to a great deal of true classical music, by skillfully mingling with it a great variety of lighter pieces, popular in tone, but really good, and played with contagious enthusiasm. He is always ready to give an *encore*, and even a second *encore*, throwing himself heartily upon the sympathies of the audience. Theodore Thomas presents as admirable a programme in selection and execution as any one has probably ever heard on the Continent, but he takes no pains to get hold of the audience. He will seldom concede an *encore* at all, and if he does, it is again something stately, and scarcely ever a popular favorite. I think that preachers might learn a great deal from reflecting on these two methods. . .

My last three weeks of vacation were spent at Rawley Springs, near Harrisonburg and Staunton, in the valley of Virginia. It was the eighth or ninth visit of my life to that wonderful fountain of iron water, the most perfect tonic, for persons who need only a tonic, that I have ever seen or heard of. How delightful it is to drink from the copious flowing stream what has so often before done you good through and through; to eat with quickened appetite and no fears about digestion! To climb high mountain sides with fresh and unwearied vigor, and revel in the beautiful scenery; then to sleep, drinking in at every breath the cool, pure mountain air. And what pleasant people one meets in the little company at Rawley. People from Baltimore and Washington, and Richmond and Charleston; old-fashioned Virginia people, from country homes; F. F. V.'s who are worthy of the name. I have had many a pleasant sojourn at Virginia springs, but never met pleasanter people than this summer at Rawley, and I and several members of my family came away thankful for marked improvement of health.

Of this summer, Dr. C. R. Brackett, of Charleston, S. C., says:

In all our travels we do not remember ever to have met with a stranger who so quickly won and completely captivated our hearts, and who in so short a time so deeply impressed himself upon us. We have never ceased talking over our delightful interviews and

pastimes at Rawley Springs. What an eager listener I was in our daily walks! He must have wondered sometimes at my reticence; but he would have ceased to marvel, had he seen how my thirsty soul was drinking in, like a sponge, his words of wisdom and experience. I mean by wisdom, all his vast information, digested into knowledge, and passed through the crucible of his own experience. Doctor Broadus impressed me as having reached the type of a perfect Christian character, "a glorified childhood." I think of him not as "a star that dwells apart," but as a "central living fire," that gathers around it by the gravitating force of his love numerous lesser stars, that he delights to illumine, warm, and refresh; not as a mountain sublime in lonely grandeur, but like such a mountain as I have read of, fruitful to its summit, that loved to tower above the clouded earth toward God and heaven, but was equally in love with the plains, which he delighted to bless with all the gathered treasures of heaven and earth. I think of him now as having gone to take his place among those who are "greatest in the kingdom of heaven," who on earth were the "servants of all."

LOUIS BELCHER to J. A. B.:

NEW YORK, Oct 10, 1893: You little know, my dear sir, how much good you did this summer at the church by your sermons, your kindly presence, and genial manner. I know whereof I speak, for one of my choir has written out at least one of your sermons and has gladly handed the copy to those not privileged to hear the delivery. . .

We musical people are very sensitive and when we meet a minister who realizes the value of good music properly rendered and inspired by correct motives, our hearts warm toward him.

On October 8 Doctor Broadus preached at the dedication of the Second Church, Atlanta, as he did for the College Avenue Church, Indianapolis, in November.

JOHN POTTS to J. A. B.:

TORONTO, CANADA, Oct. 27, 1893: I have just received a copy of "A Harmony of the Gospels." I have examined the book with some care, and have decided to place it alongside of my Bible in the study of the Gospels and in pulpit preparation.

I hope your health is good, and that you will stick by the lesson committee. We miss you very much when not able to be with us.

JOS. E. BROWN to J. A. B.:

ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 29, 1893: Through your letter to Doctor McDonald, I learned of the formal opening of the Norton Hall. You judge rightly, my condition makes it impossible for me to attend even on such an interesting occasion. I dare not allow myself to make the mental effort to say anything worthy of such an auspicious event. Be kind enough to represent me in any way you deem proper and necessary.

I am glad that the honored names of such generous contributors are to be preserved in the Norton Hall.

As humble an individual as myself rejoices that I have been able to contribute a little towards securing an institution which has proven such a blessing to the churches of our denomination. I have thanked God for this ever since it occurred.

I rejoice in the prosperity of the Seminary and in the work already done and for the promise of ever-widening influence and blessing. Oh, that Boyce and Manly could be with you to-day!

In the short time our heavenly Father may allot to me I will pray that the Divine blessing rest upon the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

The magnificent Norton Hall, alluded to by Senator Brown, was formally dedicated Nov. 1, 1893. Doctor Broadus presided, Doctor Pickard led in prayer, Dr. Henry McDonald, Mr. G. W. Norton, Jr., Doctor Kerfoot, and Doctor Broadus made addresses. Dr. B. H. Carroll had been also requested to speak, but was unable to be present. It was a happy day for the Seminary when its third building was opened for service. There is now a fourth building, the generous gift of Hon. Joshua Levering, President of the Board of Trustees, which is called the Levering Gymnasium.

LEW WALLACE to J. A. B.:

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Nov. 15, 1893: I give you many thanks for the very intelligent and discriminating notice of "The Prince of India," that appeared in the "Western Recorder" of the ninth inst.

The criticism of too much history, or rather historical detail, is just, if viewed from a purely artistic standpoint. But you have

struck the reason of the objection. Like Ben Hur, the Prince of India was written for what I hoped would prove a great army of "average readers," not the small corps of professional critics.

Doctor Broadus wrote many book notices, which were always informing and just. He was distinctly a man of letters. With all his special duties he found time for general reading, and delighted in it, and he strove to stimulate a like interest among his students by a helpful lecture on "The Minister's General Reading." He had a passion for history, and insisted that it was the most important of human studies. He once devised a very attractive plan for reading English history in connection with Shakespeare, the "Waverley Novels," etc. It was characteristic of him that he urged a re-reading of the history after the novel or drama, so as to correct false impressions. He always delighted in poetry and was especially fond of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Milton, and Sophocles. It is remembered in the family as a feat that he once read aloud for an hour from "The Ring and the Book," so as to make it delightful, though it was new to both reader and hearers.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LAST YEAR

Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

—*Anne Steele.*

IT was becoming plain that Doctor Broadus was not so strong as he had been. He clung to his work from high principle. His colleagues, Professors Dargan and Robertson, relieved him all that he would allow. But he dearly loved his work and fought the idea of letting go at any point. A midwinter trip to Florida gave him some relief, but shortly after his return Prof. Sampey was compelled to give up his work for five weeks, and this threw much upon Doctor Broadus, as we shall see.

J. A. B. to MISS E. T. B.:

PLANT CITY, FLA., Jan. 11, 1894: Hard time last evening. I had told the pastor and others that I couldn't possibly preach. . .

This morning I spoke twenty minutes on the Woman's Mission work. To-night I am to speak for the Seminary, but after four other speakers, and I know well enough what that will come to. Well, I must simply do the best I can. No chance to rest here—exciting sermon from Doctor Bitting this morning, speech from Bryan[1] this afternoon. Now I must go and walk. Have to leave to-morrow at 6.37 A. M. Whew! Well.

J. A. B. to MRS. B.:

DE LAND, FLA., Jan. 13, 1894: I received L——'s letter at Plant City just before leaving there. I spoke Thursday night after four others, the last being Doctor Gambrell, who was highly entertaining. They readily pledged the contribution Whitsitt desired.

Yesterday morning I had to rise early and pack, to leave at 6.37. So I did not sleep soundly. We breakfasted, President Forbes and

[1] Rev. R. T. Bryan, missionary in Shanghai.

l, on a buffet car. It was a pleasant day for traveling, like an April day—peach trees in bloom, delicate wind. Mr. Stetson met me. In the afternoon we surveyed a wonderful crop of oranges. Great trouble this winter that oranges are too large—can't put enough in a box—dealers have to sell by the dozen—serious difficulty.

Last evening a good audience, and "Glimpses" got through moderately well. Good night's sleep. I try not to eat too many oranges. Have just corrected proof of "Glad Giving."[1]

J. A. B. to E. Y. MULLINS:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 27, 1894: I cannot complain of inquiries about my opinions as given in books and lectures, and of course I am glad to hear from you on any subject.

I am neither a Pre-millenarian nor a Post-millenarian, in the usual sense of those terms. I think that the popular view, which I was accustomed in youth to hold in a vague way, that, before the coming of our Lord, there will be a thousand years of universal and perfect Christian piety, is simply impossible in presence of the numerous strong statements made by the Saviour and the apostles that we must be always looking for his coming, and that it will be, as to many persons, wholly unexpected. If there were a period in which all mankind were perfect Christians, surely the world would know just when that period begins, and just when a thousand years of it are about to end, and so all the world would be looking for the Saviour's coming, prepared for it; and this is just the opposite of what the Saviour himself and his apostles have declared. I believe, therefore, that we ought to be all the time looking for our Lord's coming, and trying to be ready for it. I should not be amazed to see it to-morrow. I have no absolute assurance that it will be this side of a hundred thousand years. I only know that we ought to be trying so to live as to be ready when he comes. I do not know what the thousand years in the book of Revelation mean. The programmes which some writers have drawn up, to be carried out at his coming by our Lord, seem to me quite unwarranted. They rest upon very doubtful interpretations of very obscure expressions. The calculations that he is going to come at a certain time, seem to me forbidden by his own statement that the day and hour is unknown to the angels in heaven and was unknown even to his own human mind. So, then, I cannot declare myself in sympathy with the calculations and the programmes of Pre-millenarians. I confine myself to what is clearly taught by the Saviour and his apostles, and

[1] Sermon preached at Walnut Street Church, Louisville, and issued as a tract.

we ought to be looking for his second coming and trying to be ready for it.[1]

J. A. B. to MRS. A. B. MITCHELL :

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 8, 1894 : Doctor Sampey is sick, and was to start this afternoon for Evergreen, Alabama, his native climate, at my suggestion, with the hope of recovering more rapidly. I take his Old Testament hours for my New Testament class, and this is working me pretty hard. I have a bad cold, with sharp coughing and serious hoarseness, and shall be thankful if I can get through this spell of weather without breaking down. . .

I hope this will arrive before your birthday is over, and I offer my most loving congratulations. I send in a separate envelope, my sermon on " Glad Giving."

THOMAS NELSON PAGE to J. A. B. :

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 21, 1894 : I am afraid I have not the novelistic faculty. My mind seems to me to run only for short watches ; and I see the end of every story I write too clearly to dwell much by the wayside. However, that old life back in the twenties and thirties offers a fine field for the novelist, and the university would make a good and notable figure in it. I have written a somewhat longer story than I usually write, which will come out in the " Harper " sometime, and I hope you will like it. It is hardly more than a character sketch, but it deals with the past. It is called " The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock."

J. A. B. to W. A. WHITESCARVER :

LOUISVILLE, Mar. 8, 1894 : It is a great pleasure once more to get a letter from you. I am glad you have been able to finish your sketch of Uncle William. Please send it to me by express to the above address. I shall be much interested in reading it, and wish I could see the way to publishing it. The difficulty is, to make religious memoirs pay expenses. I wish I could be sure that my " Memoir of Doctor Boyce " would pay what it has cost me to publish it, although he was so widely known and died so recently. But I shall be very glad if anything occurs by which we can bring this

[1] Doctor Mullins had been investigating the subject of Christ's second coming and had written something on the subject. There was some change of view in the course of these investigations. He has for several years past held substantially the same view as that indicated in the letter of Doctor Broadus. Doctor Mullins is now President of the Seminary and Professor of Systematic Theology.

before the public, and especially well pleased if I live to write an Introduction to it as you propose. . .

My family are widely scattered. Boyce is a student at Georgetown, where his brother-in-law is professor. Alice Mitchell has a John B., whom she honestly believes to be the most interesting child ever seen in this world. Annie Abraham, at Columbia, S. C., has lost two children, but has a baby, and a son ten or twelve years old. My son, S. S.[1], is cashier of a bank at Florence, Ala.

J. A. B. to JOHN B. ABRAHAM :

PHILADELPHIA, Mar. 15, 1894 : I left home a week ago, and preached Sunday morning and evening at the University of Virginia, to great audiences, part of a series by Bishop Granbery, Bishop Dudley, Doctor Hoge. Every locality and object there has memories for me, and they grow more pathetic as I grow older, so that it is hard to control my feelings, in public and in private.

Monday, two P. M., to Tuesday morning I spent with Aunt Cassa at Alexandria. Get your mother to tell you about her, one of the excellent of the earth, and her daughters, Rosalie and Reubie, and her son Tom, with his wife and son Edmund. This last is a student in Columbian University.

For forty-eight hours I have been busy here, as a member of the International Sunday-school Lesson Committee. I think the lessons for 1896 will show important improvements, which I have been trying to secure. I am very anxious to see people stirred all over the country with preparation for the twelve months on the "Life of our Lord," to begin July 1st next.

To-day we lunched with the famous John Wanamaker and found him a very interesting man.

W. E. HATCHER to J. A. B. :

RICHMOND, Mar. 7, 1894 : Everything will be ready for our dedicatory services on the fourth Sunday in this month, and I need not say that we look with much interest to your coming. I have never seen the people so eager to hear you as they seem to be. Mr. Moody will be in Richmond at the time of our dedication. This will make it necessary for us to put all our services into one day. The other churches (Baptist) will have part in our exercises. There will, of course, be great crowds at both services, and much good ought to

[1] Mr. S. S. Broadus was married Dec. 25, 1895, to Miss Marguerite Carlisle. They have a little son named John A. Broadus.

be done. I am seeking to shape the exercises, and train my people for the highest spiritual results.

RICHMOND, VA., April 29, 1894: Your sermon was a heavenly feast to my people, and my home-folks think of your visit as a thing never to be lost sight of in our thoughts and talk.

Doctor Hatcher says that the people generally felt that this was Doctor Broadus's last visit to Richmond. They had come from all over the State. It was really pathetic. It was Virginia's farewell to her great son. The governor and most of the prominent people of the city went to hear him. The subject of the discourse was "Places of Paul's Preaching," and it was a great sermon. A powerful impression was made for good.

In April it was clear that Doctor Broadus had become seriously ill. He did not rally from the overwork of the previous weeks. His physician, Dr. J. B. Marvin, warned him against severe strains of any kind. So he did not go to the Southern Baptist Convention, at Dallas, in May, but sought recuperation at Dawson Springs, Ky.

J. A. B. to MISS E. T. B.:

DAWSON SPRINGS, KY., May 11, 1894: I am getting on pretty well. It is cold, and I have a fire. I walk much, but slowly. Yesterday morning a gentleman took me to drive to see the high sandstone cliffs, near the Treadwater River. Introduced to plenty of people. Twice invited to preach Sunday, and wonderful to tell, declined, notwithstanding all three monitors are absent. Have read a good deal of "Stanley's Life." Have written a note to Lida, and another to Doctor Robertson, sending best wishes to the Greek classes in their examination to-morrow.

The trustees of the Seminary had in May elected Mr. W. J. McGlothlin, of Tennessee, assistant instructor of Old and New Testament Interpretation, in order to prevent the professors from breaking down again. It was a comfort to Doctor Broadus to see a band of younger men gathered around him, trained by him and guaranteeing

the perpetuation of the cherished Seminary ideals. Dr. H. H. Harris, who came into the Seminary a year hence, was thoroughly in sympathy with the traditions of the institution. Mr. W. O. Carver, whose coming in 1896 completed the gap in the teaching force, had attracted Doctor Broadus's attention as a student.

Doctor Broadus had many plans for the future of the Seminary, such as an endowment for the library, larger general endowment, and a gymnasium. He did not live to see the well-appointed Levering gymnasium. He was anxious to see the graduate work grow, which had already been much stimulated by the new system of degrees. He often talked of the Seminary as being a possible theological university in character and scope of work. Doctor Broadus frequently spent sleepless nights devising plans for the prosperity of the Seminary.

J. A. B. to MRS. W. Y. ABRAHAM:

MILAN, TENN., June 4, 1894: At Jackson, Tenn., from Saturday afternoon to this morning, I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Tribble. . . I greatly enjoyed my sojourn, all the more that my nephew W. Edmund Farrar and his sister Martha board there. The president of the Southwestern University at Jackson volunteered the statement that Edmund is a fine teacher and a great help everyway. . .

I have been weak and easily run down for some weeks and the toils and troubles of commencement week were augmented by the death of dear Mrs. Boyce. Lizzie telegraphed Sunday morning from Oxford, Ga., that she was dead, asking me to make all arrangements for the funeral. She had suffered much for several years. . .

Dr. H. A. Tupper has written:

This brilliant and beautiful woman, the relict of Rev. Dr. Boyce, passed into the other world, May 26, 1894, and was laid to rest by the side of her husband. A liberal education, with incessant reading, made her a woman of more than ordinary culture, and her rich and racy conversation, with pleasing person and attractive manners, rendered her the center of all social circles that she entered. While

her talk abounded with *bon mots*, irresistible sallies and sparkling repartee, no unkind nor cutting word ever passed her lips. Her rare gifts were used for profit and pleasure, but never to wound, or injure. . . She esteemed herself "the unworthiest of all," but she held to Christ as "all in all." She never rallied from the death of that strong man, upon whose judgment and wisdom she relied with almost childlike trust, and up to whom she looked with loving admiration.

Doctor Broadus went a second time to Dawson Springs after preaching the commencement sermon at Jackson, Tenn. He then preached a notable sermon on Moses at the Vanderbilt commencement on June 17.

E. E. Folk in the "Baptist and Reflector":

We may only say now that it was a sermon remarkable both for the breadth and depth of its learning, and wonderful for the simplicity with which profoundest truths were stated. It had, we believe, a very inspiring and uplifting influence upon the audience.

On Monday morning he delivered in the chapel of the University what he called a familiar talk to young preachers which, if anything, was more thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present than the sermon on the previous day. There is one thing about Doctor Broadus's preaching and speaking: Whenever you hear him you feel like you want to be a better man, and that by God's help you are going to be a better man. At any rate this is always the way we feel after hearing him, and we presume that is the same way with others. This is, we believe, the highest effect of preaching—to make people better. The sermon is good that does good. It is an effect akin to that produced by Demosthenes, when, after hearing one of his fierce denunciations of Philip, the people would exclaim with clenched fists and burning cheeks, "Let's fight Philip."

We were very sorry to see that Doctor Broadus was in such poor health. He told us that he could hardly stand up to preach Sunday morning. We trust that he may soon be fully restored to health. There is only one John A. Broadus in this world, and it may be a long time before we have another. May he long be spared to shed his beneficent influence upon the world.

But there was to be no more preaching this summer. He had preached his last sermon. His beloved physician,

Doctor Marvin, told Doctor Broadus that he had serious heart trouble and that the end might be at any time. An engagement with the Woodward Avenue Church,[1] Detroit, for preaching in August, had to be regretfully recalled, and Doctor Broadus once more sought health at Rawley Springs.

J. A. B. to MISS E. T. B.:

RAWLEY SPRINGS, VA., Sept. 10, 1894: I suppose you will have returned by the time this arrives. You didn't know that I have on my mantel a photograph of you, on a little gilded support. Miss Switzer brought it one day, saying she would spare it from her mantel to mine during my stay, if I'd be sure to return it. So I look at you often. Pray don't forget, amid whatever engrossments, that the old gentleman you call papa loves you, more in fact that he can state or you can imagine.

I was in bed last night over ten hours, and my wakings were very brief. For several days I have really felt well; no qualifying terms appropriate.

MRS. A. B. MITCHELL to J. A. B.:

GEORGETOWN, KY., Sept. 10, 1894: . . Jack is well. He talks

[1] Carter Helm Jones, D. D., pastor at Broadway, Louisville, was the supply at the Woodward Avenue Church, Detroit, of which Dr. D. D. McLaurin is pastor, the summer of 1900, when one of the noblest members of this church, Mr. C. C. Bowen, died. His letter reveals an interesting side to Doctor Broadus's life. Who can tell how many institutions of learning he helped by such kindly words as these? Doctor Jones writes under date of August 23: "A beautiful incident has just come to light which I wish you could mention in your life of Doctor Broadus. You know, of course, of the friendship between Doctor Broadus and Mr. Charles C. Bowen, of Detroit. Last summer Mrs. Bowen told me, at Mackinac, that the last remark Doctor Broadus made in parting from her husband was: 'Don't let Kalamazoo College go down.' Two weeks ago Mr. Bowen died. I counted it an honor to make an address at his funeral in connection with Dr. C. R. Henderson. President Harper, of Chicago, and President Slocum, of Kalamazoo, also took part in the service. A few days ago, when Mr. Bowen's will was probated, there was found a legacy of fifty thousand dollars to endow the 'John A. Broadus Chair of Greek' in Kalamazoo. As I read the item it thrilled me through and through."

A different kind of memorial to Doctor Broadus is the Broadus Memorial Church, Richmond, Va., of which Rev. C. P. Stealy is the present pastor. In the last few weeks my attention has been called to the memorial window in honor of Doctor Broadus in the Greenwood Church, S. C., where he was supply in 1875. E. J. Forrester, D. D., is now pastor of this church. The Broadus chair in the Seminary, the endowment for which Dr. Kerfoot labored, has already been mentioned.

a great deal, and says "Danfarber" very plainly. He says his own name so sweetly that the boys are always bribing him to tell it. Yesterday he said "Mo' tan'y, mamma" in vain, and at last pulled my dress and said, "Don Bawder Mishel" in the most coaxing way.

That is the story, and you must not ask me whether he got the candy or not. . .

Give my love to the Blue Ridge. I am glad you are in sight of it.

J. A. B. to MRS. A. B. MITCHELL:

RAWLEY SPRINGS, VA., Sept. 14, 1894: Your letter gave me much pleasure. I am very glad that you are fairly established in your new home. May God grant to you and your husband long years of domestic joy. I can't accept your invitation to come by. . .

My health has improved as much as I had any right to hope. I am greatly strengthened, and have six pounds of weight more than when I left home, bringing me to about my customary weight for some years. I cannot wholly escape the weak feelings, and doubtless never shall, but I hope to do steady work—not too burdensome—with hearty relish.

My dear love to your noble husband and the dear Jack, and to Boyce, who must try to set me the example of growing stronger while at study.

J. A. B. to J. H. COGHILL:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 9, 1894: Yours received, with check, which I turn over as usual to Doctor Whitsitt for the Students' Fund.[1] It is indeed truly kind and generous in you to take the hard times as only an additional reason for helping us, for we have had a very heavy struggle last year and this. The number of students was somewhat greater last year than before, and is again somewhat greater this year. We shall probably reach two hundred and eighty, being considerably more than any other theological seminary in the United States of any denomination. . .

My health was so much improved that I am entering upon my work with relish, but it is evident that I must try to avoid outside engagements as far as possible and to diminish my work inside by the help of my associates, if I am to have hope of living a good many years still.

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[1] Mrs. C. C. Bishop, of Morristown, N. J., a dear friend of Doctor Broadus, should also be mentioned for her large and constant benefactions to the Students' Fund.

J. A. B. to MISS ANNIE WILMER HUME:

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 24, 1894: At last I have found a gold dollar. The government has stopped coining the little thing, and so it has become scarce and commands a growing premium. It gives me pleasure to send it to you as a token of my love, and as recalling the fact that you really did improve in health so remarkably while we were together [at Rawley Springs].

I got your letter from Waynesboro, and was much interested and pleased. . .

Especially I urge upon you to learn all you can from listening to conversation, and taking part in it. You are greatly favored in your gifted and cultivated parents, and in the fact that so many of the visitors at your home are highly cultivated people. Make it a point to learn all you can from what people say. Try to remember something interesting that somebody said, and take the first opportunity to ask your father or mother questions about it, whether they think that was true, or how so and so can be explained. People can learn a great deal more from conversation than from all the reading we do, if they will only try.

Give my dear love to your father and mother. It will always be a delightful recollection with me to have been able to be with you all during this summer. My health is fairly good and I am pretty busy.

Doctor Broadus was asked to write on the Pastoral Epistles for the "International and Critical Commentary," but he declined. He had a cherished plan to write a book on the "Interbiblical History," and he felt the time growing short with him. So he began composing the "Interbiblical History" in connection with his teaching that subject during the October days. Five chapters were written out in full. But the last of October he stopped at Baltimore to address the Maryland Convention on the way to New York to a meeting of the International Lesson Committee. It was all very exciting to him. He came back on Saturday and worked furiously on his book that night. The next day he was very ill, and for a month he was unable to lecture at all.

J. A. B. to A FRIEND:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 24, 1894: My home is lively with the daughters and their children, come beforehand to the wedding,[1] and they help me a great deal upon what would otherwise have been days hard to bear, in all the monotony of sickness. I take great pride in my daughters. They are quite unlike in appearance and character, and I admire each one. The fond pleasure I take in each one makes me all the more delight in the others. I love to talk with them, and quietly observe their quiet ways.

WM. L. WILSON to J. A. B.:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26, 1894: I am sincerely pained at the news which Doctor Huntington brought home from the General Association of Virginia as to your health. I trust it is exaggerated and that you may soon regain all that you have lost and add many years of working capacity to your useful life. Both you and I have led such busy lives in our respective spheres, that our paths have but seldom met and then very quickly crossed, but I have long hoped that when my own work slackened I might be privileged to enjoy a closer and more intimate acquaintance with you; not only in the field of scholarship which you have been permitted to cultivate so much more thoroughly than myself, but as a Christian and a Baptist whose ripeness of study and steadiness of faith I could safely draw on for comfort and guidance. My people have given me a discharge[2] from a public service as laborious as any American politician of this generation has had, and while, very naturally, I do not relish the order of my going, I hail with delight the large opportunities I may have for reading and study in fields I have been long compelled unwillingly to neglect.

J. A. B. to B. W. N. SIMMS:

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 28, 1894: My daughter wrote you that I was sick. I regret the delay in answering your letter.

The idea that the word wine in the Bible sometimes means an unintoxicating beverage is without any sufficient foundation. Some men have written to that effect, but no man who is a thorough Hebrew or Greek scholar, as far as I know, at all takes any such position. It seems to me a great pity that advocates of the great cause

[1] His youngest daughter, Miss Ella Thomas, was married on Nov. 27 to Prof. A. T. Robertson, of the Seminary.

[2] Mr. Wilson had been defeated for Congress from West Virginia, after a career of great distinction in Washington, and has now fallen on sleep.

of total abstinence should take up so utterly untenable a position. The pure wine of Palestine, in our Lord's time, taken as was the custom with a double quantity of water (a man who "drinks unmixed," among the Greeks, meant a hard drinker), and used in moderation, was about as stimulating as our tea and coffee, and was used by the Saviour and by others just as we use them. The case is altered now, for such pure and mild wines would be very hard to get, and they are not needed because we have tea and coffee, and their use would tend to encourage the use of distilled liquors, which are so much more powerful and dangerous. Therefore it is better to abstain from the use of wine for our own sake and as an example to others. I do not know of any tract on the subject.

My daughter's marriage occurred on yesterday, and they have left for New Orleans to stay a few days. . . I wish we could meet oftener.

On Nov. 30 Hon. Joseph E. Brown, president of the Board of Trustees of the Seminary died, but Doctor Broadus was unable to be present at the funeral. The Seminary was represented by Doctor Kerfoot. Doctor Broadus now took up full work again with zest until the bitter cold sent him to Florida accompanied by Mrs. Broadus.

J. A. B. to MISS ANNIE LOUISE ABRAHAM:

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Jan. 9, 1895: I am sitting by the window, and grandma is combing her long hair. We both love Annie Louise dearly. We got here all right, and are going off this morning again. Give our love to your dear mother and John, and to sister and to Uncle Rob and Aunt Ella, and say howdye to Hattie and Amanda.

J. A. B. to A. T. R.:

OCALA, FLA., Jan. 21, 1895: Beautiful weather the last few days. We lost the first half of our three weeks, and are just beginning to get the good of Florida. The first effect is to make one thoroughly lazy, and that I am feeling.

Mamma joins me in love to each one. . .

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., Jan. 28, 1895: I am about going down to telegraph, "Expect us Saturday noon." I have not shaken off the cough, though it is lessened, and I think it my duty to stay the

few days longer that are possible, so as to feel in any event, that I did my best. . . I feel a good deal stronger, but can't get rid of the cough.

C. L. COCKE to J. A. B.:

HOLLINS, VA., Jan. 26, 1895: I read your suggestion[1] in regard to reading the Gospel of Mark through in eight days and though I had recently read it in less time I commenced again. Others here are reading it with you and I have no doubt thousands all over the country are doing likewise. The suggestion was entirely unique and original, and from that very fact, no doubt, will attract very general notice and comment, and further induce many to read the Gospel of Mark with more care and close study than ever before. . .

Doctor Broadus felt much concerned for the future of the B. Y. P. U. work, to which he was thoroughly friendly, as he had exerted himself in Woman's Work in the South. He had hoped to be in the coming Washington Conference. In one of the last weeks of his life he said: "I had been hoping to do some helpful work about this young people's movement. It is full of possibilities for good or for harm, and needs the wisest direction." The last article he wrote for the public was for the "Religious Herald"[2] about the young people and also about "progressive conservatism." This phrase accurately describes his attitude toward a great many questions.

It turned out that Doctor Broadus returned too soon, for it was the worst winter in years and the most terrific cold came after his resumption of work. This naturally affected his health. But he toiled on heroically.

J. A. B. to MR. S. S. B.:

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 18, 1895: I am better, but not thoroughly well. I lectured seven times last week, and must, if possible, make ten this week—pretty hard, but seemingly necessary.

J. A. B. to W. D. POWELL:

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 26, 1895: I am glad to hear about your pro-

[1] Made at the Florida Convention. [2] Issue of March 14, 1895.

posed Missionary Conference, and to learn that our honored friends, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey are expected to attend. I have never heard Mr. Moody speak without gaining fresh and wholesome impulses in the right direction. He is one of the most useful and justly honored Christian men of the age, and I shall be exceedingly glad if he can give you his help.

The Saviour knew that his disciples would always find it difficult to believe that the Spirit's guidance and sustaining power would be better for them than his own continued presence. A person who has high self-respect will seldom condescend to give assurance that he is telling the truth. That ought to be taken for granted by his friends, yet the Saviour said to the disciples on the night before the crucifixion, "Nevertheless I tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Spirit will not come, but if I go away, I will send him to you." So then we are actually better off, if we only knew it and would fully avail ourselves of the privilege, in that we can constantly seek the blessings of the Holy Spirit in his blessed mission with his people, than we would be if the Saviour himself were still moving about among us. Let us try to appreciate this great blessing of the Holy Spirit's mission to his people. We must not err about it. We must not imagine ourselves inspired, as the apostles were, and go to setting up our ideas in opposition to their inspired teachings; but we may hope to have, and therefore should be always seeking the Holy Spirit's help in determining the meaning of the inspired teachings, in applying them to our guidance, and using them for our support in every question of truth and duty with which we are called to deal. Let us always and earnestly seek for ourselves and our fellow-Christians the special blessing of the Holy Spirit.

Everything in the Seminary life interested Doctor Broadus to the very last. Through the generosity of Rev. W. D. Gay, of Alabama, the Gay Lectureship had been established, and the coming of Prof. H. H. Harris, the first lecturer, was eagerly looked forward to by Doctor Broadus. But he was not to see the series inaugurated.[1]

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[1] The lecturers chosen since Prof. Harris, are W. R. L. Smith, D. D., B. H. Carroll, D. D., George C. Lorimer, D. D., President W. H. P. Faunce, D. D., Prof. W. L. Poteat, and Prof. C. L. Smith, PH. D.

Doctor Marvin had said that it was not wise for Doctor Broadus to cease work entirely, that the depressing effect of giving up his duties would bring on the end. But his strength steadily failed before the cold and the work. It is inspiring, yet pathetic, to think of him as he went to the Seminary in his great coat with the thermometer at zero for weeks together—went out and taught when it was too slippery for him to go alone. One day he said to me as he started upstairs: "The next three weeks will decide everything with me." If he could only reach the mild spring weather! He was right. One day he met his class in New Testament English for the last time. He was talking of Apollos:

Young gentlemen, if this were the last time I should ever be permitted to address you, I would feel amply repaid for consuming the whole hour in endeavoring to impress upon you these two things, *true piety* and, like Apollos, to be men "*Mighty in the Scriptures.*" Then pausing, he stood for a moment with his piercing eye fixed upon us, and repeated over and over again in that slow but wonderfully impressive style peculiar to himself, "*Mighty in the Scriptures*," "*Mighty in the Scriptures*," until the whole class seemed to be lifted through him into a sacred nearness to the Master. That picture of him as he stood there at that moment can never be obliterated from my mind.[1]

This was on Thursday. Next day he was attacked with pleurisy that gradually grew worse. For some days there was still hope, but by Thursday the 14th it became clear that the end was near. The children were telegraphed for. No sadder hour has come to my life than the duty of telling the student body in New York Hall on Thursday evening that Doctor Broadus was dying. The end came Saturday morning, March 16th, at 3.45 A. M.

MISS E. S. B. to S. S. B.

When his mind began to wander, he talked much of friends he

[1] Rev. C. L. Corbitt, "Seminary Magazine," April, 1895.

imagined himself to be with, or of lectures he was giving. Often in bed he would raise his hands as if speaking, and say something in the loud tone of the classroom. Once it was "Hand me my pencil," and "Well, give me my classbook." Up to the last day, he would say "Thank you," for food or medicine, with his own beautiful smile. . . . Thursday morning there was change for the worse, and at noon the doctor said, "Send for the children." He had not told us before what he feared, and we would not think of it. When Alice came, he repeated after her "Jack," with a sweet smile, and "Alice." I tried to win some recognition for Boyce, but again he repeated the name, with a smile, and that was all. That night, staying in the room, I heard him singing in a low tone, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Reclining on the bed beside him to catch his words, I heard, "And sing my great Redeemer's praise," sung over and over. You know the hymn, "Loving Kindness."

A few days after said one:

Aye, dear brother, that was thine earthly prelude to the singing in thy heavenly home, with all the redeemed in full chorus, the praises of thy "great Redeemer,"—chanting the song sublime of Moses and the Lamb, with all the company of heaven forever and ever.

The whole city was hushed into reverence as Doctor Broadus passed into the shadow of death. The "Evening Post" voiced the feeling of the city in saying:

Doctor Broadus, the first citizen of Louisville, is passing away. By mind and character he has become the leading personal influence in this community. He met easily all the requirements of American citizenship, and fulfilled all the duties of modern life with rare ability. Clear in all his views, lucid in all statements, earnest and persuasive in argument, he has that tolerance which is born of broad culture and wide experience. He has labored here with great effect, and the work he has done will live after him. The whole community mourns his approaching departure, and pays a tribute to character and conduct which pomp and power can never command.

The "Courier-Journal" said:

There is no man in the United States whose death would cause more widespread sorrow than the death of Doctor Broadus.

The funeral exercises were held in the Walnut Street Church, Sunday afternoon. The audience overflowed to the sidewalk and the streets were lined with sympathetic crowds all the way to Cave Hill. The Confederate Veterans attended in a body. The active pallbearers were students. It was a solemn and majestic occasion. The time was too short for many from a distance to come, but A. J. S. Thomas, D. D., brought sympathy from Greenville, S. C., while T. P. Bell, D. D., and J. M. Frost, D. D., came from Nashville. There were five addresses, of which we can give only extracts. Dr. W. D. Thomas, of Richmond, Va., was the first speaker. He said in part:

I should be false to my friend, false to his Lord and mine, if I did not hasten to emphasize the fact that, whatever Doctor Broadus became in character, life, and work, the great formative and unifying force of it all was his faith in Christ. And his faith was not the simple acceptance of Jesus as the flower of humanity, the ideal character, the greatest of ethical teachers, but still a mere man. He believed on him as the incarnate Son of God. Nor was his a vague, indefinite faith that some ill-defined benefit somehow comes to men through Christ; it was a clear and firm trust in the atonement of the Son of God. He was able to keep pace with the most advanced thinkers, with the most progressive scientists, and with the most destructive critics; but they could not rob him of his faith in the atoning sacrifice of the divine Saviour and Redeemer. This faith, not mere natural endowments and culture, made his character beautiful and his life fruitful. If there was manifest in him energy and courage (what the Scriptures call virtue); if his virtue was guided by knowledge; if in knowledge he furnished self-control, and in self-control godliness; if his godliness flowed forth in brotherly kindness, and his brotherly kindness in love overleaping the narrow limits of mere partisanship; if these graces adorned his character, the root and source of all was his faith in Christ. How this whole choir of graces, led and directed by faith, filled his life with music, which charmed and sometimes transported us! But take Christ away from his life and it would be robbed of its beauty, of its power, and of all of its meaning. Faith in Christ worked in him, quickening, purifying, and elevating all his impulses, powers, and aspirations,

and made him what he was. In this time of unrest and of drifting away let us not forget that this scholar, this great and good man, was Christ's man.

Doctor Whitsitt said:

One of our esteemed evening newspapers in making allusion to the last illness of our dear friend, said, "Doctor Broadus, our first citizen, is dying to-night." He was always first wherever he chose to stand at all. He was first among the Baptists of the South, of our entire country, of the world. In the elevation of his character, the splendor of his genius, and the extent of his attainments, he towered above us all, almost above our conceptions.

Early in life it was given to him to find a supreme object of exertion—the promotion of higher theological cultivation among our Baptist people. In this enterprise, pursued through so many years, his imperious will, often sorely tried, always defied discouragement. Few men have ever got their crowns at higher cost. The difficulties that lay before him at almost every step would have been appalling to feebler natures. But he kept up the fight to the end. Failure would have been to him like the crucifixion of the soul.

I belong to the second generation. It was not given me to look upon the earlier years of our theological Seminary. The last of my predecessors has now passed away. I first met Doctor Broadus in the summer of 1867. He had been on a visit to Lexington, Virginia, to preach a sermon for General Lee at the commencement of his university, and afterwards came to the University of Virginia and solicited me to attend the Seminary. In the eight and twenty years that have since elapsed of almost daily intercourse, we have had many joys and sorrows together; but in all our sorrows and joys he was the greatest man I have ever known.

The foremost achievement in my generation occurred in 1874. By means of the reconstruction of the Southern States values had shriveled up and we were in poverty. Over and above this there had befallen the great financial panic of 1873. When we became aware of the real condition of affairs all our hearts were overwhelmed, and we were ready to give up the fight. That supreme moment was his opportunity. He sprang into the breach, seized the standard, commanded courage, devised counsel, brought deliverance. This splendid feat was not blazoned abroad; it was performed in the privacy of a faculty council; but it was the deed of a heroic spirit.

This is but a specimen of the trials that he encountered, in all of which he showed himelf every inch a man. The Lutherans speak

of their great pair of twins, Luther and Melancthon. The Reformed point with pride to Calvin and Beza. Southern Baptists may find their twins in Boyce and Broadus, who will stand side by side in our history till the end of time.

Our departed friend often reminded me of Shakespeare in the circumstance that he seemed to know things without learning them. Conclusions that I had gained by hardest knocks I was in the custom of bringing to him for comparison and discussion, and he would begin with these as fundamental principles that required no elaboration, and possessed the character of axiomatic truth.

He was loyal to his church. Everybody among us, from the lowest to the highest, trusted him with implicit confidence. Yet he was always and everywhere a lover of good men of whatever religious connection. This was not a matter of policy; it was the result of genial insight and hearty appreciation.

He was loyal to his section. He kept his feet always firmly planted on Southern soil. He was the idol of the Confederate Veterans who have come to stand with sad pride in the order of his funeral. Yet he was as much loved in New York as Virginia. Whatever he spoke from any platform on either side of the line was applauded to the echo on both sides of the line. Other men have endeavored to accomplish a feat of that sort and have often failed ingloriously.

He belonged to a widely extended family, containing many people of distinguished attainments; he was only the highest peak among others that were eminent. His relative, Andrew Broaddus, of Caroline, was the foremost orator among Southern Baptists in the first half of our century. Henry Clay, who perhaps had formed his acquaintance in the house of his father, John Clay, always followed Andrew Broaddus, of Caroline, with veneration and enthusiasm. He loved to speak of him as the "past-master of eloquence who shows us all the way." . .

The elements were so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "this was a man." It seems a waste of nature that so many rich treasures should be had in an earthen vessel. Unrivaled genius and usefulness, exquisite learning, peerless eloquence, iron industry, apostolic piety, have all been scattered here by the touch of death. It would seem that a man of such endowments and achievements should be formed to live a thousand years. Yet it is ordered otherwise and he has passed away when our need was the sorest.

Doctor Eaton then followed:

He was a great preacher, one of the greatest the world ever saw. "The common people heard him gladly," and the most thoughtful and cultured never failed to be greatly edified. Soon after coming to Louisville I had Doctor Broadus preach for me, and sitting just there was that great and good man, that Christian philosopher, Dr. J. Lawrence Smith. Sitting just in front of him was a little boy, and the philosopher and the boy listened with equal interest, I do not say with equal profit, as the great preacher set forth the truths of the kingdom of God. From the first sentence you felt you were in the hands of a master, and that feeling remained with you and increased to the close. He had that rare eloquence which exalts not the speaker but the truth.

Dr. C. R. Hemphill said:

Among the sweetest of memories will be the recollection of the cordial way in which he would greet me when I called on him in his study. "Why, how are you, my friend? Come in, have a seat." And when I would rise to go: "Come as often as you can; I am always glad to see you." May I hear that voice of welcome from him in the better home! The memory of his friendship will remain a consolation in life's changes and sorrows, and a perpetual plea and solemn motive to nobler living. . .

It is agreed that Doctor Broadus was a great man. Most men of greatness are tempted to make lesser men feel their inferiority. Doctor Broadus was utterly free from this disposition, no matter how marked the disparity of age, attainments, and reputation. In fact, he would not consent to be thought a great man. I never knew him to show irritation as plainly as when some one would venture to pay him a compliment. His whole demeanor was as though he would say: "Get thee behind me, Satan." He was clothed with humility, and his friends were under no necessity of burning incense to any high thoughts of himself.

The loveliness of his character and the sweetness of his spirit which first attracted you to Doctor Broadus grew constantly on you. I have just now read through Paul's prose poem on the grace of love, and it is but the simple truth to say that Doctor Broadus displayed, as far as any man on earth, the beauty and charm of this grace. He showed us how very lovely and lovable love is, and it was a delight to us to pour upon him the affections of the soul and be taught by him what Steele meant when he said of Lady Hastings: "To love her was a liberal education." . .

What a heritage is the memory of such a man! To use words which once I heard from those now silent lips:

> Thus, though oft depressed and lonely,
> All my fears are laid aside:
> If I but remember only,
> Such as these have lived and died.

Doctor Henson, of Chicago, made the closing address from which we quote:

It is fitting on such an occasion as this that another John A. Broadus should speak, and there is none left on earth. His words were "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

He was the inspiration of the speaker's young life. The country people in Virginia listened to him gladly, never suspecting his learning or his profundity. "He was the ideal of my young life." As Cicero said of Archias—if there is any power in my speaking, it is due to my friend. At the University of Virginia a little circle of us met him from week to week to study Greek philosophy. Those nights are ambrosial across forty years. Though in that time rivers of blood and tears have flowed, here is one man who never lost his balance nor the love and confidence of his countrymen. His utterances make responsive echoes in all our hearts. It has been said that he bound denominations together in Louisville. He bound the nation together by the love of his great soul. He was a Baptist on deep conviction, never apologizing for his principles. . .

He is gone, but his light is not out. There are stars so far away that if they were blotted out they would still shine on for a hundred years. So will Broadus continue to shine. He will live in your hearts and in other hearts all over the world. When Moses died the people wept, and well they might, for there was but one Moses. But lo! Joshua comes, and the walls of Jericho fall down, and the Promised Land becomes the heritage of God's people. Elijah is taken up, but his mantle falls on Elisha. So God's work goes on.

He was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery in the Seminary lot beside Doctor Boyce and Doctor Manly. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided."

It is impossible to describe the outburst of sympathy from all over America, and even in foreign lands. The

daily papers over the country, the weekly denominational papers of all creeds, all delighted to honor Doctor Broadus. Resolutions of sympathy were passed by numerous bodies North and South. The Conversation Club, of which his esteemed friend, Judge H. W. Bruce, was president, felt that they had lost their most valued member. There were many memorial meetings in many cities where tender words were spoken of him who had "passed into the skies." At the students' memorial service Dr. Arthur Peter said:

Some of us are saying, what a loss! Not so. There are no losses in God's plans. Who will take his place? No one. His place has been filled. His work has been done. These other professors have their places to make; God help them to make such places as he has made. One of his great characteristics was the power to make every man in his audience feel that he was speaking directly to him. He was the most talented man I ever knew. He has finished his work and gone up yonder; let us prepare ourselves to be with him.

Mr. Theodore Harris said at the same meeting: "I have known many whom the world calls great, but John A. Broadus was the greatest man I ever knew."

At Washington, in connection with the Southern Baptist Convention, a memorial service was held on Sunday afternoon, and was presided over by Judge Haralson, president of the Convention. The speakers were Dr. J. C. Hiden, Dr. Henry McDonald, and Dr. F. H. Kerfoot. We quote a brief extract from Doctor Kerfoot's address:

In all the twenty-six years I have known him, nothing has impressed me more than his personal influence, his gift of putting himself into men and becoming a part of them. Power went out from him. Many are accused of imitating him, but the difficulty was to keep from acting his life over. He had a wonderful way of putting himself into his books, and through them into men. But he did not reach men best through his books. His sermons were more powerful still. When he preached he poured out the best of his life into his audience. Again he could do this in a wonderful way in his

conversation. He could inspire the crude or desponding student. But there was another line in which he had this power in a pre-eminent degree. In the class-room he was the crowned king. In the University of Leipsic I declare that there was not a man that could compare with him. He could take a dry Greek verb and burn it into the student's heart. No one can estimate this self-multiplication of Doctor Broadus. In China, Japan, Africa, South America, many schools and colleges, and in thousands of pulpits he lives still. He has girdled the globe with his influence.

Rabbi Moses, of Louisville, paid a remarkable tribute to Doctor Broadus in a discourse in his memory. We quote an extract:

The glory of Louisville has departed from her with the departure of John A. Broadus. The splendor, the ornament of the place is gone, since the greatest and saintliest man who had dwelt in it has left it forever, never to return. Our city is like a ring, the precious stone of which has been torn from its setting and become lost. . .

It was borne in upon you that you were standing face to face with one of the great and original men of the earth, with one who towered high above you in intellect and knowledge, in will power and nobility of character, in breadth of culture and refinement of manners, and in those indefinable spiritual powers and qualities of mercy which mark off a few men as the children of light and immortality. . .

Before I became familiar with Doctor Broadus, I knew Christianity only as a creed which seemed absolutely incomprehensible to me. I judged it mainly from the untold, unmerited misery, the agony of ages which Christian rulers and nations had entailed upon poor Israel under the impulse given by Christian priests and teachers. But when I learned to know and revere in Broadus a Christian, my conception of Christianity and my attitude toward it underwent a complete change. Broadus was the precious fruit by which I learned to judge of the tree of Christianity.

We took pride in his greatness as if it were a part of our own. We gloried in his fame and in his immortal achievements, as if we had a share in them. . . He was the most charming and brilliant conversationalist I have known. He touched on no subject but he adorned and illumined it. Whatever the subject of conversation, he opened large and new vistas to the surprise and delight of his admiring friends. However trite and stale the topic, he lifted it to a

higher plane. There was a play of fine humor and wit in his talk. But he never employed the weapon of sarcasm or irony. He never abused his great intellectual powers in debate. In fact he was not conscious of them. There was a touching gentleness in his voice, such a noble modesty in his demeanor, that it was a pleasure to bow to his superiority. He was an excellent listener. He was all attention and eagerness to hear what one had to say. He seemed to be expecting to receive from you some message of higher truth and new light. He greeted the most ordinary persons with gracious cordiality and utmost respect. Ah, it was his delight to honor and love men, and to inspire them with self-respect and moral courage. The central warmth of his great heart diffused itself as a genial influence in glance and smile, in clasp and word, on his family, his friends, his disciples. Broadus was an ideal American gentleman. He was perhaps the most amiable and lovable Southerner of his time.

There was a refinement about him, an indescribable charm of manner, a sweetness of temper, a joyous kindliness of nature that made everybody love him tenderly, enthusiastically, who had the good fortune to know him. No bitter word ever escaped his lips or flowed from his pen against any opponent. He was generous and charitable almost to a fault. His heart was a noble vessel brimful of the milk of human kindness; the slightest touch of pity caused it to overflow.

Doctor Sampey wrote of Doctor Broadus:

For several years it has been my privilege to accompany Doctor Broadus quite often on his "constitutionals." And what a privilege it has been. . . In spring and summer frequent trips to Jacob Park were made. He always climbed the little mountain and returned to the city by a different line of street cars. On these excursions into the country one could not help observing Doctor Broadus's love for the beautiful in nature. . . He would stop suddenly in view of a brilliant sunset and point to the glories of the clouds, or break off the thread of conversation to admire a tiny flower in his path. The interest of Doctor Broadus in the great works of art was well known. His interest in the works of nature was even more keen than that in painting, sculpture, and music.

Doctor Broadus's charm and power in conversation have been the wonder of his friends. Stores of learning, keen wit, genial humor, ripe wisdom, elevated sentiment, coupled with a love of God and a

kindly interest in all his fellows, made the conversation of our great teacher as interesting as the "Table Talk" of Luther. . . On his walks the conversation of Doctor Broadus was more diversified and also more familiar than in his study or in the drawing room. It was not the president, the preacher, the teacher, the author, the famous man, but it was the *friend*, the great rich soul that talked with one. At such a time he asked questions and allowed his companion to ask questions on every conceivable subject. Business, literature, politics, history, art, the news of the day, even gossip of a very high order, all these were touched upon. What have I not learned from these conversations! He gave me "glimpses of great men" and glimpses of small men. Such knowledge of human nature! Such power to trace causes and to forecast events! . . His pictures of men and events will live in the memory.

In another article he said:

Perhaps many persons have wondered why Doctor Broadus did not call their names in passing salutations on the street and elsewhere. To some he explained his inability to recognize his friends at any considerable distance. Those wondrous eyes that could see every jot and tittle in a Hebrew or Greek book, and that were so often lit up in speaking with a magnificent glow, and that could look down into one's inmost soul, were yet unable to distinguish the features of the most intimate friend ten paces away. This was a real cross to one so extremely courteous and considerate as Doctor Broadus.

Doctor Dargan wrote:

The power of forcible speech, the energy of a glowing nature, the strength of deep thinking and earnest convictions are all apparent in his style. It is as far from tameness as from obscurity. It is also marked by true elegance. Here his graceful tact, his delicate sympathies, his keen enjoyment of the beautiful, his delightful humor, his rich but disciplined imagination, his large and appreciative acquaintance with languages and literature, and his delight in nature and art, all combine to give a charm and beauty to his style that is more easily seen and felt than described. Ah, well, what more can be said than, so far as style is concerned, he just knew how to say the right thing in the right way? He was an adept in the art of putting things.

Scarcely a dozen sentences in his book on preaching fail to yield

their meaning at first sight, even to the average student. This is also true in regard to his other books. His "Commentary on Matthew," though a learned work, and the peer of the best as to scholarship, is a model of clearness of style. The old objection to commentaries, that they are harder to understand than the text, becomes a pointless jest in his case. But he did not neglect the other qualities in his preference of perspicuity.

If any one thinks I have written with too much praise, he is welcome to his thought. I care not to search for those defects and failings which we must expect to find in all human work, and of which Doctor Broadus would himself have been the severest critic. Of one thing, however, I am sure, and that is that no criticism, no matter how sharp and unfriendly, could set aside or materially alter the verdict which has been formed by long and loving study of his work.

John S. Seaton wrote to Warren Randolph:

But how shall we ever get on in the Lesson Committee without him? He was so modest and unostentatious, that we realized how much we depended on him only when there was a possibility of his absence. And now we shall be deprived of his labors and of his counsels. May the Lord help us in our bereavement and our great need. At present I can only say that if my connection with the International Lesson Committee has yielded me nothing except the privilege of learning to know Doctor Broadus and to sit in council with him in the discharge of so grave a responsibility, I should still bless the day that made me a member of the committee.

I. J. VAN NESS to MISS E. S. B.:

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 18, 1895: Your bereavement is one that shares much of its peculiar personalness with those students who have been permitted any degree of intimacy with your father. He had a way of seeming as tender as one's own in many of the best moments of counsel or frank conversation. I feel a sense of great individual bereavement in his death. It was my pleasure to tell him while living of a sermon preached years ago in Orange which took hold of my young heart, here first entering on my business life, and completely changing my conceptions and giving me a real hold upon a principle that has been one of my fundamentals ever since. For the "stranger boy" from the North he always had kindly words and gave nothing but help.

P. V. BOMAR to A. T. R.:

VERSAILLES, KY., April 10, 1896: One of the first things that impressed me about Doctor Broadus was his personal interest in and oversight of all the students. Soon after I came to the Seminary, while I did not know that he even knew me by name, he singled me out one day and questioned me as to bodily health, the amount of exercise I took, etc., advised me to join a gymnasium, etc. And when I protested I did not have time he told me that the great trouble with me was not mental activity, but physical laziness. But he spoke in such a way—associating himself with me as if he knew from experience all about it, that I could take no offense, but on the contrary could never forget what he said to me.

MISS CARRIE F. DAVIS to A. T. R.:

I never knew until I became a member of the family of Doctor Broadus what a sacrifice he made of health and time to give these pleasures, frequently laying aside important work, or exerting himself when quite ill, to extend a hospitality he felt was due others from him. Studying up to the last moment, then making a hasty toilet, he would enter the parlor a gracious offering to the pleasure of others. What gay and happy words he had for some, what quiet and serious talk for others, and as the time passed away each one was specially noticed and specially glad to have been his guest. Oh, happy bygone days!

MISS R. B.:

ALEXANDRIA, VA. I do not know how to adjust myself to a world where he is not. What he was to us, we know and shall carry in our hearts always.

MRS. MARY S. SMITH to S. S. B.:

Ah! how vacant and empty the world seems without him, and if so to me, how much more to his beloved and bereaved wife and children!

DR. W. S. RYLAND to MRS. B.:

RUSSELLVILLE, KY., March 17, 1895: Accept my sincere and deep sympathy for your great affliction, which so many share with you. Truly God has very greatly honored you with the companionship of so noble, so gifted, so good a man; and was it not a privilege, often and gratefully acknowledged, to have ministered to his comfort and health? How much of his power and usefulness, even of

his life, was thus due to your loving, thoughtful care, the world can never know. God only knows and can reward it. May he greatly comfort you in your bereavement, in the thought that you have helped, as a true yokefellow, a great man to extend and diffuse himself, widely and strongly; and to multiply his labors through others.

WM. M. THORNTON to MISS E. S. B.:

His sweet and genial temper, his liberal spirit, his calm and exalted wisdom, his broad knowledge and beautiful culture united to make every moment spent in his society precious and delightful. I never heard such a preacher—so convincing and penetrating, so tenderly eloquent and appealing. He seemed to me, more than any other man I ever listened to, deserving of that sweet title of our blessed Saviour, "the friend of sinners," and I could never listen to him without a swelling heart, an eye melted to tears, and an earnest wish to take and weave into the texture of my life the noble thoughts and holy aspirations that touched his lips with fire and vibrated in his gracious tones. Here in Virginia there is but one chorus of praise and grief, from the church which he served so long and nobly, from the university to which he was so loyal and beloved a son, from all, young and old, who rejoiced in the honor of his friendship and had tasted the charm of his society.

GEORGE T. HARRISON to MISS E. S. B.:

What a blessing his life has been! Who can tell the number that have been brought to Christ through his labors? When I think of what I owe to him personally, I cannot sufficiently thank God that his Providence allowed me to sit at his feet and to learn of him. It was he that first quickened in me the love of knowledge for its own sweet sake. As a teacher I have always regarded him as the best I ever knew. It is not likely that we shall behold again a man favored with his wonderful and varied gifts. Several years ago our ambassador to England, Mr. Bayard, was a guest of the N. Y. Southern Society at the annual banquet on Washington's birthday, and I took occasion to speak of the gratification I derived from hearing the speech he had delivered at the University of Virginia, some years previously. "Oh, my speech was nothing," he replied; "the great event of that occasion was Doctor Broadus's memorial address upon your father; that was the best thing I ever heard."

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne said in the "Western Recorder":

The death of Dr. John A. Broadus has removed from the earth the greatest American Baptist of the present century. Men like Fuller, Wayland, Robinson, and Anderson may have excelled him in some particular quality of greatness, but none combined so many elements of strength and nobility.

He always spoke under the inspiration of a deep conviction. His emotional nature was profoundly stirred, but in his most inspirational and impassioned moods he was complete master of himself. He was everywhere lord and monarch of himself. His sincerity, unselfishness, and common sense inspired the confidence and affection of his brethren to a degree that made him the most influential man in the councils of his denomination.

Prof. A. H. Newman said in the "McMaster Monthly":

I have long regarded Doctor Broadus as the finest and most perfect specimen of Christian manhood I have ever known, and I look in vain for his superior in the history of the church since the apostolic age.

Dr. B. H. Carroll wrote in "The Texas Baptist Standard":[1]

For the last ten years Doctor Broadus has exercised a greater influence over my own life than all other men put together. My first introduction to him made an epoch in my ministerial life. It was at a meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention, in Jefferson, Texas, in 1874. In one respect that Convention was a disillusion to me; the great men of whom I had read falling so far short of my expectations when I met and heard them. Only one man came up to and surpassed my expectations. That man was Doctor Broadus. . .

I repeat that in my judgment he was the foremost Baptist left in the world when Spurgeon died. Of course I mean not to compare these two men. Their greatness was not on parallel lines. If I were called on to analyze offhand the greatness of Doctor Broadus, I would base it upon the rare combination of scholarship, wisdom, and character. Other men have been great scholars, at least a few, but he was the wisest man I ever knew. We may concede scholarship to Erasmus, but not wisdom, which is greater than scholarship. We may concede wisdom to Cardinal Richelieu, but we must deny to him excellence of character. The wisdom of Doctor Broadus was

[1] April 4, 1895.

the balance to his scholarship, and his Christlike character sanctified his wisdom.

In what other great and wise man's character were these elements so manifest: simplicity, humility, piety, purity, and integrity? In what other life was there ever a more felicitous blending of the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re?* Who could so well disarm hostile criticism, who so sweetly charm one into fixed attention, who so swiftly allay the rising storm, who such a master of assemblies? Who of mere men ever came nearer to the incarnation of that "still, small voice," mightier than whirlwind, or fire, or earthquake? What other Baptist of inflexible denominational principles has so won the heart and respect of other denominations?

The "Examiner" wrote:

Doctor Broadus was a Christian scholar in the best, the truest sense of the term. He was a man of wide and accurate information in general scholarship, but all his power and acquirements were consecrated to the highest ends. He was, above all, deeply versed in the Holy Scriptures. His comments on the sacred word, whether oral or written, were not bounded by traditional lines, though he did not depart from accepted interpretations without weighty reasons. But they were marked by an originality, a shrewd common sense, and a broad-minded fairness, which at once enchained the attention and won the confidence of the hearer or reader. In his preaching there was a touch of dry humor—never, however, approaching irreverence—and a quaintness of expression which often provoked a smile, while giving added force to the exposition of truth. His style was usually conversational, but he not seldom rose to heights of genuine, though always subdued and self-controlled eloquence. The charm of perfect simplicity, or perfect sincerity, pervaded all his speech. As a single instance of his quaint mode of expression, the writer recalls hearing him say, in a sermon preached some years ago in Orange, N. J., "There are those who would have us believe that Jesus never smiled. Between you and me," he added, with the shrewd twinkle of the eye and peculiar setting of the lip which all who have heard him will remember, "I think that is nonsense!" He took his hearers into his confidence, and though "reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" in the plainest Saxon speech, and with the intensity and vigor which laid bare the shams and shifts of indifferent souls, he won the respect and good will—if not always, alas! the assent—of every listener. No one

could be offended by such heart-searching plainness of speech, for it was the truth "spoken in love." In all his preaching there was a restrained fire, a latent force, which, combined with his wisdom and simplicity of utterance, made him peculiarly, as he was often called, "the prince of preachers." No minister of our day, in his own or any other denomination, was more gladly heard by all classes and conditions of men. There was a beautiful mellowness, a ripeness of spiritual attainment, in every fibre of his mind and heart, which gave to his words a power that no mere eloquence, no charm of imagery can impart. Men felt that a *man* was speaking—a man of wide knowledge, of deep conviction, of honest purpose, who believed what he said, and whose character backed his words.

Doctor Broadus's devotion to the interests of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary is well known. It is known too, to some extent, at what great personal sacrifice he continued his connection with it when other calls pressed urgently upon him. There was no pulpit in the land, which, when vacant, would not have welcomed him at any salary he could conscientiously have accepted. But he was true to the trust which he believed God had put upon him to train other men to be preachers of the gospel. The full measure of his personal sacrifice can never be known for he was not the man to reveal it. . . At the close of the war, the Seminary—then at Greenville, S. C.—was in a deeply impoverished condition. Doctor Broadus stood unflinchingly by the apparently tottering institution. . . . And this when his services would have been prized and munificently rewarded by many a wealthy congregation, North or South! This was indeed "plain living and high thinking," beyond the thought or dream of the Brook Farm philosopher. Of such stuff is it that Christian heroes are made.

The "Religious Herald" said:

He was easily first among his brethren, although he would have been the last to claim such a distinction. In wide and accurate scholarship, and in the rare faculty of interpreting its results to the popular mind and heart; in a singular and felicitous union of scholarly tastes and habits with the most remarkable practical sense and a notably correct and well-balanced judgment; in a large and useful knowledge of books and men; in a remarkable command of virile and limpid English, both in spoken and written discourse; in the power to bring things to pass and to enlist others in his enterprises without appealing to any lower motive: in

a self-forgetting devotion to a great work, when tempted most subtly and agreeably to go elsewhere; in the ability to impress himself upon others and to perpetuate his influence with them; in a beautiful combination of self-reliance and genuine modesty—in all these and many other respects, Doctor Broadus was unsurpassed, and perhaps it would not be extravagant to say unequaled.

Dr. W. E. Hatcher wrote, in the "Religious Herald," a very discriminating estimate of Doctor Broadus, from which we quote:

Great men deserve to be well treated in this world; for they are rare. When all apparent greatness is brushed away, and only the actually great are left, they make a small company. . .

Soberly considered, his life was a severe one. For years he carried the weight of professional care, often felt the cramp of poverty, sometimes suffered from bodily infirmities, and was all the while besieged for services which he was not able to render. It was distressing to observe how he was incessantly driven along by the pressure of excessive duties. He was ever straining himself to meet the demands upon him. From one call to another he rushed as if he were under the tyrant's lash. It was a fortunate day in the history of our Theological Seminary when it brought Dr. Broadus into its faculty, and it would be hard indeed to say what that institution would now be, if he had never given himself to it. . . Truly he did a work which, in its character and extent, was rarely ever done by any other man. He put his impress upon living men, wrought his very essence into men whom God had chosen to be his ministers, and thus linked himself on to other generations. Thousands have caught his love for learning, his passion for truth, his yearning after goodness, and his ambition to do his utmost for his Redeemer, and he will live in them.

It is not allowed us to compare living men, and it is not usually safe to compare the dead, but I will not disguise my conviction that, among all the great men on whom my eyes have looked, Doctor Broadus was easily pre-eminent. He was the prince among Judah's princes, and this is true, whether we look at his native endowments, his wide and rich culture, or his vast usefulness in various directions.

Doctor Broadus was a multiform specialist. Quite a number of things he could do with the skill of an expert, and several things he could do with incomparable ability. What he knew he knew thoroughly, and his attainments were ever at command. It was

instructive to study him in different positions and to see how he could adjust himself to every new relationship of duty, and yet preserve his whole self intact. He never went out of his character for anything. With charming flexibility he could fit himself into every scene in which he was to play a part, and still keep his personality always distinct. Like his Master, he could not be hid. . .

As illustrative of his special skill in doing things, take him in his social life. There he shone with genuine lustre. Without a tinge of affectation, he was yet true to every punctilio of propriety; and, while apparently oblivious of social forms, he observed them with the utmost exactness. He was at home with all classes—a brother to the lowliest and a crowned prince among the highest. It was strange that he could find time for so much social service. In his home he was a delightful entertainer, and thousands have tasted his hospitality. . .

Doctor Broadus was a born interpreter. I do not now speak of him in the department of biblical interpretation, in which he, perhaps, did his highest seminary work. It is just to him to say that he had the scholarly insight and the spiritual taste which made him uncommonly successful in finding the real meaning of the Word. Truly he was the King's interpreter. But he was an interpreter in another sphere. He interpreted people to themselves. He enabled them to know what they did know, and to feel what they had long felt. He explained to them their own experiences. He laid hold upon things in their hearts which had long lain there dormant, and told them what they meant. He told them all things that they ever did. He said things which were so homely and true that they thought they had known them all their lives. This he did to such an extent that the people sometimes suspected that he had stolen their thoughts. . .

It was often said that Doctor Broadus did not display learning in his public utterances. This was far more untrue than it was true. Of course, his intellectual self-respect would not permit him to haul out the lumber of his learning and empty it before the public. He gave forth the ripe fruit, and not the roots nor the blossoms of the tree. He gave results and not processes. He did not pile the boxes in which his goods came on the sidewalk, as an advertisement; and yet no tradesman every displayed more taste in decorating his front windows than Doctor Broadus did in adorning truth for its public presentation. As for his learning, that could never be hid; but he used it with a grace and ease which made us almost forget that he had it. It was a part of his greatness that he could use all that he

had; and then he had so much, and that too, of the highest quality. He knew wonderfully well how to bring his stock to the market, and that when it was in the greatest demand. It must be added that he had a store of vital energy which was well-nigh exhaustless, and this added immeasurably to his successive triumphs. Doctor Broadus was a master of methods. . .

It is still the fashion of some to deify genius, and to insist that the most finely done things are those which are done spontaneously and in defiance of the common rules. It is distressing to know how much folly still exists among men on this subject. As a fact all great men are artists. . . Not that art is anything in itself. It is only the secret of doing things in the most effective way, and he who has not the gifts to make him great will never be made so by art. It may teach him to imitate, but not to create. Art without genius makes the dullard, without earnestness makes the actor, without sincerity makes the hypocrite; when allowed to play the mistress of genius debases it; but when made its slave, will lead to greatness. Art never hurt John A. Broadus; it helped him to be great. It belonged to his retinue and served him as faithfully as Joshua served Moses. It smoothed the channel for the flow of his genius, and enabled him to combine every stream of his force into one mighty current. There were times when the current of his power burst over the channel and he went recklessly free, but even when he defied the standards he knew how to do it skillfully. He was artistic even in his moments of passion and enthusiasm. This is only saying that in all his activities he had made his methods a part of himself, and that they added vastly to his powers.

He had a touch all his own, did a work not to be duplicated and will fill a niche in history which till now has been empty. No man, so far as I ever knew, ever taught men just exactly as he did. Doctor Broadus was good. It is told that he was sometimes sharp and almost cruel at times in his class-room. Alas for the dear man! . . Jesus could hardly "suffer" his theological class for their three years' course, and sometimes wished the school was out. Wonderful that the overtaxed Broadus was so patient! If he did ever utter the cutting word, it cut him far more deeply than it cut the victim himself. He had a high, imperious nature, and outside of his class-room, as well as in it, he had sore provocations. Most of us were too free in judging and censuring him. His patience was positively provoking to those who struck him. It was impossible to scourge him into folly. His good sense never forsook him, and he knew how to wait for time's vindication. Intellectually he was a pattern

of cleanness, and it would be impossible for those who were capable of appreciating him to conceive of his mind giving itself to ignoble thought or purpose. Error was absolutely afraid of him. . . As for his religion, that was the most real, substantial part of him. It had him fully in hand. Christ never had a completer slave. His eye was unto his Master, and he was on double duty all his days. The most sacred and awful feature of his character was his yearning after goodness. By far the most thrilling and memorable utterance that I ever heard fall from his lips was his description of the soul's struggle after goodness. That was his struggle, and he got it while he lived, and showed it in the manner of his living.

I have aimed to let Doctor Broadus and his contemporaries tell the story of his life, as far as it was possible to do so, and with just perspective—to let Doctor Broadus himself come before us in these pages, with all his rich endowments of nature and grace, his victory over difficulties, his mastery of self, his influence with men, his world-wide usefulness, his power from God.

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